TRUE WEST

April, 1964

35¢

Cattle Kings!

Clifford B. Jones and the Spur

•

Isaac Ellwood and the Spade

•

Major George Littlefield and the Yellow House

•

W. L. Hyatt of the 22

—and others

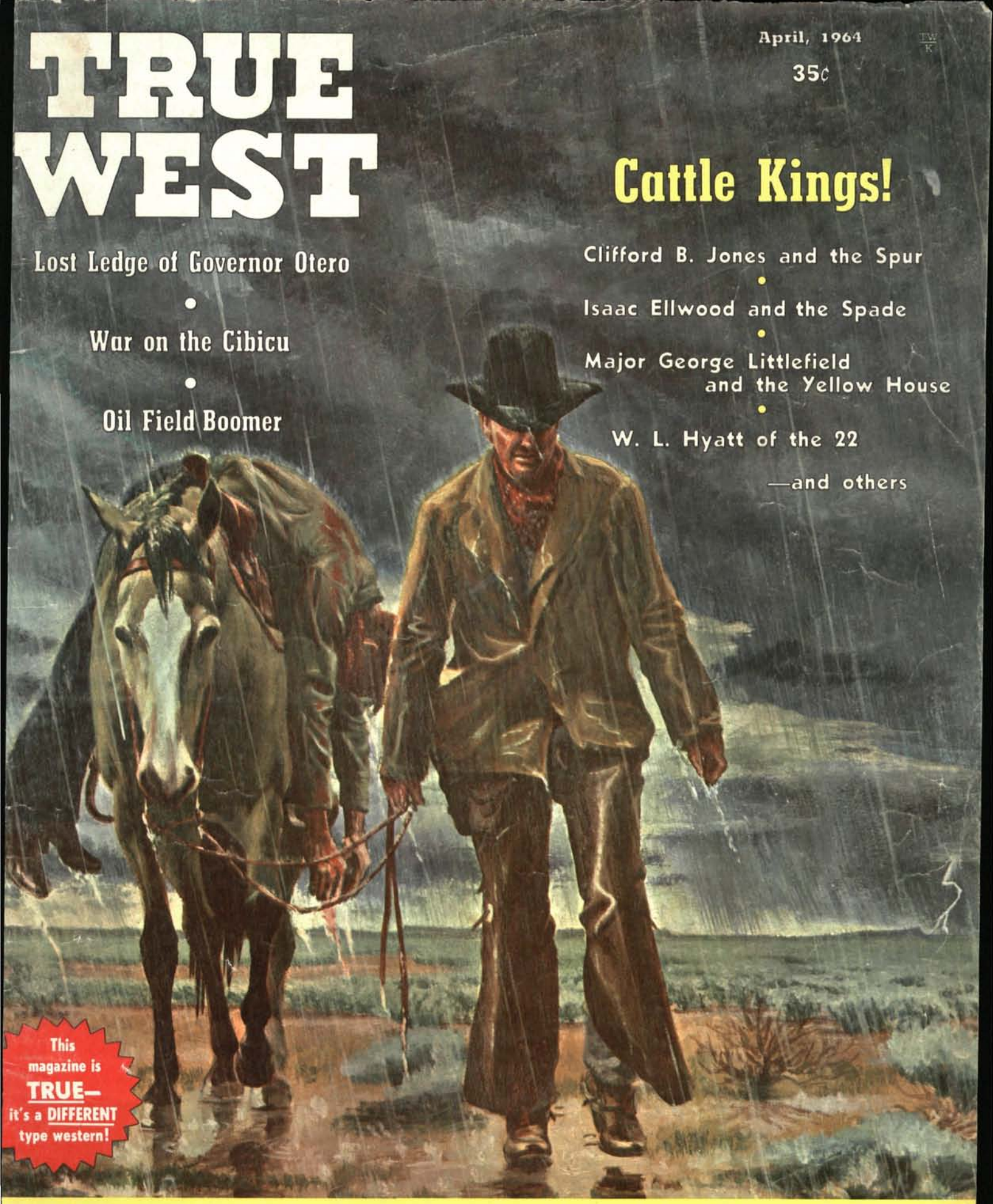
Lost Ledge of Governor Otero

•

War on the Cibicu

•

Oil Field Boomer



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Headless Bank Robber of Skagway

"Buckie" O'Neill, the Quiet Lawman

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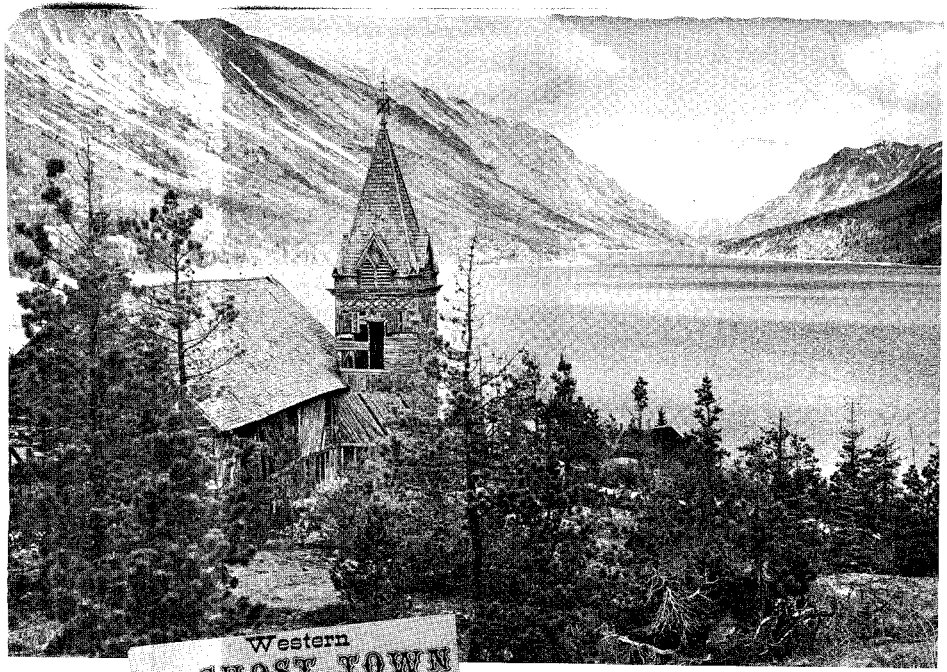
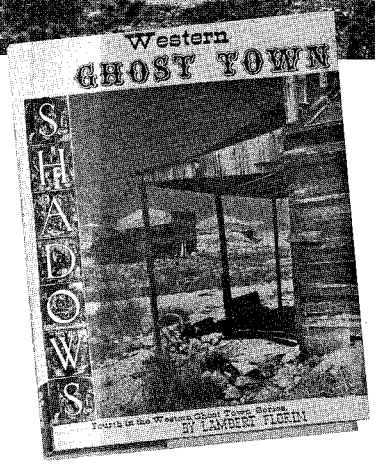


Left, old miners' church at Bennet Lake, Yukon Territory, Canada.

Above, sod-roofed cabin at Ione, Nevada.



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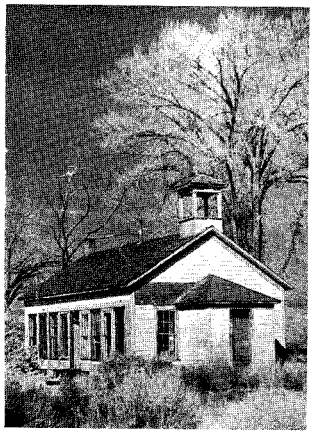
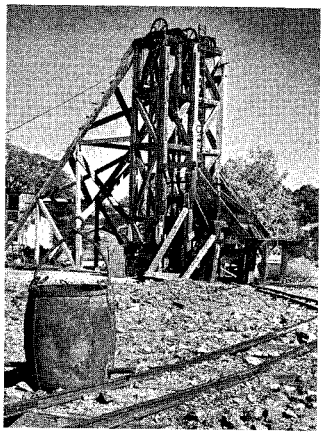
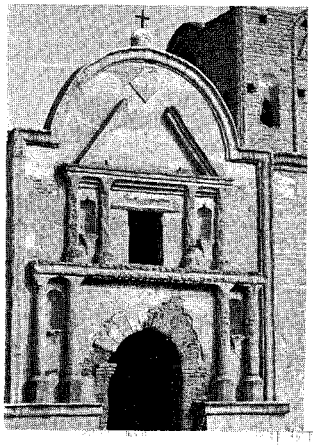


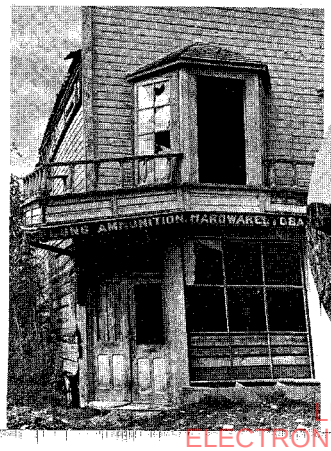


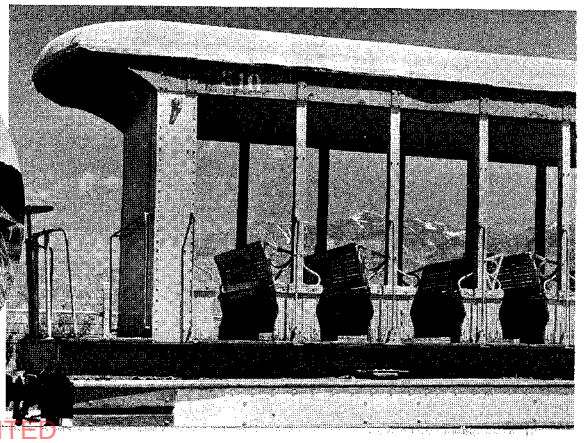
Above left, "creamery school" at Pizenswitch, Nevada. Right, Bonanza Mine at Duquesne, Arizona.

Below left, Tumacacori Mission near Tubac, Arizona. Right, old store building at Dawson City, Y.T., Canada.

Left, grave marker at Patagonia, Ariz. Right, old coach at Corrine, Utah.







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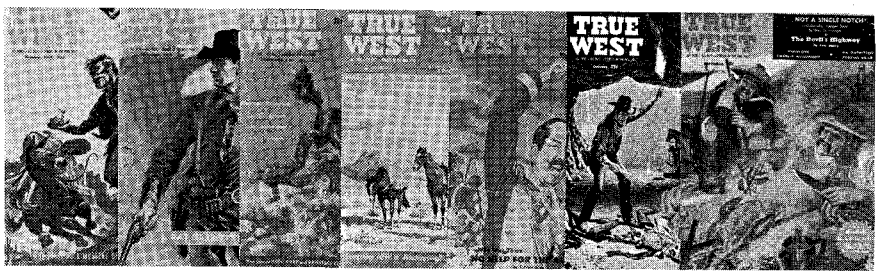

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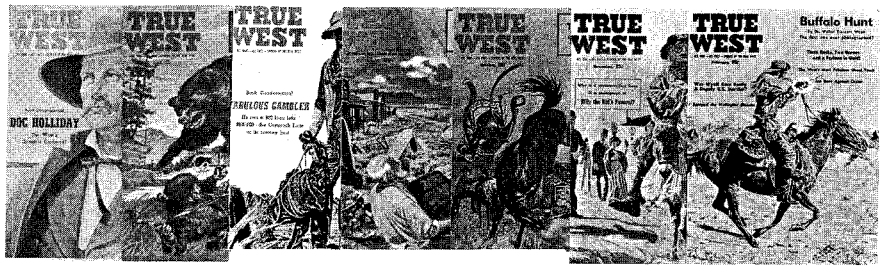

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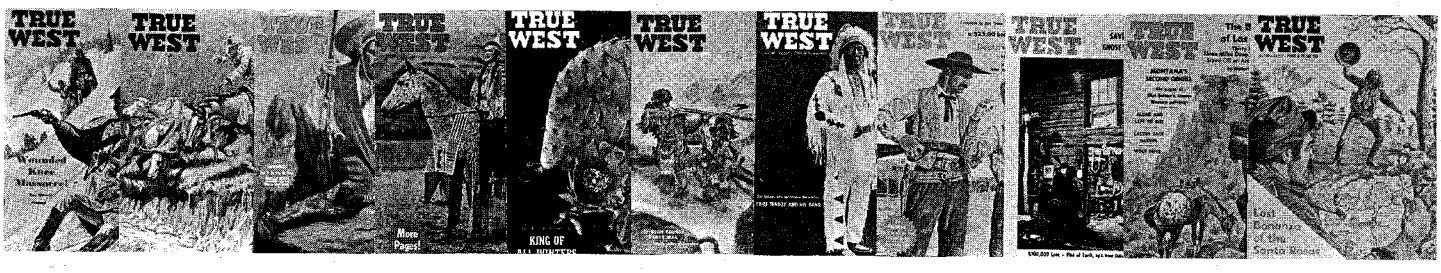

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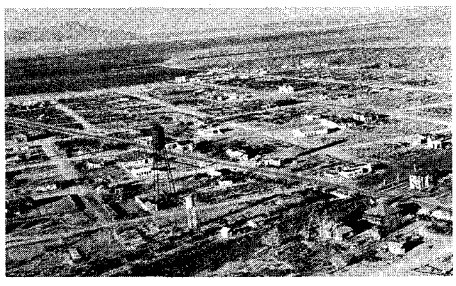

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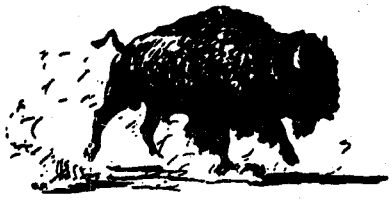

March-April, 1964
Volume 11, No. 4
Whole No. 62

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Cover: Taylor Oughton

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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FRONTIER TIMES and its companion magazine, TRUE WEST, are the only magazines of their kind in the world. We are attempting to tell the AUTHENTIC story of the Old West. Check this list of contents in the March FRONTIER TIMES: ■ **ONE BRAVE AGAINST THE NORTH WEST MOUNTED, by Philip H. Godsell.** There is always a last straw that will make any man lash out against the world. For Charcoal it was an unfaithful wife. ■ **RIFLE KING, by Raymond W. Thorp.** Doc Carver made Winchester a household word. ■ **RANCHERO GRANDE, by William Cx Hancock** and **Wylie W. Bennett, Sr.** With the single-purposedness of a machine, Dan and Tom Waggoner set about establishing one of the greatest ranches in the West. Only one obstacle ever seriously interrupted their progress—a few feet below Tom's beloved rangeland lay a detested ocean of oil! ■ **THE SAGA OF CATTLE KATE, by E. B. Dykes Beachy.** She left home for the gay life of bright lights, hard liquor, saloons and bawdy houses—then having had her fill of these, she settled down to a nice quiet life of ladylike cattle rustling. ■ **DIAMONDS OF THE MOTHER LODE, by Leo Rosenhouse.** Is it true that California's wonderland of natural resources is topped off with a crown of sparkling gems? ■ **I KNEW PAT GARRETT, by Bert Judia** as told to **Eve Ball.** You can form an opinion of a man from stories about him both written and related—but you only get to know a man when you've had dealings with him. ■ **THE RESTLESS GHOST OF DR. MONTEZUMA, by Robert M. Hyatt.** Born an Indian, lived a white, died an Indian. The chronicle of a man's frustration—be he red or white—who cannot get the world to listen. ■ **THE LEGEND OF THE SPRINGER LEAD, by T. J. Kerttula.** Time and again the crafty old prospector outsmarted the town as he set out for his treasure—until that fateful day his footsteps were followed by One from Whom there is no escape . ■ **THE NESTERS, by Nat M. Taylor.** If you're still looking back to the "good old days," this little bit of recollection might dust that rosy haze off your glasses.

Too many to list them all, but also included are THE WICKEDEST CITY ON THE PLAINS—WOLFER EXTRAORDINARY—SOULE'S INDIANS—THE STRANGE DESTINY OF THE TWO PIONEER MERCHANTS—THE WEST'S FIRST TRAIN ROBBERY—OLD CHARLESTON, WHERE SCHOOLBOYS PACKED PISTOLS!—as well as FRONTIER POST, NUGGETS and WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP!

MORE TO COME

IN THE MAY FRONTIER TIMES

on sale March 20th!

KIT CARSON'S WILD WEST by Milt Hinkle, ROMAN NOSE by Bill Judge, WIFE OF WILD BILL by William B. Secrest, QUARTER HORSE by Nye Nelson, HENRY STARR, KING OF BANK ROBBERS by Carl Breihan, IRON DOOR by Justin Sturm, SPOTTED TAIL by Will Spindler; 18 stories in all plus NUGGETS!

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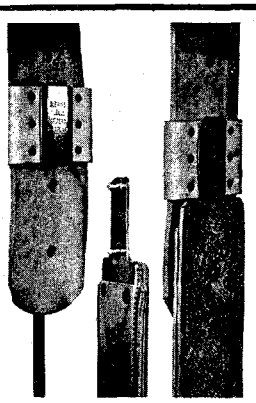

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Information Needed

Gentlemen:

I have missed your Questions and Answers Department ("Ask TRUE WEST") and hope that you resume it sometime. If any of your readers could either contact me direct or answer through your publication, I would appreciate knowing: Where exactly are the ghost towns of Cooney and Albemarle, New Mexico? What remains of Adobe Walls, Texas; Fort Thorn, New Mexico; Fort Conrad, New Mexico; Fort Webster, New Mexico; Fort Massachusetts, Colorado? Are there any roads, not too sandy or stony for an ordinary car, by which I could get to Kilbourne Hole, Phillips Hole and Hunts Hole just north of the New Mexico border on the Rio Grande?—A. V. Paulsen, 1212 Carlisle SE, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Dear Sir:

My check is enclosed for twelve issues of my monthly Western Bible. My reason for not sending it in earlier is that I was unaware the time was almost up. Now I know how Custer felt when the Indians sneaked up on him!

Could you possibly insert a request in the magazine asking for any available information on the St. Patrick Battalion, or Irish Brigade, of the Texas-Mexican War. I badly need this information for a paper I hope to do this summer.—Barry M. Geltner, 3311 S.W. 23 Street, Miami, Florida.

Sirs:

My mother is a relative of the "Younger Brothers." The stories your publications have run about these two boys are most interesting. Each September in a beautiful park of a small town in northeastern Oklahoma, the clan gathers for the annual Younger Family Reunion.

Every year finds some of the older ones missing from our number. Any relatives interested in joining us next fall I would be happy to hear from. Also, can any reader tell me the words to a song that begins, "I am a lonely highwayman; Cole Younger is my name."?—Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, Rt. 1, Box 289, Fort Gibson, Oklahoma.

Dear Mr. Small:

For some time I have been engaged in gathering material for a book about the 36th Infantry Division during World War II. I would surely like to hear from any of your readers who were members of the 36th and who have letters, diaries or journals written during this period. This distinguished combat division had men serving in it from all over the U. S. and it is difficult to contact them. I know your magazines go all over the country—surely somewhere there is a member of the 36th who reads TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES.—Robert L. Wagner, P. O. Box 1010, Stephen F. Austin Station, Nacogdoches, Texas.

A Friend in the Night!

Dear Sir:

I have a problem in keeping your magazines in view where they can be seen. I do janitor work in a store that sells magazines, yours included. If I find your magazines behind others which I consider junk, I bring them out in front. I go clean three times a week. One night I put twelve TRUE WEST copies out and the next time I went in they were all gone. I have done that all the time trying to help you sell your wonderful magazines.—Roy C. Bennett, 3027 Sylvia SE, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Editor's Note: We really wondered whether or not to publish this letter. Mr. Bennett's boss might feel like skinning him alive for getting the magazines out of order. You see, unfortunately, all magazines are placed in a particular spot and if ours happens to be "up in the balcony behind a post," it's our tough luck but that's where we are supposed to stay until the left-overs are picked up. Everyone has tried to help us and according to news dealers, it is all right to uncover us enough that the titles will show as long as we stay in the same spot on the shelf. Otherwise, if they want to, they can just dump us.

Be that as it may, if Mr. Bennett has our welfare at heart to the extent of giving us a front row seat three times a week, we want to say "Thanks, Podner" and wish him as much luck as he wishes us.

One Man's Hobby

Gentlemen:

For a long time I have enjoyed both TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES; I never miss a copy of either magazine. For as far back as I can remember I have always loved a pretty wagon and a long time ago I decided to build a string of them into the world's greatest wagontrain. After lots of hard work and lots of money spent, I recently finished my project.

I traveled 25,000 miles in ten states looking for parts, and my main help I paid $5.00 per hour. In other words, wagon building has gone up the same as everything else. But there are eleven units, and twenty-four spring seats for fifty-four passengers. I offer $25.00 for

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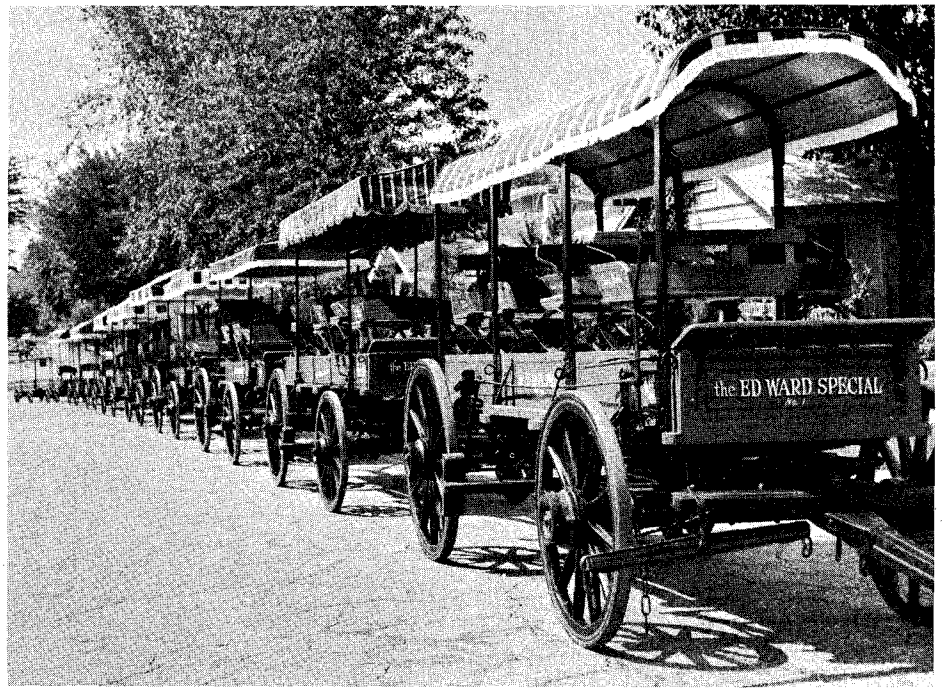

One man pursued this hobby for 25,000 miles.

the nearest correct guess as to the amount of money I was out. I guess I am the only dummy in the world that would spend so much money just because he likes wagons!—Edward J. Ward, 1316 E. 17th Street, Tulsa 20, Oklahoma.

Jim McIntire's Book

Gentlemen:

The December issue of TW is the poorest ever. You lowered your standards by printing such tripe as Jim McIntire's "A Trip to Hell and Heaven." The only term for this is garbage. Are you going to use valuable space in your magazine to print such slop from an agnostic? It is not true in the first place, and is an affront to anyone with any degree of religion.

Also "One Dull Day" is obviously fiction. What happened to your promise to print the truth about the West? "True West" is a very untimely title if you are going to print such disgusting, nonsensical trash. It is your magazine but I will stop buying it for one, and I think many others will follow, if you continue printing that sort of thing. Please stick to the facts about the West!—Howard Cochran, Parishville, New York.

Dear Sirs:

May I say a few words about the excerpt you ran from Jim McIntire's book, *A Trip to Hell and Heaven.* I knew Jim quite well and remember when he returned to Woodward from Lawton, Oklahoma. My father at the time was employed by J. A. Stine and Son, wholesalers in ice, coal etc.

It was one Sunday morning when Jim entered the office where my father was working on the books. He asked Father if he would give him some advice. The answer was, "Sure, Jim, if I can," whereupon Jim told his story and ended by saying he wanted to tell others what might be in store for them, but did not know how to go about it. He was there the greater part of the day and my father was so impressed by his apparent sincerity that he advised him to hire a writer and have it published in book form. That is how the book came to be written.

I remember Father telling the story to Mother that night. And this I do know, Jim was a changed man from that time on. I can assure you the book is genuine and not a lot of trumped-up hogwash by some imitation Ned Buntline.—Clark R. Hayhurst, 208 Cody, Houston, Texas.

Chic Chivvis

Dear Joe:

We have lost another real Westerner. On Saturday morning, October 26, 1963, Chic Chivvis was feeling all right; at six o'clock that evening he suddenly had a stroke and passed away quickly.

I first knew Chic when he had a good-sized pack outfit in the High Sierras, California, and catered to hunting and fishing parties. His headquarters was at Lone Pine and it was in his cabin that Curley Fletcher wrote the song which made him famous, *That Strawberry Roan.*

Chic had a horse fall on him about twenty years ago; the accident dislocated his hip and from that time on he suffered from lameness. He never rode a horse after the accident but was able to drive a car up to the last.

On his property he had what he called a "line cabin" which was in reality a museum of Western Americana. Chic did considerable riding down on the border and Pancho Villa once took his entire saddle string away one night and left Chic afoot.

Those of us fortunate enough to have known Chic Chivvis will miss him greatly.—John Hoffman, Rt. 2, Box 311A1, Saugus, California.

"The Belle Fourche Story"

Dear Mr. Small:

A short time ago my daughter brought me the March-April, 1962, issue of TRUE WEST, and it was the first time I had seen your magazine. I found it most interesting for it is a relief to an old-timer to know that once in a while the truth will win out, even of the old pioneer days.

I was particularly interested in "A Lively Day in Belle Fourche," because I was there and I knew Rob Martin in

(Continued on page 59)

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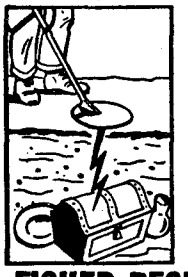

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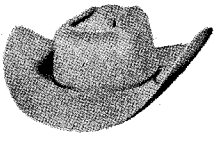

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CATTLE

MAJOR GEORGE W. LITTLEFIELD AND THE YELLOW HOUSE

A Texas Ranger Who Made $6,000,000 in Ranching

TRUE WEST PRESENTS PART TWO IN THE LIVES OF THOS

ONE AS WILD AS THE OTHER—AND REFUSED TO QUIT UNTI

SOME OF THESE MEN BECAME FAMOUS, OTHERS WERE BAREL

NEAR ITS CENTER the vast plateau of the Staked Plains is cut by a canyon several hundred feet deep and a mile wide. This ancient river bed is now dry except for some potash lakes and a few waterholes that form in time of rain. About forty miles west of Lubbock, Texas, a clear spring once gushed from the foot of a 100-foot cliff in this canyon and furnished the only wholesome water on that part of the Plains.

In the white and yellow rocks were many caves where prehistoric people once made their homes and slew the animals that came to drink at the spring. Following the cavemen came the Comanches, who pitched their tepees in the canyon and, mounted on swift ponies and armed with bows and arrows, hunted the antelope and buffaloes that watered at the spring. Spanish explorers, finding that some of the yellow caves had been inhabited, named the old river bed *El Canyon de las Casas Amarillas*, or "The Canyon of the Yellow Houses."

The vast levels of the Staked Plains remained the home of the Comanches until 1875. From this high plateau they descended into central Texas to scalp the paleface and to steal horses. Many an Indian brave went on a raid below the Caprock and came back famous as a warrior and rich in horses, or did not come back at all. The struggle between the whites in the lowlands and the redmen on the Plains began when the Comanches first fought the Spaniards, then the Mexicans, later the Republic of Texas, and finally the United States. White men came to the canyon and on a peninsula that juts out into the valley above the spring built a crude fort of stones. This barricade was in the form of a half circle and blocked the approach to the peninsula from the plains. The perpendicular walls of the peninsula gave protection on three sides. From the heights, the newcomers could look out over the valley for miles and see foes or game that approached the spring. Neither Indian nor buffalo could approach the only drinking water in that part of the country without exposing themselves to the guns of the whites.

Then the bold Comanches came stealthily during the night and attacked the men in their stronghold. Little is known of the fight, but it must have been long and fierce, for the area around the crude fort even today is a storehouse of arrowheads.

After Texas was annexed to the United States, the Comanches had a stronger foe than the Spaniards, Mexicans, and lone Texans had been. The Government sent three armies against the Indians of Llano Estacado. Colonel Nelson A. Miles went south from Fort Dodge, Kansas, striking from the north; General Ranald S. Mackenzie advanced from Fort Concho, Texas, and attacked the Indians on the east; another army from Fort Union, New Mexico, struck from the west. The Indians were caught between the three armies and finally were defeated in the winter of 1874. They were compelled to give up their homeland on the Plains and go to a reservation in Oklahoma.

WHEN BUFFALOES became scarce below the Caprock in Texas, three hunters from Fort Griffin went to the Staked Plains and pitched their camp at the spring in the *Canyon de las Casas Amarillas*—Yellow House Canyon. In 1877 these hunters, George and John Causey and Frank Lloyd, killed over 7,000 buffaloes in Yellow House Canyon and Running Water Draw. The wild cattle were killed for their hides, freighted to Fort Griffin, over 200 miles to the east, and sold. The hunters received approximately $1.00 for each buffalo cowhide and $2.00 each for a bullhide. The Causey brothers built an adobe house at the spring in Yellow House Canyon in 1879. This was the first house on what is now called the South Plains. In 1881 a mail route was laid out across the Llano Estacado from Colorado, Texas, to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, running by the Yellow House camp.

The buffaloes were gone by 1882, and the hunters sold their house to Jim Newman, a cattleman, for $60.00. Newman bought 1,054 head of cattle and turned them loose in the canyon the following spring. Thus the Yellow House Ranch had its beginning.

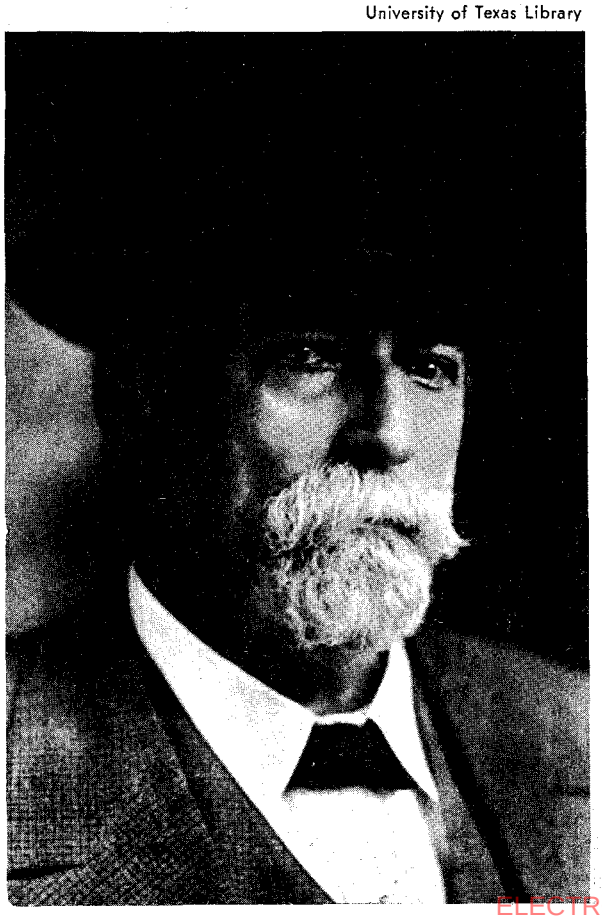
About this time the State of Texas set aside 3,050,000 acres of land in northwest Texas to be sold for the purpose of erecting a fine capitol building at Austin, and the Yellow House Spring was included in this vast tract, which was to become the famous XIT ranch. **(See February, 1964 True West).**

When the Capitol Land Syndicate began to stock the ranch, Newman had to vacate. He moved his cattle to New Mexico in 1886 and established a ranch at a lake about two miles east of where Portales now stands. This ranch was also on the Colorado-Fort Sumner mail route operated by Doak Good and Ben Webb. Good had located at Portales Spring and was running a small herd of cattle there in connection with his mail carrying operations. Good appears to have founded the first ranch on the plains of eastern New Mexico, although he was fourteen years behind John S. Chisum, cattle king of the Pecos.

The Syndicate built some rock houses at Yellow House Spring, and the ranch founded by Jim Newman became the most famous of its seven divisions. Many hardy frontiersmen and wild cowboys worked for the XIT. Billie White was buried on a slope at the foot of the yellow and white cliffs so long ago that no one seems to know how he met his death. Then one of those brave mothers who followed her adventurous husband to the Llano Estacado was laid to rest with her baby in her arms. A large, unhewn stone with a smaller one nestling at its side tells the tragic tale of the first woman and

Major George W. Littlefield of the Yellow House.

University of Texas Library



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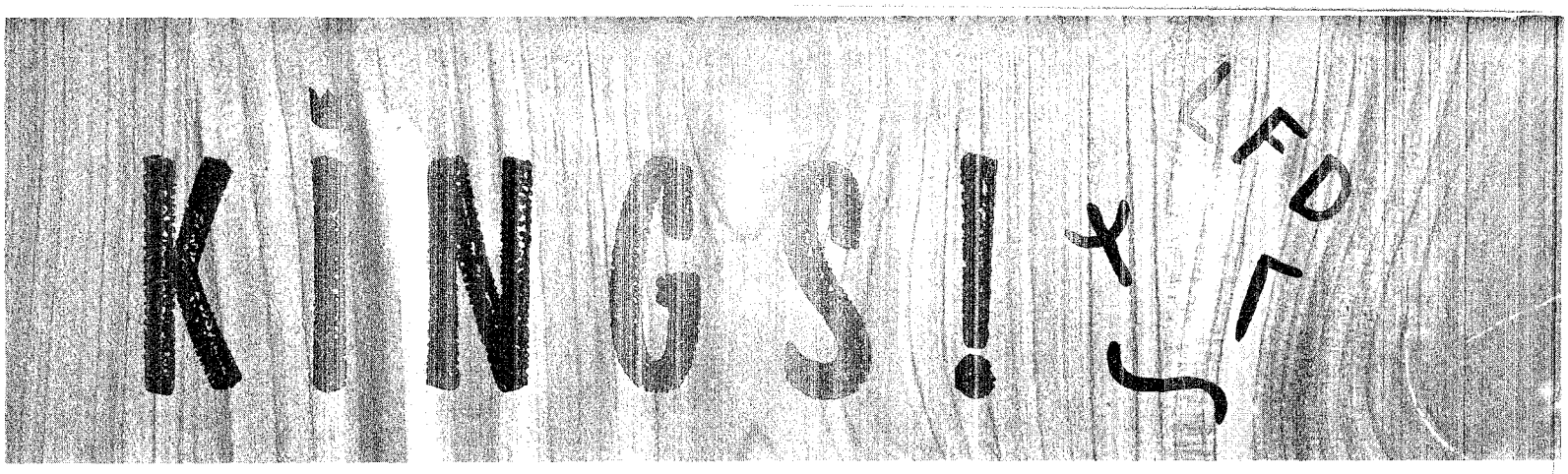


MEN WHO TOOK TWO ELEMENTS—LIVESTOCK AND THE RANGE.

THEY HAD ESTABLISHED THE GREAT RANCHES OF THE PLAINS.

KNOWN, BUT ALL WERE GIANTS OF THE GREAT PLATEAU

child to be buried at the Yellow House Ranch. After them, came Tom Ballard riding wide, high, and handsome only to be killed at Eighteen Mile Windmill when this quick-draw man met one who was quicker.

Another to be buried at the Yellow House Ranch was a Mexican who froze to death in the great blizzard of 1887. He rests in peace alongside Charlie Ratliff with his jolly cowboy songs and fine saddle. While he was riding night herd on the plains above the canyon the cattle stampeded. In the darkness, Charlie's horse went over the 100-foot cliff, and he was laid to rest with his saddle over his chest in lieu of a coffin. As the years went by, rains lowered the earth, and a protruding saddle horn became a gravestone for the cowboy. A rustic poet composed a ballad about poor Charlie which has been sung to many a restless night herd.

THE MAN who did most to make the Yellow House Ranch famous was George W. Littlefield. Major Littlefield was born June 23, 1842, in Mississippi, and came to Texas with his parents when he was eight years old. At the age of eighteen he joined Terry's Texas Rangers.

When the Civil War came on, he entered the Confederate Army as a second lieutenant, later reaching the rank of major. During the last year of the War he was badly wounded and went to Gonzales to recuperate. He took up cattle ranching there when the war ended.

On the broad prairies of South Texas Littlefield cattle increased rapidly. George, like many ranchers of his time, began to trail herds to the end of the railroads in Kansas and from these operations became wealthy.

In his task of acquiring a fortune, he had two able assistants. They were his brother, W. P. Littlefield, and his nephew, J. P. White. When the Comanches were finally driven from the Staked Plains, Major Littlefield lost no time in sending his nephew to found a ranch on the great plateau. Young Phelps White came up from Gonzales in 1877 with 3,500 head of cows and heifers.

Charles Goodnight had already taken possession of Palo Duro Canyon, and White went on to the banks of the South Canadian. A half dozen Mexican families had followed the Canadian down from New Mexico and had founded a little settlement where Atascosa Creek empties into the river from the north. One of the Mexicans had taken possession of a fine spring about two miles down the Canadian from the Atascosa settlement. The spring came to the surface in a pretty valley about a mile from the river and watered several hundred acres of meadow before emptying into the Canadian. Here the grass was stirrup high and green during the driest weather. This was a fine location for a ranch, and James Phelps White gave the Mexican $350.00 to move off and give him possession. Then, where a high cliff gave protection from the cold north winds, he built a house of stone and adobe, and erected corrals. Cottonwoods grew along the banks of the Canadian and furnished plenty of fuel and material for the corrals. A ditch from the spring brought water to the house and corrals. As time went by, a reservoir was constructed to store the water from the spring, and the valley below the house was put under irrigation. This became the LIT Ranch, which claimed all on the north side of the river to the New Mexico line.

In 1881 Major Littlefield bought John Chisum's Bosque Grande Ranch on the Pecos River in New Mexico and sent his brother, W. P. Littlefield, to manage that ranch. Other outfits kept crowding in on the Pecos, however, and the Bosque Grande became overstocked.

The Cass Land and Cattle Company of Pleasant Hill, Missouri, came in 1884 and founded the Bar-V ranch a few miles up the Pecos from Bosque Grande. The chief stockholders were Lee Easley, J. D. Cooley, and W. G. Urton. They bought 2.300 cows and heifers at Fort Griffin, Texas, and drove them to the Pecos. Under the able management of W. G. Urton, the Bar-V became a ranch with approximately 30,000 head of cattle and was so successfully run that during the nearly thirty years of its existence not a cowboy on the ranch was killed by horse or man. When the outfit was closed out, there were 5,000 more Bar-V cattle on the range than the books of the Company had indicated.

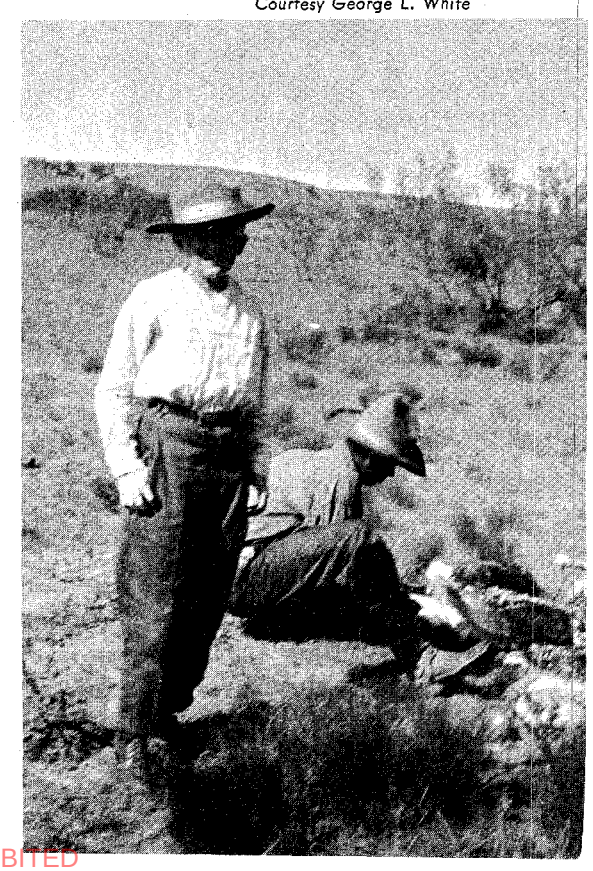
DROUGHT struck the overstocked range in 1885. The Pecos stopped running above Salt Creek; cattle gathered around the waterholes and died by the hundreds. Major Littlefield and his associates promptly bought another ranch on the Staked Plains east of Roswell, New Mexico. This was the Four Lakes Ranch. Wells were drilled and windmills erected; while other ranchers went broke, Major Littlefield and his brother and nephew continued to prosper.

Their next holdings were acquired through a stroke of luck. A Mexican, choosing the rainy season when the fresh-water lakes had water in them, went into an unexplored region east of Bosque Grande. About forty miles southwest of Portales Spring he found a great mesa rising high above the treeless plain. Knowing that he could find springs only in broken country, the Mexican began to search the canyons around the mesa near where Elida and Kenna now stand. In a draw almost in the center of the mesa he found the grass unusually green.

No one but a pioneer would have noticed the difference in the vegetation, but the Mexican knew that water was near the surface of the ground. He stuck his shovel into the earth, and it struck something hard. As he pried up a cedar pole, clods tumbled into the opening where the pole had been and splashed into water. Investigation revealed a spring. Indians had found it long ago and had walled it up with rock. Then in order to keep white men from finding

Cookout on the old Yellow House Ranch. Boy at left is George White, present owner and operator.

Courtesy George L. White



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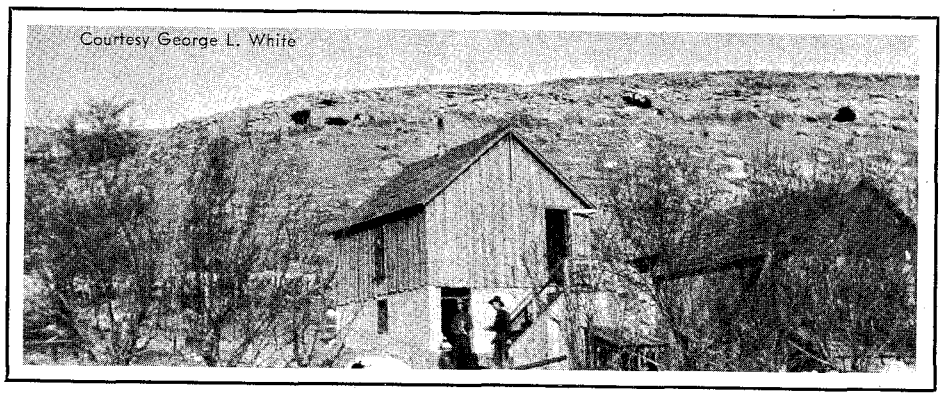
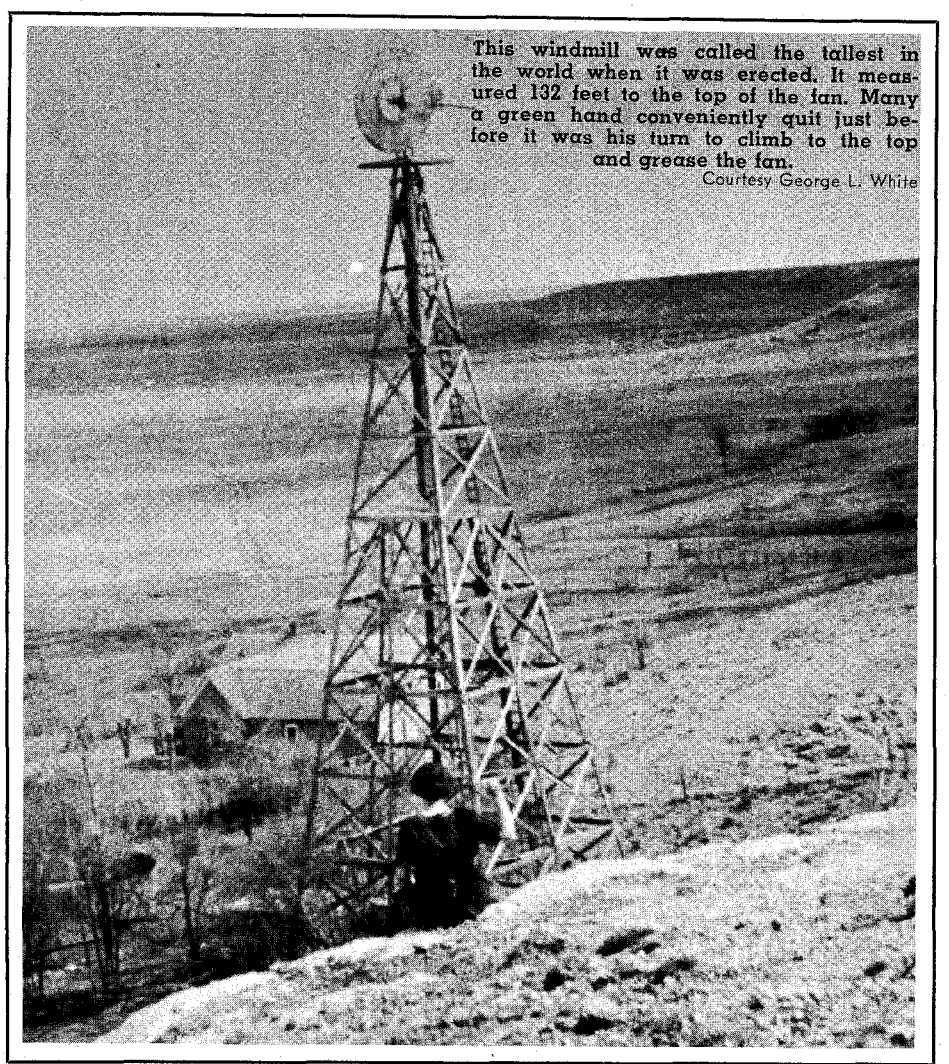

Courtesy George L. White

Cowboy's bunkhouse on the Yellow House Ranch dates back to XIT days. The lower part still stands. This picture was made in the early 1900s.

the water, they had covered the spring with poles and spread sand over it. In time the spring was overgrown with grass. The Littlefields gave the native $700.00 for his spring, and it became another ranch that was not crowded for many years. W. P. Littlefield took charge of this Hidden Spring Ranch, while White managed the Four Lakes Ranch.

Major Littlefield also bought an irrigated tract four miles east of Roswell. This fertile spot was watered by artesian wells. Here he raised fine bulls and rams to improve the Littlefield herds. The LFD, as this ranch was known, became one of the show places of the Pecos Valley. Here were several hundred acres of alfalfa and a commercial apple orchard. Peacocks strutted on the Bermuda lawns, black-tailed deer grazed in the park before the foreman's house, and a huge bear staked out on the lawn paced to and fro until he outgrew his collar and cowboys choked him to death with their lariats while trying to change it.

In 1900 Major Littlefield and associates bought the Yellow House Division of the XIT. The price paid for the 275,000-acre tract was $2.00 per acre. A group of good ranch buildings were erected at the spring and all were painted in the traditional yellow. The spring had been gradually drying up, so a well was drilled to take its place. A windmill was placed over this and in order to get the fans of the mill up above surrounding cliffs, what was said to be the highest windmill tower in the world was erected. One hundred and twenty-eight feet above the ground, it was so high that none of the cowboys wanted to grease it. The foreman made the men take turns at this hazardous task, and many a green hand found it convenient to quit just before it came his turn to ascend the tower that swayed amid the whirlwinds of the Staked Plains.


This windmill was called the tallest in the world when it was erected. It measured 132 feet to the top of the fan. Many a green hand conveniently quit just before it was his turn to climb to the top and grease the fan.
Courtesy George L. White

ALTHOUGH THE Yellow House Ranch was fenced and cross-fenced, it required fifteen cowboys to look after the 25,000 head of cattle on the ranch. From 5,000 to 6,000 calves were branded each season. During the first ten years the Littlefields owned the property, it produced over $1,000,000 worth of cattle. All the land except a small strip along the canyon was as level as a floor. In time it became too valuable for grazing purposes, and the ranch was cut up into small tracts and put on the market as farmland.

The first unit was offered for sale in 1912 at from $25.00 to $35.00 per acre on easy terms at six per cent interest. It sold rapidly. Figured at $25.00 per acre, the Littlefields had made over 100 per cent on their money every year for twelve years, to say nothing of the cattle it had produced. The ranch that had cost Major Littlefield and his associates a little over a half million dollars had become worth $6,875,000 at the lowest estimate.

A town was laid out and named after the great cattleman; as Littlefield grew into a small city, the Yellow House Ranch became Lamb County, one of the banner cotton countries of Texas. By 1923 all except the rough region along the canyon was in cultivation.

At the height of his career Major Littlefield owned approximately 50,000 head of cattle, his chief brands being LIT and LFD. Not content with his extensive cattle business, Major Littlefield went to the state capital in 1883 and with less than $100,000 established the American National Bank of Austin. His institution specialized in cattle loans, and no one knew better than George W. Littlefield what it took to make a good one. He was personally acquainted with every cattleman of importance in the Southwest. He knew their integrity, their business ability, and he knew cattle as security. With the help of men like J. P. White, Whitfield Harral and H. A. Wroe, he built a bank with resources of $10,000,000.

James Phelps White proved to be almost as good a cattleman and money maker as his famous uncle.

After the death of his uncle in 1920, White acquired the remainder of the Yellow House Ranch, the LFD east of Roswell, Bosque Grande, and the Four Lakes Ranch. In 1929 he bought the 120,000-acre Long Arroyo Ranch from the Hagerman Estate. This ranch is in Chavez County, about twenty miles east of Roswell, New Mexico.

Major Littlefield and Phelps White both gave large sums to philanthropic causes. Mr. Littlefield's bequests totaled $3,000,000. Most of this went to the University of Texas. J. P. White probably did more charity work than any other man in Roswell. New Mexico, his home town. He frequently sent food and clothing to needy families and gave positive instructions to delivery wagons not to reveal the donor.

James Phelps White made his last trip across the Staked Plains in the fall of 1934. This time it was an airplane instead of a horse that furnished the transportation, and the rancher was seeking the aid of skilled physicians instead

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of new pastures for lowing herds. Down the trail into the land from which he had come fifty years earlier went the cattleman to die.

Before his death October 21, 1934, J. P. White gave the remainder of the Yellow House Ranch to his son, George White. A modern home in the traditional yellow was erected to take the place of the old house that burned. There on 23,000 acres with 1,000 high-grade Herefords the young man continued in the occupation of his ancestors. Visitors at the ranch may still see the tumbled-down fort on the cliff above the spring and the old bunkhouse where cowboys unrolled their beds when blizzards drove them from beneath the stars.

CLIFFORD B. JONES OF THE SPUR OUTFIT

The Cowboy Who Became a College President

THE 439,972-acre Spur Ranch had its beginning in 1878 when Jim Hall brought 1,900 head of cattle from the Gulf Coast below Goliad and turned them loose in the fertile valleys and broad mesas up along the Caprock in West Texas. The site selected for the ranch was just under the Caprock where the cattle could go out on the Staked Plains in summer and retire below the sheltering cliffs of the "Cap" when blizzards swept across the great open prairies. A more ideal location could hardly have been found; Canyon Blanco, where the longhorns were turned loose, had been a favorite range of the buffalo.

Headquarters for the Spur outfit was established in the vicinity of Soldiers Mound, which had been the supply base for General Ranald S. Mackenzie's army during its campaigns of 1871-2 and 1874-5 against the Comanches. Soldiers Mound had been fortified and manned by Major (later Major General) Thomas M. Anderson, 10th U. S. Infantry, and his battalion composed of Companies A. C. I. and K.

Captain R. G. Carter, last survivor of the 4th United States Cavalry, who helped to rid the Staked Plains of the Indians, once said in an interview:

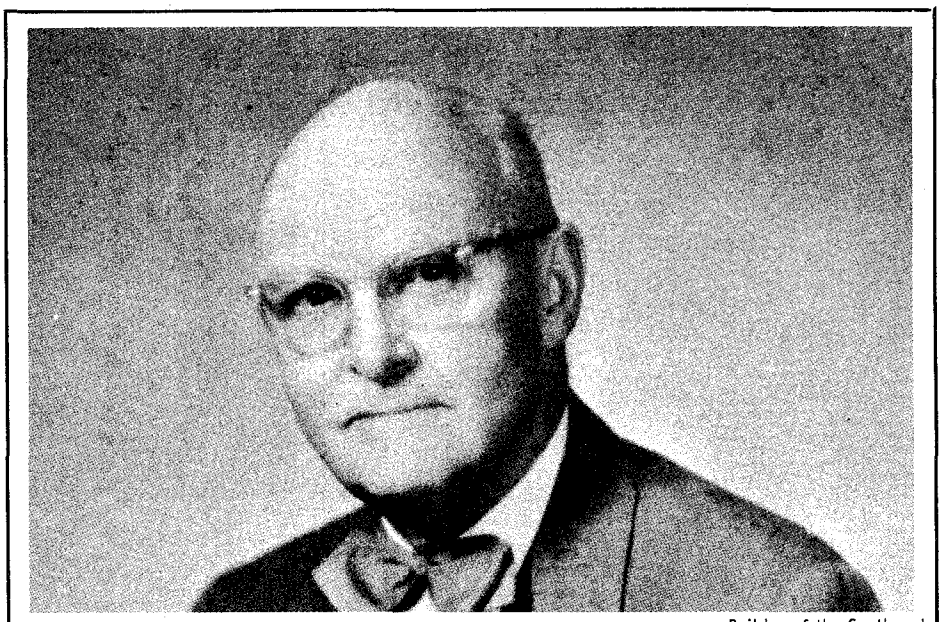
"Our camps for the years 1871, 1872, 1874, and 1875 were at various times on the Freshwater Fork of the Brazos, on Dutch Creek, Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos, near the mouth of McClellan's Creek, and numerous other places.

"We scouted out from our base at Soldiers Mound, which was supplied from Ft. Griffin by wagontrains and pack mules that went as far west as Ft. Sumner, New Mexico. Major T. M. Anderson, 10th U. S. Infantry, commanded the supply camp in 1874-5. It was called Anderson's Fort. It was guarded by several companies of the 10th and 11th Infantry. Anderson, to make himself secure from attack in the rear by any large band of Indians that might surprise us, piled up boxes, barrels, logs, etc. in a great rectangle. Hence Anderson's Fort.

"Some of our men died there or near there and were probably buried in the mound. The man I lost was named Gregg. We buried him at the southwest slope of the butte at the mouth of Canyon Blanco near where Quanah shot him out of the saddle. The chief used him as a shield as we, a small party, fell back. Otherwise, I could have killed Quanah myself, as I was only thirty or forty yards from him.

"But there were too many of the Indians for me to handle, and we were fighting a waiting battle until the main command should come over the hills from the Freshwater Fork to our rescue. When they did come, the Indians fled up the canyon and later out onto the Staked Plains.

"All of our action took place at or near Blanco, Tule, and Palo Duro Canyons and Red River near the mouth of McClellan Creek. In 1872 we captured 1,300 squaws and children and 800 ponies. The Indians recovered the horses; . . . we shot the next ponies we captured — 2,200 head."



Builder of the Southwest

Clifford B. Jones of the Spur

MACKENZIE HAD vanquished Quanah when Hall arrived with his Spur cattle, although there were still some scattered bands of Indians in the country. The stockman was so well pleased with his ranch location that he sent to New Mexico for his share of the Cross-L cattle on the Cimarron and added those to the Spur outfit. The Cross-L stock belonged to the three Hall brothers, Jim, Nathan, and William.

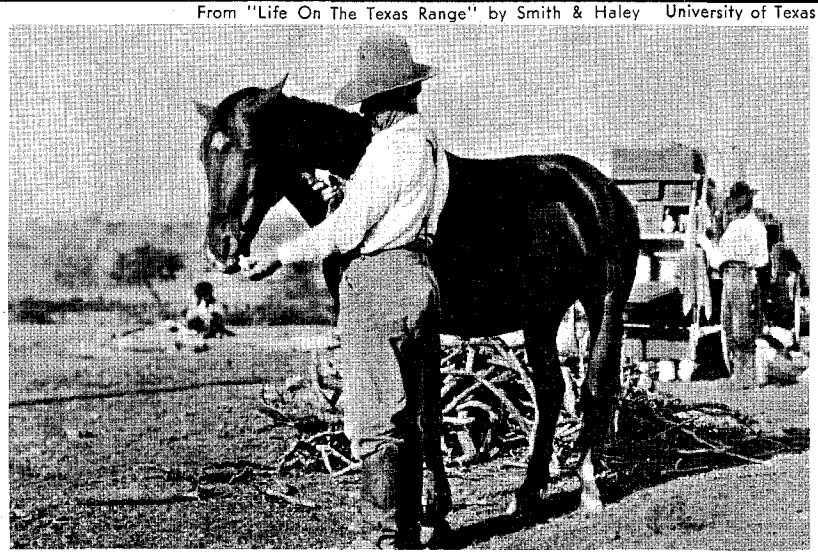
The South Texas cattle were infected with ticks, and the fever spreading rapidly through the Cross-L herd almost wiped out these cattle that had built up no resistance to the disease. These parasites did not long thrive in the high, dry air of the Caprock, however, and as long as no infection was imported from the lowlands, the Spur cattle flourished. Today tick fever is unknown on the Staked Plains.

Stephens and Harris bought the Hall cattle and Spur brand in 1882 and their cattle grazed the free range until Texas adopted a policy of giving large tracts to railway companies in an effort to stimulate the building of new lines. Then alternating sections of the Spur range soon passed into the hands of the H. & G. N. R. R.

Britton and Lomax bought out Stephens and Harris in the early Eighties and founded the Espuela Land & Cattle Company, *espuela* being the Spanish word for spur. They began to buy railroad lands and, when possible, all alternate section taken up by settlers. The springs and lovely natural scenery surrounding the Spur headquarters Lomax selected

The cowboy thought highly of his horse and cared for him well. Jake Raines, veteran of the Spur, fed his mount on sourdough bread.

From "Life On The Texas Range" by Smith & Haley University of Texas Press



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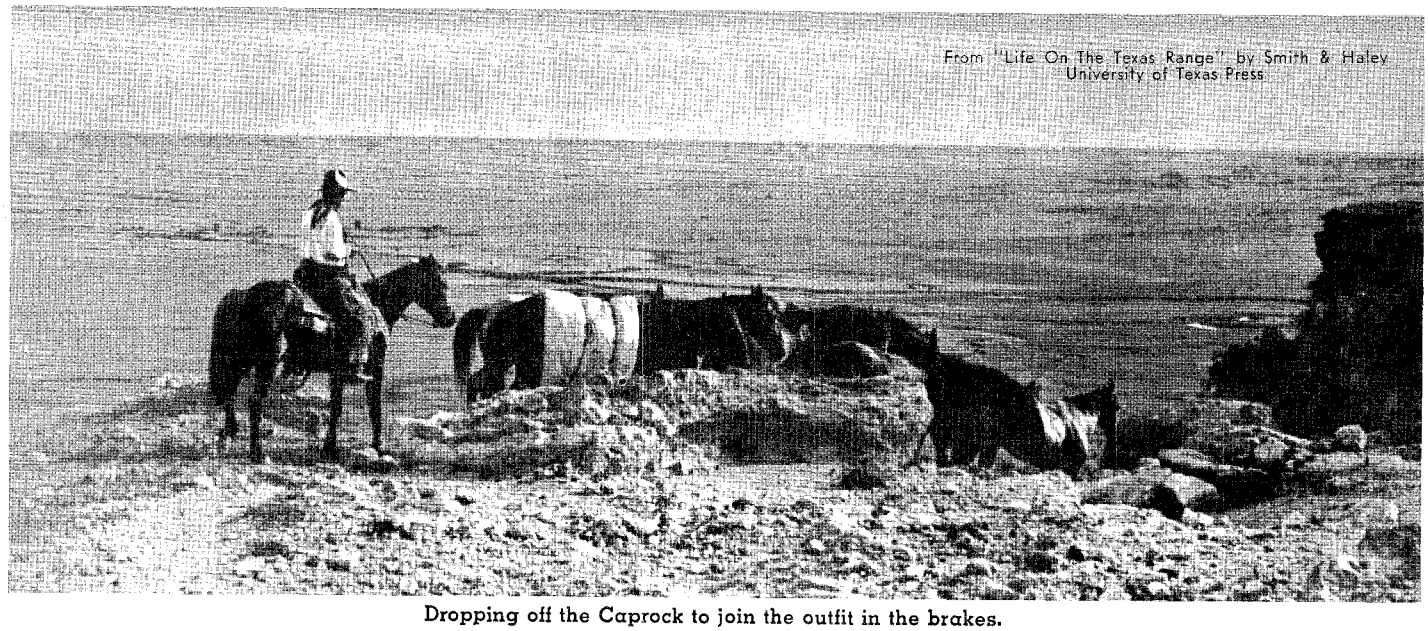

Dropping off the Caprock to join the outfit in the brakes.

about 1883, made it one of the most beautiful in West Texas. It is nine miles northwest of the present town of Spur.

When the ranch was sold to a Scotch syndicate, the word "Limited" was added to the title, but the old owners retained an interest and Lomax continued as manager. Among the cowboys who worked for the Spur in its early days were Jake Raines and Jeff D. Harkey. Harkey came up from the Gulf Coast with the cattle that Hall had bought from Refugio County. He liked the country so well that he stayed with the Spur for many years and remained in the county after he retired.

Raines came from New Mexico with the Cross-L stock and spent over thirty years on the Spur. Although the ranch changed hands five times, Raines was always retained by the new owners. He was a line rider after barbed wire enclosed the range but he held nearly every job on the big ranch at one time or another. Eventually he became an authority on cattle brands of the Southwest.

There is a story, probably fictitious, that he had the Spur brand tattooed on his left hip, and wore his hair long to conceal the underslope of his left ear. His more than thirty years in the saddle for one cow outfit unquestionably made him the top hand of this great ranch.

Fred Horsbrugh became manager in 1889 and continued the policy of expansion until the company owned 673 sections in Dickens, Garza, Kent and Crosby Counties, a large per cent of which was suitable for farming purposes. Henry Johnstone became manager in 1904 and held that position for three years.

IN 1906 the Spur came to the attention of S. M. Swenson and Son, and negotiations were begun for the purchase of the property with the idea of selling the more level parts to farmers from the North and East. The Swensons already owned large ranches in Throckmorton, Jones, Motley, Cottle, King, Stonewall and Haskell Counties.

S. M. Swenson, a native of Sweden and founder of the family in America, came to Texas about 1835 and began his career as a merchant and banker at Austin. He helped finance Sam Houston's army during the Texas Revolution and is said to have played much the same part in winning the independence of Texas that Robert Morris played in financing the American Revolution.

Although the Swensons were cowmen, and their S M S Ranch near Stamford, Texas, was one of the largest in the country, they made early plans for selling off part of the Spur. During the first six months following the opening of the ranch for settlement, 16,000 head of cattle were removed to make room for farmers. In 1910, another 17,000 were sold. There is still considerable stock on the rougher portions of the ranch, but farmers have been gradually crowding out the cattle ever since S. M. Swenson and Sons took charge February 20, 1907.

Charles Adam Jones, who had been general purchasing agent for Armour Packing Company in Kansas City, was manager of the Spur until 1913 when he went to Freeport, Texas, to look after the sulphur interest of the Swensons. He was later transferred to the head of the Company in New York. When Mr. Jones gave up the management of the ranch, he was succeeded by his son, Clifford B. Jones.

Clifford B. Jones distinguished himself as a cattleman, a banker and an educator. He was manager of the Spur for more than twenty years, became President of the Spur Security Bank, and finally President of Texas Technological College at Lubbock.

In describing the Espuela Ranch and its surroundings, Mr. Jones wrote, "Although John Arrowsmith's map of Texas, published in London in 1841, shows this section of Texas to have been explored by LaGrand in 1833, probably the first reconnaisance of any note was by Captain R. B. Marcy, U. S. Army, who in the summer of 1854 led an expedition from Fort Smith, Arkansas, into West Texas. It is known that this wagontrain crossed Garza County, and it is presumed he crossed the lands that later became the Spur Ranch.

"Daniel Webster's fallacious judgment of the value of the so-called Louisiana Purchase was fully equalled by Captain Marcy's report on this immediate section. Marcy says, 'those wilds are totally unfit. Destitute of everything that can sustain or make life tolerable, they must remain as they are, uninhabited and uninhabitable.'

"Cheffin's map of the Republic of Texas, published in Southhampton, England, shows what is now Dickens County and the Spur Ranch as lying within John Cameron's Grant, and as occupied by Comanche Indians, droves of wild cattle and horses.

"It is interesting to realize that the Spur was once in the edge of the sea. Shells and the remains of prehistoric reptiles known to inhabit the marshes and edge of salt water are frequently found. In 1920 Professor E. C. Case, paleontologist for the University of Michigan, found near Spur a prehistoric reptile hitherto unknown to the scientific world. He named the animal *Dematosuchus Spurensis* after the Spur Ranch on which it was found. The reptile was eighteen feet long and in a remarkably good state of preservation. A splendid picture of this petrified giant reptile is available, showing a form of life which inhabited this section millions of years prior to the Mastadon Age. Remains of mastadons, much larger than elephants, have been found on the ranch.

"It is interesting, also, to realize that eons later this country was above the Caprock and on the Staked Plains. Scientists say that the Caprock was once far east and south of its present location, and that during a period of untold centuries the processes of erosion have pushed it continuously backward.

Worthy of note, too, is the evidence found here that during eruptions of volcanoes in what is now Colorado and New Mexico, this section was covered to shallow depths by volcanic ash, millions of tons of which are found today near Spur. Dr. Udden thinks the Spanish Peaks of Colorado a likely source, as well as Mt. Capulin in New Mexico.

"Then in the natural order of things came the great herds of buffalo, and antelope, deer, bears, panthers, lobo wolves, prairie chickens and wild turkeys. The scene of the best story ever written of the extermination of the buffalo, *The Thundering Herd*, by Zane Grey, was laid here. Pease River just north of us is particularly mentioned.

"According to W. R. Stafford, who came here from Wharton County, Texas, in 1883, the first cattle brought to this immediate section were the 'Jingle Bobs.' They were brought by Coggins & Collison from the Chisum Ranch on the Pecos in 1877. In the early days the two largest herds were those of the Spur and the Matador, the former owned successively by Espuela Land and Cattle Co. of Fort Worth, and the Espuela Land and Cattle Company, Ltd., of London, from whom in 1907 S. M. Swenson & Sons and associates acquired the Spur Ranch. The Espuela Company's diary of November 30, 1886, shows a total of 52,986 head of cattle on the Spur Ranch, of which 20,346 were cows. The Spur herd had its basis in the old Cross-L; the Matador herd had its origin in the fifty brand cattle brought from Ellis County. The Matador branded a number of buffaloes with their early brand, the T-41.

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"THE FIRST drift fence in Dickens County was built by the Spur in 1884. The drift fence of the Llano Cattle Company in Garza County was built in 1882. These fences, and that of Colonel Goodnight, who ran the F and JA brands near the main line of the Ft. Worth and Denver, were the only ones between Colorado City, Texas, and Ft. Dodge, Kansas, according to the best information obtainable.

"Probably the last buffalo killed on the Spur Ranch was in August, 1883, at about the location of what afterward became the town of Espuela. The buffalo was shot by a boy known as Billy, who worked for the Triangle outfit. According to W. L. Hyatt, the Causey boys were among the first to hunt buffaloes on the Spur Ranch. They, and Moore, and Grill, and Patton found the hunting excellent here and appear to have killed most of the buffaloes grazing this section. They hauled the hides to Ft. Griffin. The only time that "Uncle Bill" Hyatt ever cut his rope off anything was when he roped a buffalo bull near here during the roundup of 1883.

"Bill Hyatt says, 'The whole surface of the country was covered with mustang horses and antelope. When the cattlemen came, they killed the mustangs to save the grass for cattle. The horses were of no value. They were too small and hard to tame—all mane and tail.

"'If early reports are correct,' Hyatt continued, 'the creeks and canyons along the eastern slope of the Caprock were full of turkeys. You just picked them off the limb of the cottonwoods. And quail—millions of them! Later hauled them out of here—killed them and trapped them. I have seen wagonload after wagonload—and turkeys, too—being hauled to market. And there were lots of rattlesnakes and vinegarroons. Not much hope in those days for anything bitten by a vinegarroon. That grave along the fence about a mile northwest of the old Spur headquarters is that of a nephew of A. T. (Bud) Campbell, who was bitten by a skunk. There were bears all over this country—in Croton Brakes along Duck Creek. Black bears mostly, and panthers—you would often hear them scream. Many deer were in the shinnery.'

"It is possible that the last Indian depredation in this immediate section was in 1883. The Comanches stole Sam Gholson's horses, and those of John and Bill Slaughter, including those named Sugar Child, Old Sorghum, and Taller Eye. The last Indian fight of any moment near here was General Mackenzie's engagement on the Tule, following which his troops killed hundreds of captured Indian horses.

"The well-known Mackenzie Trail crossed the town of Spur and just west of the town it branched, one trail going north along the ridge east of the Spur Ranch headquarters to the Plains, climbing the Caprock south of the present Spur-Dickens-Crosbyton road and north of the head of Cottonwood.

"The last person captured here by the Indians was Lee Parish, about fifteen years old, in the summer of 1882 or 1883. Chat Dockum, who was with the Parish boy, outrode the Indians who, evidently fearful of trouble, released their captive after keeping him for some time. They retained his horse and saddle. The Indians were Comanches, with the exception of one red-headed man, apparently a white child that had been stolen and reared by them.

"Soldiers Mound has been referred to as the scene of the last Indian fight on the Spur range. It is known that General Mackenzie built a fort on the west side of the mound, and it is probable the name is taken from that association. There are several unmarked graves of solidiers on top of the mound, but whether they were killed in battles there or in fights elsewhere and brought to the fort for burial is not definitely known."

UPON ACQUIRING the Spur Ranch, the Swensons undertook to rid the property of prairie dogs. The Company spent more than $70,000 in its campaign against this pest which feeds upon both crops and the range, and succeeded in completely freeing the Spur lands of the rodents. Two complete outfits with chuckwagons and men and boys covered the 439,972-acre ranch three times, twice with poison grain and once with carbon bisulphide. During the early days when this and adjoining counties paid bounties, the old Espuela Land & Cattle Company was able to pay its taxes with prairie dog scalps, and at times had the counties in its debt!

The formal opening of the new town of Spur was held November 1, 1909. The *Texas Spur*, published by Oran McClure, on November 12, 1909, reports the opening of the Spur Ranch for sale and settlement as follows:

"Monday, November 1, between 8:00 and 9:00 o'clock lots were placed on sale to the general public in Spur. The sale was conducted in front of the townsite office, where several hundred prospective buyers had congregated.

"Charles A. Jones, manager for S. M. Swenson & Sons, opened the sale by making a short talk, explaining the plan of sale and stating that a few lots had already been sold prior to the opening in order to establish solid and substantial business concerns, that some had been reserved for public institutions, but that no lots had been disposed of for speculative purposes and that it was the desire and intention to prevent as far as possible all speculation in the sale of the lots to the general public.

"The sale of the business lots was turned over to Mr. Berthelot, and the residence property sales turned over to Mr. Andrew Swenson. These gentlemen checked off the lots selected and gave the purchaser a ticket to be presented to the office management where the sale would be ratified and the deeds drawn up.

From "Hyphenated"
S. M. Swenson of the Spur

"When the word was given for the sale to begin, a veritable Oklahoma rush was made on the salesmen, and within a very short time every lot, both business and residence, within the townsite had been checked and sold to anxious purchasers. During the next two or three days the townsite office was crowded from morning to night ratifying the sales.

"Immediately after the sale had been completed, a rush was made on lumbermen and carpenters, and the erection of temporary residences and business houses was soon underway.

"Contrary to the desire and expectation of the townsite management in the sale of lots, there was considerable speculation immediately after the sale closed. Those who were not large enough and disposed to crowd in and secure lots before they were all gone unhesitatingly paid premiums to those who were more fortunate in securing a nice selection of property, and in some instances several hundred dollars was made by individuals who secured first choice."

Settlement of the great ranch, which covered a large part of four counties, is

It's grub-time for these ranch hands on the old Yellow House Ranch.
Courtesy George L. White

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Henry D. McCallum Collection
Isaac Ellwood of the Spade

still going on. Some of the land is too rough for cultivation and will always be used for ranching purposes. Clifford B. Jones was manager of the Spur lands for S. M. Swenson & Sons at the time the author gathered the material for this chapter. Doc Ellis was foreman of the cow ranch.

ISAAC L. ELLWOOD AND THE SPADE
The Ranch That Thorn Wire Built

ISAAC L. ELLWOOD, Baron of the Spade Ranch, was the inventor of the "thorn wire" fence which made possible the fencing of the Western range. He was a farmer living in the vicinity of De Kalb, Illinois, when he made the discovery that was to affect everyone who lived on the Plains.

Smooth wire had already come into use, but cattle paid little attention to it. They did show some respect for thorn edges, however, and Ellwood began to ask himself, "Why not make a thorny wire?" While attending a fair at De Kalb about 1873 he saw some fence made by hanging thin pieces of wood on wire, the wood containing spikes which stock kept away from. He went home determined to make wire with thorns on it.

The first barbed wire was a ribbon of iron with spikes on its edges. The projections were turned in all directions by twisting the ribbon. This flat wire was too heavy and expensive to be very satisfactory, and Ellwood went to work on the idea of fastening thorns on round smooth wire. In time, he found that by curling the barbs around a smooth wire, they could be held in place and evenly spaced by twisting the barbed wire with another slick wire. He patented his idea, and paved the way for settlement of the great prairies where there was no timber for rail fences.

Ellwood's first manufacturing attempt was by cutting and twisting his barbs in an old coffee grinder. A boy was put up on a windmill tower to string the barbs on a round, smooth wire. A grindstone was used to twist it with a smooth strand to hold the barbs in place; a man standing at the grindstone spaced the barbs as the two strands came together.

This wire sold for two cents a pound, but at that it was lots cheaper than split rails. A few farmers had tried to enclose their land with thorn hedges but 'thorn wire' had this outclassed, too. Miles of barbed wire could be put up in a few days while it took years to grow a thorn hedge fence; also barbed wire did not sap the ground or take up valuable space like a hedge.

Soon the demand for wire exceeded the supply of Ellwood's makeshift factory. J. F. Glidden, a neighboring farmer, became Ellwood's partner, and an improved factory was erected at De Kalb. The American Fence Company was on its way with Isaac L. Ellwood drawing royalty on every pound of wire sold.

When the Company sought new markets in Texas, a big demonstration was held at San Antonio. Wild longhorns were driven into a corral composed of eight or ten wires, and permitted to do their worst. The hides of the cattle were thick and tough, but a few runs on the heavily spiked wire were enough. The fence held the animals without seriously injuring them, and the farmers and ranchers were impressed.

Farmers on the prairies could now keep stock off their crops; ranchers foresaw that cattle could be held on their home range without the expense of line riders. They could also improve their herds by segregating the scrubs.

THE LONE STAR STATE became one of Ellwood's best markets and while promoting the sale of his wire there, he met the Snyder brothers, owners of two big ranches, one on the Staked Plains and the other at the foot of the Plains.

During the early '70s, Captain Renderbrook, United States army officer, was killed by Indians at a spring in what is now Mitchell County.The watering place where he fell became the headquarters of J. Taylor Barr, who started ranching there before the country was entirely free of Indians. The first ranch house was a two-room structure with a thatched roof and dirt floor. On one side was a shed-room made by stretching buffalo hides over a framework of poles. Barr's brand was BO.

D. H. and J. W. Snyder bought this ranch in 1882 and changed the brand to JF. A lumber bunkhouse was erected to take the place of the pole structure. The cattle that the Snyder brothers bought for stocking the ranch were from the herds of Andy Long of Sweetwater.

Soon after the Snyders came into possession of the Renderbrook Spring, the Texas Pacific Railroad built through the country and a large part of their range was deeded to the railway as a bonus for constructing the new line. The Snyder brothers began to buy and lease back these lands and had a ranch of 130,000 acres when Ellwood began to negotiate with them for the property. The Snyders had begun improving their stock by importing Shorthorn bulls; John Frank Yearwood was foreman of the Renderbrook Ranch and had played an important part in putting the property on a paying basis.

Ellwood acquired the Renderbrook Ranch and began his career as a cattle king in 1889. He stocked the ranch with cattle he bought from J. F. Evans, who had a spread ten miles northeast of Clarendon. The cattle were paid for with barbed wire. This stock bore the Spade brand, which had been recorded in Donley County July 11, 1883. The Spade cattle were moved to the Renderbrook Ranch, and from that date on, all Ellwood stock bore the Spade brand which became known from Texas to Montana.

The Snyders had bought 128,000 acres twenty-five miles northwest of where Lubbock now stands, which was as level as a floor and one of the finest tracts of grass in the world. Cattle suffered less from heat on the high, cool plain. The dry atmosphere with its constant wind kept down harassing insects, and cattle flourished there. The only drawback was the blizzards that occasionally swept over the great open world. In order to prevent their cattle from drifting during storms, this ranch was enclosed with a six-wire fence. The cost of extensive fencing, plus too rapid expansion, got the Snyders into financial difficulties. They sold the land to Isaac Ellwood and moved their JF cattle to Coldwater Creek in Sherman County, 125 miles north of Amarillo.

Although cattle on both the Ellwood ranches were branded Spade, the ranch northwest of Lubbock was called the Spade Ranch while that in Mitchell County continued to be known as the Renderbrook Ranch. Supplies for the ranch on the Staked Plains were hauled from Colorado, Texas, a distance of 150 miles; the Snyders obtained supplies for their Sherman County ranch from Liberal, Kansas.

Isaac Ellwood's wire business kept him in the North most of the time, so he appointed his son, W. L. Ellwood, as ranch manager. To him fell the task of stocking and improving the Spade. Although material had to be hauled long distances, only the best improvements were placed on the property. Men who had never used anything but a canteen and water keg were supplied with hot and cold water for baths. A carbide lighting system was installed to take the place of the smoky lanterns in general use. Huge dipping vats were constructed to rid the cattle of ticks and other infections; numerous cross-fences reduced the labor of the cowboys; glittering windmills filled the round stave tanks in the heart of the pastures.

W. L. Ellwood made his home at the Lubbock division and, under the advice of his father, bought land until the Spade Ranch consisted of 272,000 acres. It was eight to twelve miles wide and fifty-four miles long. The last big purchase was in 1906 when twelve leagues were acquired from the Lake-Tomb Cattle Company. The Arnett brothers, Tom and Bass, took over the management of the Spade Ranch for W. L. Ellwood in 1906.

AMONG THE many picturesque characters who worked for the Spade outfit was J. Frank Norfleet. This cowboy and range boss gradually accumulated a small fortune only to be swindled out of his life's savings, $35,000, by a ring of confidence men. Full of fighting spirit, Norfleet turned amateur detective and went after the gang that is said to have made a million dollars from its illegal operations. Of him it was said, "He ran down and threw together the biggest herd of bunco swindlers ever put into one pen at a single instance."

In speaking to his son, Isaac L. Ellwood often predicted, "I may not live to see it, but the time will come when the Staked Plains will be almost entirely in cultivation, and the land our cattle graze will be worth $40 to $50 an acre." He died in 1910 and did not live to see the great cow ranches turned into farms.

W. L. Ellwood loved the life of the range and hated to see the Spade Ranch broken up but when it became too valuable for grazing purposes, the north

(Continued on page 74)

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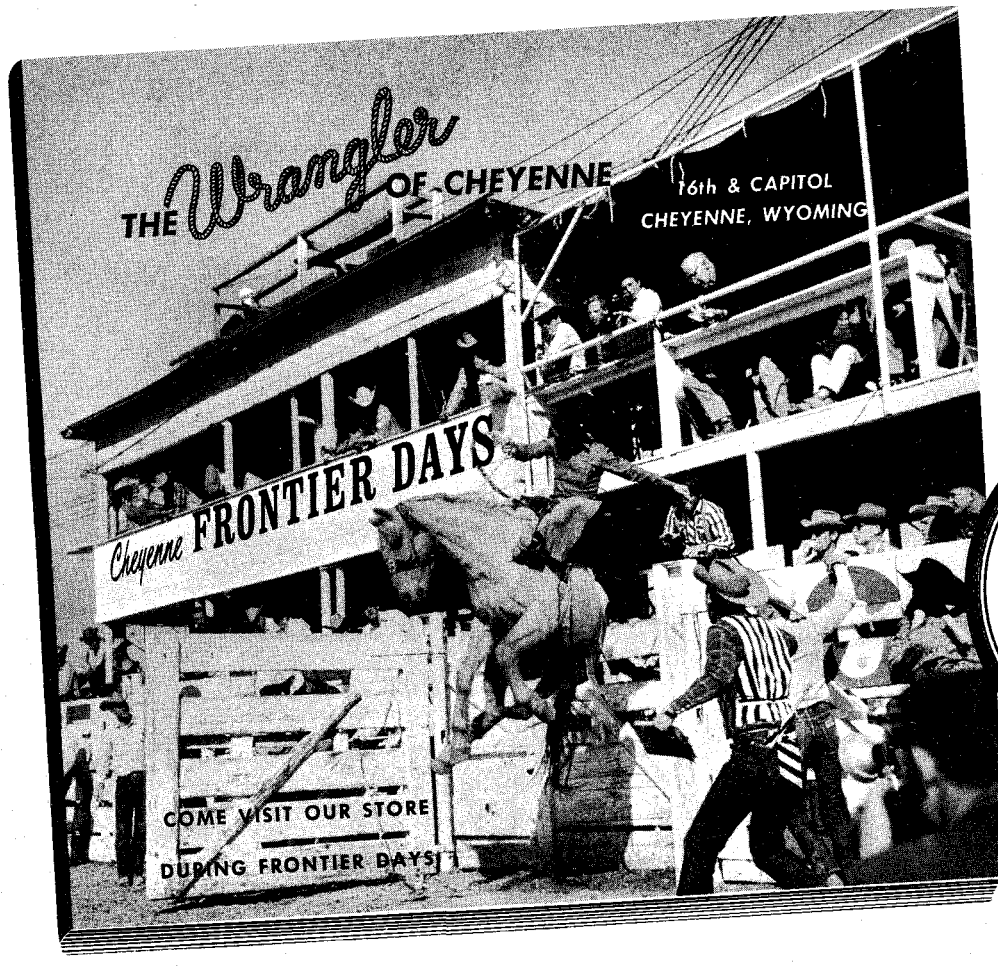

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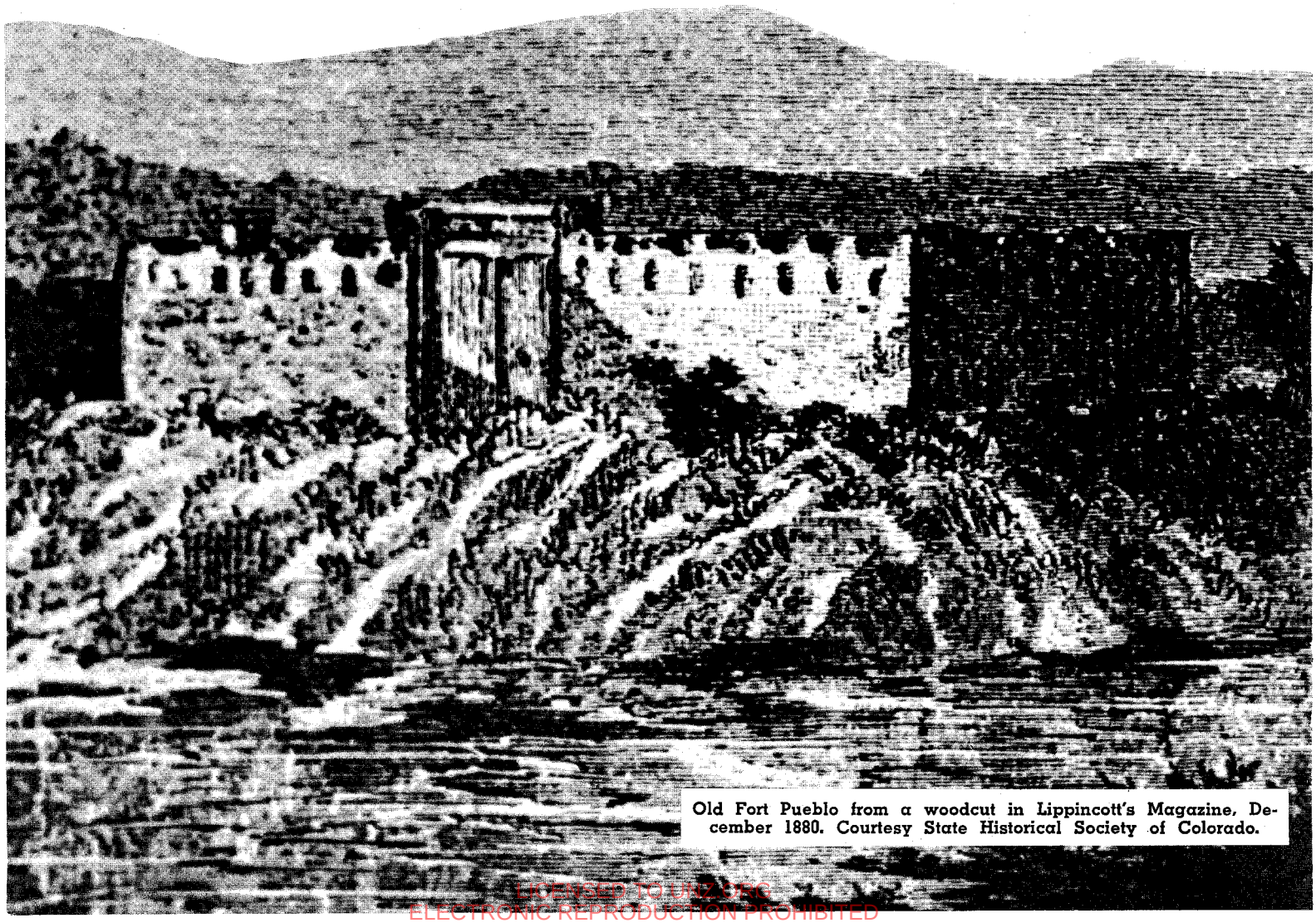
HE BURIED THE DEAD

By HARRY CHALFANT

As the men rode up to old Fort Pueblo on Christmas Eve, it was a silent night . . . all was calm. But the spirit of peace on earth did not prevail, for this was the stillness of death



Old Fort Pueblo from a woodcut in Lippincott's Magazine, December 1880. Courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado.

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THREE WARY Mexicans, Marcellino Baca and two nervous companions, approached a patched-up adobe fort on the north bank of the Arkansas River. It was early afternoon, the day before Christmas, 1854.

"We expected to find the worst," Baca related later, "and we did—dead and dying Mexicans everywhere."

Shortly after sunup that morning, about fifty Muache Utes had stormed into the fort and ruthlessly cut its defenders down. It was all over in less than an hour. This was the Fort Pueblo Massacre —sometimes called the Christmas Day Massacre. "But it happened on the twenty-fourth and not on Christmas Day," Baca insisted. And it all began about a mile northeast of the fort, across Fountain Creek at a cluster of jacal cabins. This was Baca's place.

Baca had started as a trapper and then had prospered trading with the Indians. Hard-working and dependable, he was respected and well liked by most of the Americans. Many of them even thought he acted more like themselves than a Mexican.

Besides the trader and his wife and child, there were three other families and several young herders living in the small settlement. These Mexicans had come north from Taos and Mora, New Mexico, and worked for Baca tending his cornfields and herding his cattle near old Fort Pueblo.

In the cold bleak dawn of December 24, a herder named Felipe Cisneros set out on foot to round up Baca's stock. Looking up as he trudged along, he saw a long line of mounted Indians standing on a nearby hill.

They weren't strangers—they were Muache Utes who hung around Taos much of the time, drinking and gambling in the Mexican dives. They were notoriously mean and surly.

Cisneros managed to scramble down a ravine without being seen, and presently the Muaches ambled down the slope toward Baca's cabins. Panic flared instantly when someone shouted, "Indios mucho!" and the terrified Mexicans all fled into Baca's house.

Baca recognized the Utes at once, especially their leader. He was the tempestuous Muache, Chief Blanco, and he was riding the trader's own fine white mare. Baca rightly took that to mean that the Utes had already run off all of his stock except for the horses in the corral behind his cabin.

Hoping to bargain with Blanco and at least get some of his stock back, Baca grabbed his rifle and stepped out in front of the cabin, leaving the door slightly ajar. The Utes who were armed only with lances and bows and arrows, halted.

Just then Baca's small daughter Elena darted through the partly open door and scampered to her father's side. Her mother, a Pawnee called Tomasa, jerked her back inside the cabin and said, "I'll kill you myself before I'll let the Utes get you!" Elena never forgot her mother's harsh words.

Blanco edged forward with his hand held up in a gesture of friendship. "Amigo!" he exclaimed, but he didn't get a chance to say more. A very old Mexican named José Barela dashed from the cabin yelling, "No, don't make friends. They'll kill us!"

Baca realized too that if the Utes ever got inside his door they would kill every Mexican there, except, perhaps, his daughter Elena, who might be worth more as a captive.

"Don't come one step closer!" Baca shouted.

Blanco scowled and backed off muttering something to his companions. Swinging wide, they went around Baca's place and headed toward the fort. The moment they were out of sight, Barela got a horse from the corral and struck out eastward along the Arkansas to warn the settlers on Huerfano Creek.

A short time later, Baca and the handful of frightened Mexicans cowering in his cabin heard the sound of shooting from the direction of the fort. Then suddenly all was still.

WHAT could have happened? Had the Muaches gotten inside? Baca knew that Felipe Cisneros was missing and that Juan Ignacio Valencia hadn't come home from the fort. There was, of course, no way of knowing if Barela would reach the Huerfano. It was still early, not yet midmorning.

Young Pedro Sandoval had gone to Huerfano Creek the day before, and he was still there when old Barela arrived with the alarm. In spite of the danger, Pedro immediately raced west. His father, Benito Sandoval, and his two brothers, Felix and Isidro, were at the fort. Coming first to Baca's place a little past noon, he stopped to report that Barela had reached the Huerfano safely and that the old Mexican had seen Cisneros hiding in a grove of cottonwood trees.

Pedro then intended to go on to the fort, but Baca wisely persuaded him to stay at his cabin. He and two other Mexicans would go to the fort and investigate.

They had gone only a short distance when they came upon Valencia's body, face down with an arrow in his back. Valencia had gone to the fort the evening before, December 23, to celebrate the end of Advent and the beginning of the Vigil of Christmas. (Mistaking this Mexican festivity for a Christmas Eve celebration accounts for the assertion that the massacre took place on Christmas Day.) Drinking and gambling, the celebrating Mexicans stretched the evening into an all-night session and Valencia got drunk.

Shortly before dawn, he left the fort and reeled toward Baca's place. He was almost there when he realized that he had left his knife behind. Turning, Valencia stumbled back to the fort, found his knife, and again started home. A lurking Ute drove an arrow into his back and he fell dead.

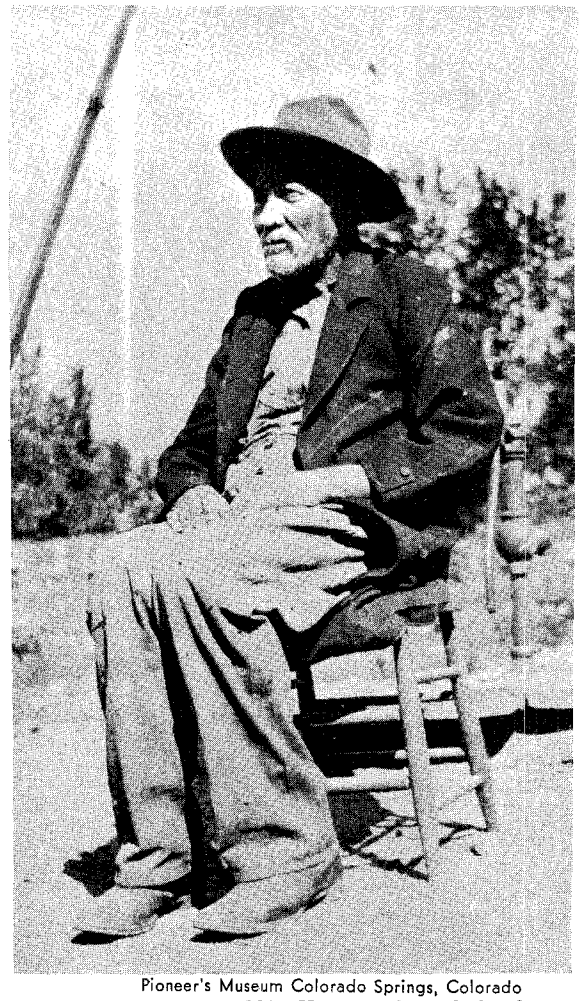
Aware that the sight of Valencia's body was unnerving his two companions, Baca hurried them on, leaving the corpse where it lay.

They had just splashed across Fountain Creek when suddenly they saw Juan Rafael Medina staggering toward them. His abdomen had been ripped open by a lance and his guts dangled from the gaping wound. He gasped for water, then stumbled and fell.

Baca ran to his side while the two other Mexicans scurried back to the creek and scooped water into their cupped hands. Between sips, Medina told Baca what had happened at the fort. A short time later, he died.

Fort Pueblo had been built eleven years earlier, late in the summer of 1842, by three ambitious traders—George Simpson, Alexander Barclay and Joe Doyle.

Constructed of adobe bricks, the fort was on a loop of the meandering Arkansas about a half mile west of the mouth of Fountain Creek. It was seventy feet square and had squat bastions at the northeast and southwest corners. Massive twin gates opened in the east wall.



Pioneer's Museum Colorado Springs, Colorado

Felipe Cisneros in 1908. He readily admitted hiding in a grove of cottonwood trees during the Fort Pueblo massacre.

Just inside and north of the gate were several trade stores. South of the gate, in the southwest corner, was a jacal corral. Along the north and west walls were tiny, dirt-floored rooms which were generally used as living quarters.

The fort acquired a bad reputation right in the beginning. It stemmed from an illicit activity—the smuggling of Taos Lightning. The fiery liquor was distilled in New Mexico, then a Mexican province, and was packed north over the mountains to the American side of the Arkansas. From there it was bartered to the Indians, who in the process were cheated and debauched.

When the Mexican War erupted, the spigot went dry and Fort Pueblo became a prairie derelict. From time to time, itinerant traders occupied it briefly; more often it stood vacant. Gradually the fort fell into disrepair; the roofs began to sag and the mud walls cracked.

Simpson, Barclay and Doyle meanwhile had gone to New Mexico, where in the summer of 1848, they began building Fort Barclay. When this undertaking proved unprofitable, the partners broke up and Joe Doyle reoccupied Fort Pueblo sometime in October, 1853. A frontier character known as Colorado Mitchell had contracted with him to supply corn for a settlement being established east of the fort near the mouth of Huerfano Creek. To plant and cultivate the corn, Doyle brought along some Mexicans from Taos and Mora, including Benito Sandoval and his family, and Juan Ignacio Valencia.

With winter's bite already in the air, repairs were begun on the dilapidated fort at once. Some of the roofs had to be shored up, others replaced, and the walls

(Continued on page 56)

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Ora Mae Wiley, postmistress of Goldpoint, Nevada.

VIGIL AT GOLDPOINT

By HARRIETT FARNSWORTH

Photos Courtesy Author

Here in this lonely, deserted town a solitary little postmistress has found the goal everyone seeks--peace, tranquillity and the time to slow down and enjoy the world around her

I FOLLOW THE backroads twisting off into the far-blue distance, always hoping they will lead to surprising places or to an interesting old-timer. On one bright July morning, Bob and I took the dirt road threading its way toward a barren mountain range southwest from the junction turnoff at U. S. Highways 95 and 71, between Goldfield and Beatty, Nevada. It led us to Goldpoint, a boom town at the turn of the century, and to Ora Mae Wiley, its oldest permanent resident.

The old town was silent, apparently dead and deserted. We got out of the car to browse around. Then, seeming to appear from nowhere, a woman greeted us graciously. She was not wearing the usual back-country attire—slouch hat, jeans, shirt and boots. Ora Mae looked like an aristocrat from her perfectly groomed silver hair to the tips of her neat walking pumps. Certainly she seemed not the type to cope with, or to be contented in, this vast desert solitude—which proves that appearances can be deceiving.

"Do come in," she invited, leading us into her small but cozy home, which she explained was her addition to the old General Store. It also housed the post office, which was still doing business.

In answer to my questions about herself and the ghost town, she said with a merry twinkle in her blue eyes, "Oh, this old town has had its grand and glorious days! I've been here twenty-three years in June—been the postmistress for twenty years. Folks from Lida and stragglers across the desert still pick up mail here. All the mines but the Talc Mines closed down in 1961. Miners moved away because gold and silver here has about hit the end. So now I'm caretaker for the Ohio Mines and its machinery.

"When the mines closed down, water brought in from Lida was cut off. Now I have to haul it myself, a twenty-five mile round trip from Lida, over a pretty rough road after a flash flood or sandstorm. It was worse in the old days—by ox or mule team. I do have a car."

As the picture of this amazing little woman unfolded, I pondered on my own pioneering ancestors. Had the females fitted as naturally and gracefully into their wilderness homes? How long could they have stood the solitude? Would they have been content without a man about the place to help out in a pinch? Ora Mae

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Wiley, born and reared in the South, did not seem to fit into this lonely, windswept desert country, not at sixty-three, and alone.

"Time just slips up when you're busy," she said, explaining how she had come to acquire practically all of old Goldpoint, which came to life in the late 1800s when gold was first discovered in Esmeralda County, Then the place was named Lime Point until 1912 when a fabulous deposit of horn silver cropped up in the crevasses and the town was renamed Horn Silver. In 1928, along came a prospector named Dumpey who *really* struck it rich! He mined something like $90,000 in both gold and silver, and again the town changed names—this time to Goldpoint and it stuck.

ORA MAE smoothed a wrinkle in the skirt of the knit rose-colored dress she was wearing. "When mining was at its peak here, 10,000 people moved in, most of them living in small but comfortable houses. That big boarding house over there kept pretty busy taking care of the bachelors. There were several barber shops and thirteen saloons! Of course, there was an assay office. Then came a telephone exchange.

Her pretty face sobered a moment. "Yes, quite a town, like a dream. Different now," she mused. "Oh, folks come and go—otherwise I'm the only permanent resident, and alone most of the time.

"Everybody wants to know how I pass the time here. Really, there seems never to be enough time. If you love the desert, you just naturally adjust to its demands —which are not intolerable when you unravel a few of its secrets and learn to respect it. I love it here," she said with emphasis.

"When I left Waycross, Georgia, years and years ago, I surely didn't feel that way. I came West only to take a quick look, then hurry back home.

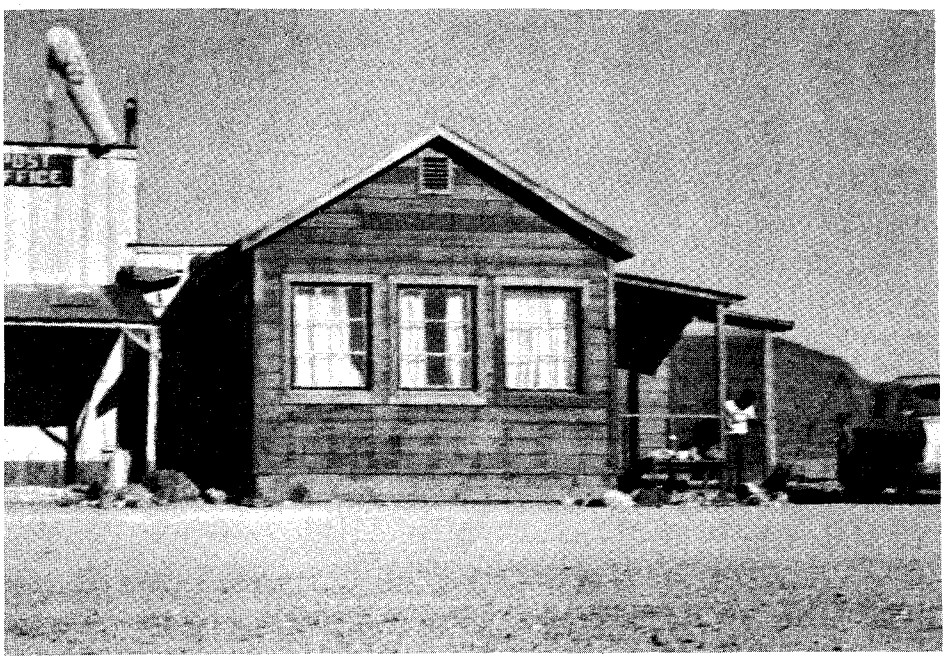
"So I came, I looked, but I didn't hurry back home," she said pensively, "not after I wandered into old Goldpoint. I couldn't explain why but somehow the place fascinated me. I lingered on and, finally, bought this General Store. Soon after that I met and married Senator Harry Wiley.

"Our years together were all happy adventures, in what was then fast becoming a ghost town. As the years passed, Harry and I acquired several good mining claims, and in time, most of these old buildings." Her face sobered. "Then, a few years ago when Harry passed on, where else could I call home?"

She led us out to the once-famed old Gold Dust Saloon, a small museum filled with early-day ghost town relics she has been gathering for years, rare old books, a unique assortment of salt-and-pepper shakers, which she buys, sells and swaps with other collectors.

"You see," she smiled, "I always have plenty to amuse me. Being postmistress does take a little time. As long as mining was in operation here, I kept some supplies in the General Store. I always have assessment work to keep up on the claims —and these hobbies when other things slack up.

"Oh, life isn't what it was when Harry, a prospector and miner, arrived in 1905," she recalled as we strolled back toward her headquarters. "It was *really* rugged then! Supplies were hauled in here, and ore hauled out by ox and mule teams. Even though thirteen saloons poured plenty of liquid over the bars, this was and still is one of the driest places on earth! Why, one old-timer told me that water was so scarce when he lived here, if folks had potatoes for a meal, they first washed the potatoes, their feet next, then made coffee with the water left. Mighty good, strong, coffee, he assured me. But that water shortage is what first put Harry in business here. When he began hauling it from Lida over the mountain there, it was a slow, rough trip, but folks were happy to pay him $5.00 a barrel for it."



Ora Mae Wiley's neat little cottage is built onto the post office.

WE PAUSED as she pointed to the red schoolhouse on the hill. "When I came here," she recalled, "seventeen children were attending classes—eight of them little Indians. Their families always camped up there in the foothills during the school term. As soon as school let out they moved away until next school term."

The little red schoolhouse had been silent a long time. The population kept dwindling, until now there is only Ora Mae Wiley. Now and then a rare soul comes along seeking tranquillity, with a bit of adventure thrown in for good measure. Then Ora Mae might sell a cabin, which means a neighbor for a while. But they come and go, never staying too long.

Since I saw no Boot Hill, I wondered and Ora Mae chuckled. An old-timer told her that probably the residents had stuffed the corpses down old mining shafts to save burial expenses; others had said the burials were made outside, either at Goldfield or Beatty. "But, on reflection," our hostess remarked whimsically, "I wonder if old miners and prospectors, like old soldiers, just don't dry up and fade away up here when the fall winds start howling."

I, of course, asked if she were ever bothered with prowlers, or frightened by vandals who go into the back country and haul out anything not protected. Ora Mae looked me straight in the eyes. Harry, she said, had taught her to shoot. She feared nobody. She could still shoot straight and, "when necessary," she added, "not at the feet."

Back in her home, she got out the old registers filled with names of those who had drifted in, as we had, to browse

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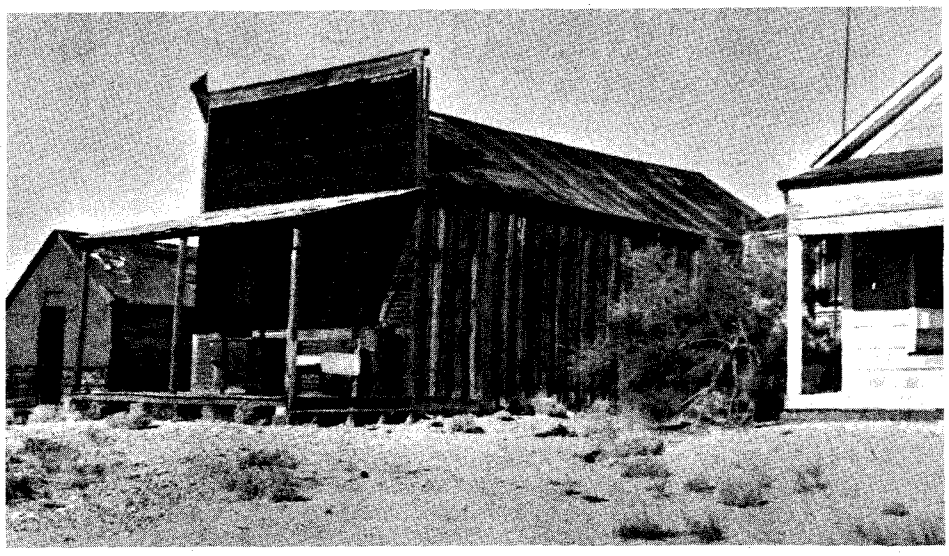
Stores are vacant and grass now grows in once busy Main Street



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Scene in front of the bank immediately after the explosion. Flower boxes above the bank sign seem strangely incongruous in this violent setting.

DURING the hectic days of the Klondike Gold Rush, Skagway was the most important town in Alaska, with an itinerant population of 15,000. Through this community and its neighbor, Dyea, thousands of gold seekers hurried to brave the hardships of the White and Chilkoot Passes. The completion in July, 1900, of the White Pass and Yukon Railway, 111 miles to Whitehorse, in the Yukon Territory of Canada, head of navigation on the Yukon River, marked the death knell of Dyea and the hardships of the Passes.

In the early 1900s Skagway gradually returned to normal as travel to and from the Klondike slowly decreased. Today it is a village of 500 people whose economy depends on the operations of the railroad and the thousands of tourists from ocean steamers.

In pioneer communities the cemetery was a very important unit, for violent death stalked the streets and the mortality rate was high. Pioneers have always treated death and grave epitaphs with grim humor. Skagway's graveyard was the chief tourist attraction for there might be found the remains of "Soapy" Smith, infamous leader of his so-called "Law and Order Society of 311," whose brief reign ended July 8, 1900, from a bullet fired by Vigilante Frank H. Reid.

A popular "man about town" in Skagway had passed away leaving no estate, so a group of his friends took up a collection to bury him, and after a discussion of the wording of his epitaph, they decided to use his favorite expression,

"THIS ONE'S ON ME."

In December, 1900, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, at Whitehorse, Yukon, established a branch in Skagway, where returning miners might exchange their gold for bank drafts. In those days, bank robberies or armed robberies of business firms were almost nonexistent, principally because escape from Alaska and Yukon Territory could only be made by steamer.

Yet, on September 15, 1902, a man staked his life in an attempt to rob the Skagway Bank, with a modus operandi that to my knowledge had never been duplicated in the annals of crime. On this day H. M. Lay, Manager of the Skagway Bank, boarded the morning train to Whitehorse on his annual vacation, while L. M. DeGex, Accountant of the Whitehorse Bank, was still en route to Skagway to relieve him. Thus on the afternoon of September 15, the bank was in charge of two men, George Wallace, a veteran of the South African War, and Charles R. W. Pooley.

About closing time a stranger walked in and, producing a stick of dynamite, asked Wallace if he knew what it was. Wallace, thinking the man was joking, replied, "Yes, dynamite."

The visitor then demanded that Wallace give him $20,000 instantly, or he would blow up the bank. He enforced his demand by whipping out a revolver and leveling it at Wallace.

Wallace's South African experience had taught him coolness, and he started into the teller's cage as if to comply. Quick as a flash he called out to Pooley, "Look out, he's got a gun," and bolted for the back door. Pooley at the same time jumped behind the open door of a

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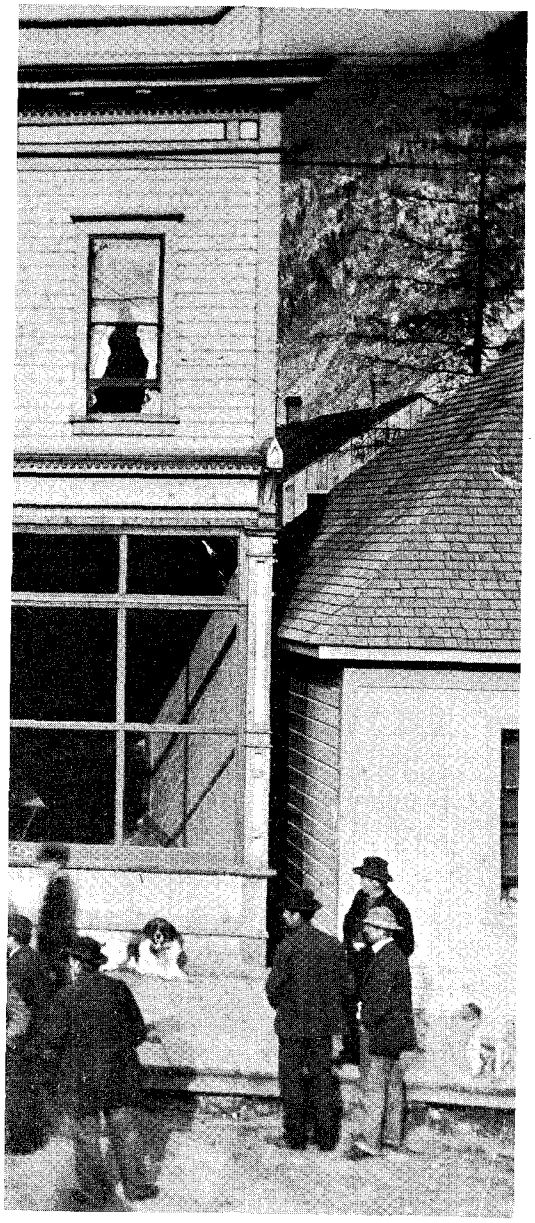
HEADLESS BANK ROBBER

OF SKAGWAY

By W. D. MacBRIDE

Never has there been a neater crime. The money was recovered; the public didn't suffer; the bandit thoughtfully executed himself. It's just irritating not to know Who? or Why?



D. C. Barley Photo

large safe. The man fired at both of them but the shots went wild, one of them striking a steel stanchion in the teller's cage and two others entering the wall of the office.

ALMOST simultaneously a terrific explosion occurred, the firing of the revolver having exploded the stick of dynamite which the man held in his left hand, as well as some others he carried in his pockets. The office was a total wreck, a large hole four feet across being blown in the floor and all the plaster falling down from the walls and ceiling. Glass was blown out of the windows, and the manager's room and its furniture was almost completely destroyed. Walls of the building were sprung out of place and several holes appeared in the ceiling of the office. The bank's solicitor was just leaving the building when he heard the shots fired and turning to re-enter, was struck in the face by pieces of glass from the door and knocked down by the force of the explosion.

The detonation echoed and re-echoed from the sides of the mountains which wall in the town on two sides, and this and the ringing of the fire bell brought most of the inhabitants to the scene. Very promptly the officers of some United States Artillery companies, who were stationed in the town, threw a cordon of men around the building, a precaution made necessary because gold dust, nuggets, coins and fragments of paper currency were strewn all over the floor of the building. Fortunately the perpetrator of the outrage was the only person seriously injured. He was picked up in a dying condition about ten feet from the spot of the explosion and taken immediately to the hospital, where he lived for more than an hour but never recovered consciousness. The eyes were blown out, skull fractured, and hands riddled.

Despite efforts of local authorities, his name was never ascertained, although he was recognized as having been seen gambling in the various saloons about town. He had carefully arranged plans for escaping, including an appointment with a boatman to meet him at 3:20 that afternoon and row him over to Dyea.

The bank's monetary loss was comparatively light. Although a considerable number of vouchers in the teller's cage were blown to bits and his cash was scattered far and wide—some of the paper currency being blown into the ceiling—by careful work most of the paper collateral was pieced together and coins were carefully gathered. The considerable quantity of gold dust which had been lying on the teller's counter was saved by a tedious but clever device. All the debris, which had been carefully guarded by the United States soldiers, was collected, and the splinters, broken fragments, etc. were run through a miniature sluice-box similar to that used in an ordinary placer mine.

The result was that a quarter of an ounce more gold dust than was supposed to be on hand before the explosion was recovered. It is well known in placer mining towns that where gold dust is weighed and handled some of it sifts into the cracks of floor boards and it is common practice when dismantling an old gold rush building, or replacing a floor, to lift the floor boards carefully and then tap them over a long sheet of building paper.

ABOUT an hour after the explosion the Whitehorse bank official arrived on the train. He had been notified by the conductor what had occurred. The building was surrounded by a curious mob, but he at once took charge, arranged for a continuance of the military guard, and set to work to get things in shape for the next day's business. When the books and documents had been gathered together, carpenters began shoring up the ceiling to prevent the contents of the upper story from sliding down into the office. Canvas was stretched across the front of the building, sentries were posted inside and out, and a barricade of desks and other furniture arranged diagonally across the room.

Late that evening while hurrying through a hasty meal in a cafe, the relieving officer overheard a miner at a neighboring table say to his companion, "Well, partner, I guess in the morning I'll get my money out of the bank that was blown up." Taking a good look at the speaker on his way out, the officer kept a lookout for him the next day. The bank opened for business promptly at 10 o'clock.

The two miners came in early and seemed surprised to find that there was still money left with which to carry on. When one of the men inquired whether he could withdraw his funds, he was told that he certainly could and, after filling out the necessary voucher, was handed his money.

He then decided to re-deposit it, but was met with a firm refusal, being informed that if he were too scared to keep a few hundred dollars in the Canadian Bank of Commerce, he should keep it in his pocket. By this time a number

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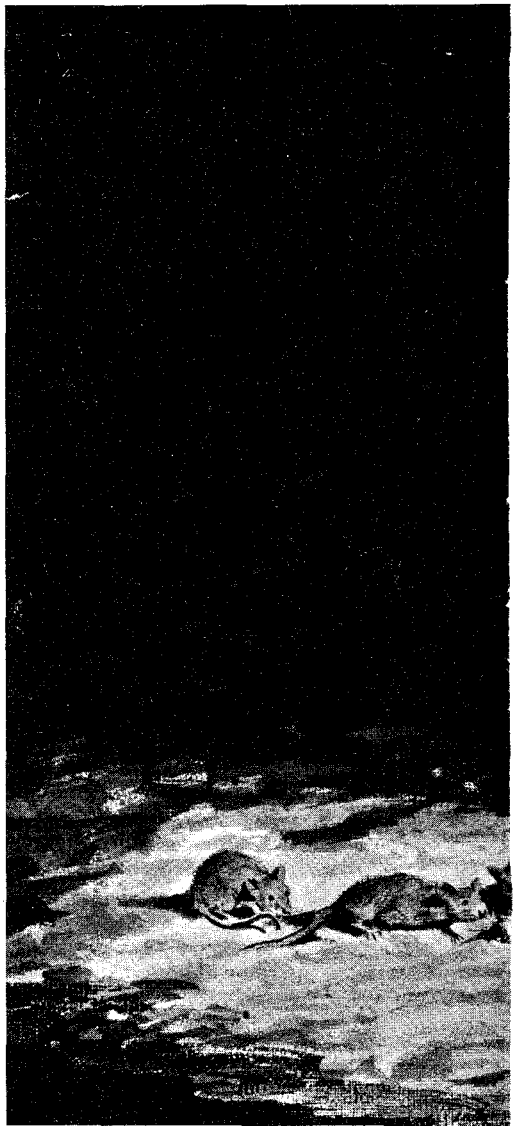
THE LIVING TREASURE

By AGNES MERNIN

Illustration by
JOE GRANDEE



"But it is not mass movements which stick in one's memory as most closely associated with Butte: It is rather the stories of the heroic, foolhardy or pathetic individuals whose exploits have built the biggest mining camp's legend and are still building it."—Joseph Kinsey Howard in Montana High, Wide and Handsome.

Author's Note: At last tally Butte's hills from 1880 until the present day have yielded more than fifteen billion pounds of treasure. Yet in my memories of Butte I can think only of the miners and here, too, in their lives and legends it seems to me is a peculiar treasure.

When Howard refers to the exploits of the foolhardy, pathetic and heroic individual, he includes, I'm sure, all of the fifty or so different immigrant nationals who have worked the mines at one time or another since 1880. Here I shall confine myself to the adventures of my father and his friends as I remember them.

IN MY memories of Butte it seems that each kind of man believed wholeheartedly in his own kind of tall tale. For example: it was the foolhardy Chink Mulholand who believed in and often related the legend of the headless ghost of Shoney Mcvey; it was the pathetic Crockhead McCroary who believed that the mice in the mines were psychic.

The neighborhood in the "biggest mining camp" where I grew up was almost solidly Irish. There were a few families from Eastern Europe and some from Cornwall and the Isle of Man, but *Ireland a Nation* and *Up the Rebel* were the slogans of the gang.

The legend of Shoney Mcvey's headless ghost was a thriller. Shoney, so the story goes, was extremely foolhardy, boy and man. In my mind's eye I see him as tall and gangly with a large loose mouth and a head round and hollow as a casaba melon. As a youth he was initiated into the neighborhood gang by a dangerous device that didn't have any special name then but is known now as "Russian roulette."

Shoney was a newcomer and a greenhorn and he was expected to back down as had all the others. He didn't back down but in the excitement he did misunderstand the rules of the dare. *So instead of filling one chamber of the revolver with one bullet, he filled all the chambers but one!* He miraculously survived this piece of hare-brained foolhardiness.

Later, working in the mines, Shoney hit with his drill "a missed hole" that wasn't posted and he and his partner were killed. In the mines in those early days these lethal booby traps were not uncommon. Quite often miners drilled holes and filled them for blasting. If the blast failed to go off, the area was to be posted until the charge was removed. But it didn't always happen like that.

In the accident Shoney's corpse was the most mutilated. He was decapitated. The legend of Shoney Mcvey's headless ghost had it that on every anniversary of his death Shoney walked through the mine's tunnels, keening and carrying his head on a charger that was the bottom cut from an old discarded powder keg.

When a miner saw Shoney's ghost the jig was up—disaster in the form of sudden violent death was sure to follow promptly if he didn't get out of the mines. There were men, it was said, who saw the apparition and never spoke of it to a living soul. Always, though, the other miners knew. Once when my father and a group of his friends had walked back from an Irish wake down the street and congregated in our front room, I moved over to stand by my father's chair and I listened to them talking about Philo O'Cain.

Philo, the week before, on the anniversary of Shoney's death, had been found collapsed at the face of a dead-end tunnel. Certainly, my father said, he had seen something and had taken off in panic. He had blindly ignored a cross-cut leading left and right and had clawed at the wall of rock facing him and then fainted dead away.

The men went on to discuss whether Philo would leave the mines. It was agreed he would not. In a one-industry town like Butte, he couldn't have found any other job that would pay him a good enough wage. Times were hard. He had nine kids and an ailing wife. The men shook their heads sadly and decided he would stay at home "sick" for a few more days and then he would return to his old job.

I was still being "haunted" by this myself when the same men were back in our front room silently drinking their grog or lamenting in a whisper the shame of it all. On the front door of a little shanty at the end of the alley the black crepe swung and slapped against the hand-carved cigarbox mail-holder where Philo O'Cain was being waked.

THE MAN who was responsible for the thrilling and memorable re-telling in my childhood of the legend of Shoney's ghost was Chink Mulholand. Chink had

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been a husky immigrant kid with a long torso and short arms and legs bulging with muscles. He got his nickname from his small alert eyes which were almond-shaped. In his own right Chink as a youth was impetuous and audacious and extremely foolhardy. After Shoney survived that startling change in Russian roulette, loaded revolvers as dangerous devices for the gang to fool around with seemed rather tame. As leader of the neighborhood roughnecks of his own generation, Chink had to come up with something more daring than his legendary predecessor. He proved to have a lively imagination and apparently no fear.

The railroad provided the dangerous elements in the first of Chink's spectaculars. It also began as a dare, but Chink put his own trademark on it. The gang had recently stolen and cached a box of signal torpedoes, small charges of explosive powder that were sometimes clipped to the tracks and when the train ran over them, they exploded and signaled something or other to the train crews.

Chink took four of these torpedoes and clipped one on each shoulder strap of his overalls front and back. Then he fulfilled the letter of the challenge. He went deep into the railroad yards, lay down on the ties between the tracks, and let a string of engineless freight cars pass over his prone body.

This was an astonishing example of his mental processes. In making up a freight in the yards often an engine would bump a string of cars and send them through a switch on their own momentum to couple up with other stationary cars. In this exploit of Chink's it was implied that if, as so often happened, some part of the undercarriage of a car was jarred loose by the impact of the engine and came gouging and tearing up the ties as it passed over, the torpedoes would explode and signal something or other to the train crew—and doubtless they would have!

Chink was about fifteen when he became a messenger boy on a bike, but he was already a hardened powerman. As he rode around the city doing his job, he hitched rides behind the trolley and was dumped occasionally when his front wheel would catch in the trolley tracks. Always in a wild hurry, he would zigzag in and out of heavy team and buggy traffic with two sawed-off sticks of live dynamite stuffed into the oversized handle-bars of his bike.

He went into the mines shortly after. He just cut the bib and straps off his overalls and cinched what remained around his waist with a length of new black powder fuse and went up and got a job.

IT SEEMED then that his high flame of foolhardy courage just fizzled out in the relentless routine and monotony of an everyday job in the mines. In the small ring of light from his own and his partner's lamps there were no more daring or foolhardy exploits—and then he really hit bottom. One night on the graveyard shift, cold with sweat and terror, he told the other miners he had seen Shoney's ghost. He left the dangerous holes on the hill while the men were still eating their midnight lunch and he never went back.

He took a job as bartender but being around the other miners only during their leisure was too frustrating. He began to hit the grog hard and was fired. In the interim, when he was sober and fairly clean, he used to visit my father. After a few shots of bourbon he always got off on his version of the legend of Shoney's ghost. He had the Irishman's glib tongue and told a graphic hair-raising tale, but as the evening waned he would grow maudlin and incoherent, always ending up shaken by harsh sobs.

Once when a bad disaster struck on the hill, he donned his old digging clothes and ran up to the mine shaft while the piercing wail of the whistle bludgeoned his whiskey-soaked brain. He offered in spite of his all-consuming fear to go down with the rescue teams but he was refused. Something must have happened to him that cold morning as he stood on the hill surrounded by the lame, the halt and the weeping women and children, while the sun was turning to gold and silver the ugly green and yellow ore dumps. He disappeared.

From time to time over the years my father got smudged, tattered postcards from him that evidently had been tucked into his bedroll as he moved from point to point. But when the money came that was the return of the stake he had borrowed, the envelope was always clean as though it had been purchased at the postoffice window with the money order. He worked back and forth across the

(Continued on page 44).

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WAR ON THE CIBICU

By DAN L. THRAPP

The medal he had been given read "Good will toward men"... yet the same force that presented the medal issued the command to kill him!

THE CIBICU is as odd a creek as the Apache who made it famous. It provides generous refreshment for deer and herded sheep, for wild turkeys, foxes and lesser game, for cattle and tough little Indian ponies, and for the few whites who penetrate this still remote and mountainous region. Yet the Cibicu has rippled through a haze of violence. It is a creature of contrasts, as was the singular Indian whose unfortunate career touched off in his idyllic valley the least premeditated and most savage massacre in Arizona's bloody history.

No one knows the precise name of this Indian. Most of the old records make it Noch-ay-del-klinne, but they contain enough variations to account for his soldier-given nickname of Bobby-doklinny. People translated his name to mean "freckled Mexican," perhaps because he had once killed a freckled Mexican, and the name had stuck.

Bobby was lighter-colored than most Apaches and slight as a girl, or so he seemed alongside his barrel-chested, oak-limbed fellows. Yet there was something resolute about him. It was noted by General George Crook, who enlisted Bobby in the first batch of his soon-to-be-famous Apache scouts. Bobby served his time, was mustered out, and returned to his White Mountain people; little was heard of him for eight years or so.

Not far southeast of the present-day trading post at Cibicue, thirty-five miles by crow-line and fifty by trail, lay Fort Apache, garrisoned in the early 1880s by a couple of troops of the 6th Cavalry, two companies of the 12th Infantry and detachments of Indian scouts. Commanding the post was Brevet Major General Eugene Asa Carr, whose active rank was Colonel, one of the most experienced Indian fighters in the Army. His officers included Captain Edmund C. Hentig; First Lieutenant William H. Carter, a West Pointer from Tennessee; First Lieutenant William Stanton, and Second Lieutenant Tommy Cruse, in command of Indian scouts, also a West Pointer.

Bobby, meanwhile, had gradually emerged into prominence among his people. He had been a member of a delegation sent to Washington in the early Seventies to be impressed by the great White Father, although they probably didn't get to see him. But Bobby, like the other Indians, was given a medal. On one side it said, "Let us have peace," and on the reverse, "On earth, peace, good will to men." Bobby wore it proudly.

When he returned from the East, filled with wonder at the marvels he had seen, he tried to tell of them to his people, but they scoffed. He retreated within himself and became known as a dreamer, something of a mystic. Later he was sent to Santa Fe with other Indians to attend school. While there some missionaries filled him with Christian teachings. Bobby was particularly impressed by the periodic withdrawals of Christ for meditation and the story of the Resurrection. Bobby retired to the mountains on occasion thereafter, to fast and pray and meditate upon the wonders of faith. During the decade of the Seventies he became known to some Apaches as a bit of a healer and an odd, though not dangerous, man.

But his mysticism was gaining on him. Soon he began to conduct a sort of primitive revival-type meeting from time to time. He turned to prophecy and forecast the return of the old—and better—days for the Apaches. Finally he claimed to be able to resurrect the dead and commune with spirits and, it was whispered by trembling whites in isolated ranches and mines, had secretly predicted that the interlopers soon would be driven from the land. The unfortunate mutual extinction of a couple of chiefs brought the situation to a climax.

ONE CHIEF had accidentally dropped his rifle and it discharged, frightening a child half to death. The mother, thinking her youngster was killed, screamed; her husband, also a chief, slugged the other. In an ensuing duel they shot each other from a range so close that their garments were scorched by the explosions. One chief was shot in the head, the other in the stomach. Both, of course, succumbed.

The lamentable affair had occurred during a *tiswin* drunk when the whole camp was high on Apache beer. When the liquor ran out, the Indians realized that through this needless shooting they had lost two esteemed men. Hence they were in a mood to listen to Bobby's claim that he could bring them back to life.

He announced that all the people must gather and dance for forty-five days and nights. The affair began, and continued with rising heat for nearly a month. Fragmentary reports, reaching the whites —the Agent, the military and others— caused concern, for they were not sure what it was all about, or what was intended. With increasing numbers of Indians dancing day and night and working themselves into a frenzy, the worst, no doubt, could be expected.

So this affair, which had begun as an internal matter among the Indians and continued as something of no concern to the whites, began to assume ominous overtones. The Agent called in some of the Apache head men and warned them that they were being taken in by a quack, but his protests had no effect on the success of Bobby's mountain meetings. Tommy Cruse sent San Bowman, his chief of scouts, to slip into the Apache camp, observe the goings on and report back. Bowman, himself part Cherokee and part Negro, returned strangely shaken, and said he wanted to quit. Cruse was astonished. Bowman wouldn't talk to the officer, but he told a packer that this kind of dance "always meant trouble," and "he didn't want to get mixed up in it." The most sinister development was that even the scouts had become infected by the enthusiasm and devotion Bobby had created with his "religion." The situation had clearly become a problem for the military.

At four p.m., on Sunday, August 28, 1881, the bugler at Fort Apache sounded Officers' Call and General Carr read to his assembled lieutenants a telegram just received from the Department Commander. It concluded, "Capture or kill Noch-ay-del-klinne." At eight a.m. the following day, eighty-five officers and men of the 6th Cavalry and twenty-three Apache scouts filed out of the fort and headed northwest toward the Cibicu, with Carr himself in command. It was a brilliant morning after a week of torrential rains and the column moved swiftly to Carrizzo Creek, more than halfway to the Cibicu. There it camped, for Carr had decided against pushing on to the dreamer's camp without letting Bobby know that the column was not hostile in intent. He sent some trusted scouts on ahead with his message.

The march resumed Tuesday and by

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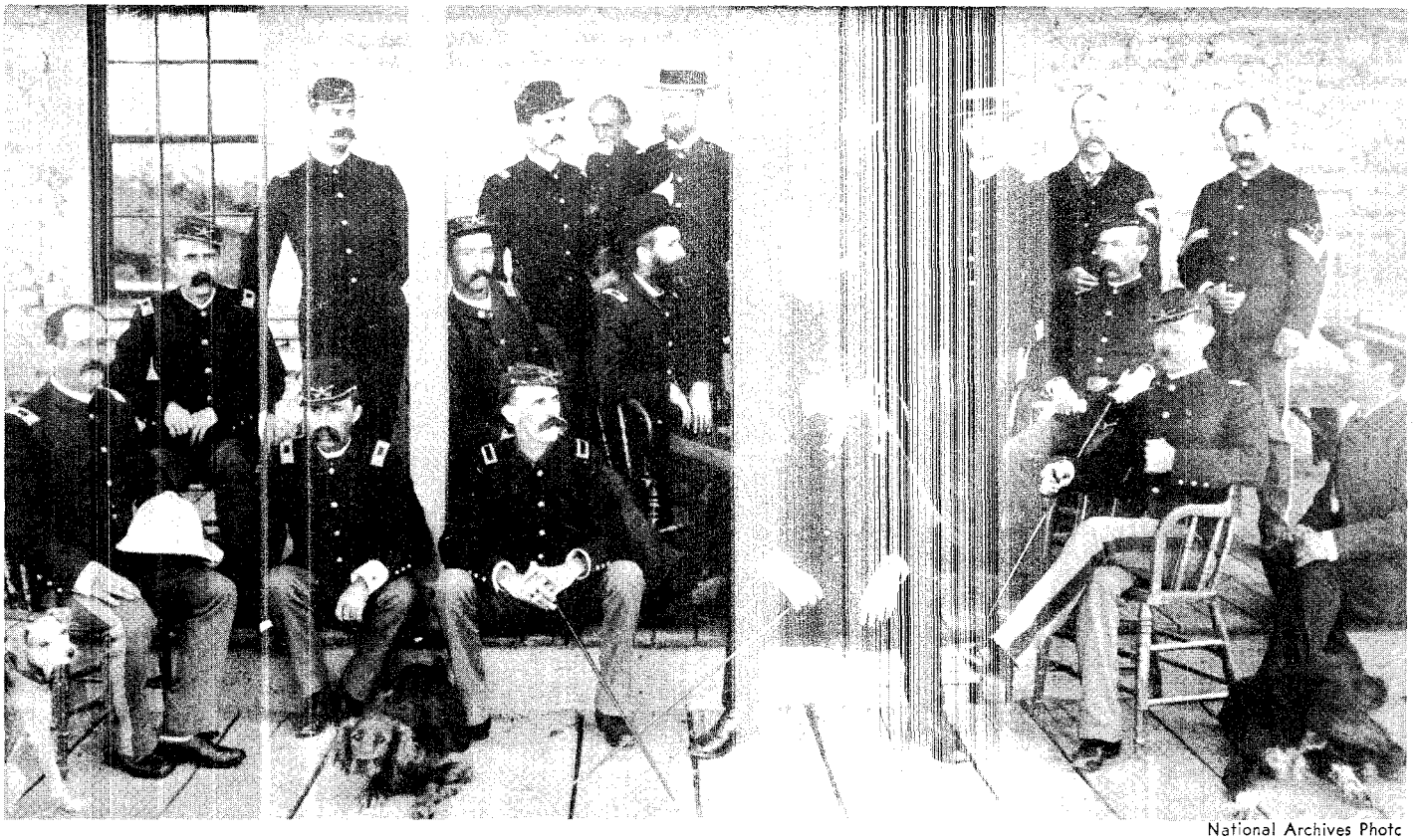

National Archives Photo

Colonel Carr (seated center, bareheaded) and a group of the 6th Cavalry. Although Lieutenant Stanton is known to be in the group, there are no records to make positive identification.

two p.m. the column had reached the valley of the Cibicu. Here an Apache of evil visage, named Sanchez, galloped up to Lieutenant Cruse, in the advance with his scouts, and insultingly demanded "What do you want, *nantan eclatten?*" the Indian phrase being translated by Cruse as "raw-virgin lieutenant."

"I started to tell him to go to hell and add some thumbnail sketches of his ancestors," Cruse later confessed, but he controlled his temper and said his business was not with Sanchez, who rode off brandishing his rifle and pistol. The scouts stared after him, slowly shaking their heads and muttering, "*Dan juda!* All bad!"

Swarms of painted Indians buzzed around the command as it neared the dreamer's tabernacle of branches and twigs, with cotton blankets and rags thrown over them. The medicine man was lying on a heap of colorful Navaho blankets as the troopers rode up and wheeled into line facing the wickiup.

General Carr came forward, as did his interpreter, and told Bobby that his meetings and dances must be stopped for awhile and that he wanted him to go with the soldiers back to the Fort. Bobby listened gravely to the interpreter while his devotees, their dark shoulders powdered with a sacred yellow pollen, clustered about anxiously. Bobby declined the General's order, but said he would come in within three or four days, an offer which Carr rejected.

"Tell him," Carr said to his interpreter, "that he comes with me—now."

When Carr's order was translated and understood the officers could sense the Apaches' stiffening, as though they now understood that this was to be war. A quick-thinking Indian scout stepped over to the medicine man and explained in a voice loud enough for all the Indians nearby to hear, that he was not going to be harmed, but would have to come along to the Fort, if only temporarily. His brave action led to some relaxation of the tense scene, and probably stalled an immediate shoot-out.

At Carr's order, Sergeant McDonald and a scout sergeant picked up Bobby by either arm and moved him, with no resistance, outside of the hut and boosted him up on a horse. The column filed out of the camp, enroute back to the fort—Carr, Carter, the surgeon and orderlies in the lead, Captain Hentig with D Troop next, then the pack train, followed by Cruse's scouts and finally Lieutenant Stanton with E Troop as a rear guard. The second section, that part of the command following the pack train, was held up while the medicine man made some last minute preparations. Once more the assembled Indians, buzzing like rattlesnakes, threatened to upset the orderly departure, though at last the whites got away with their prisoner. But it was close.

"We nearly caught it back there," said Cruse to Stanton, as they rode along. "It looked like a fight."

"I thought so, too," Stanton agreed.

WITHOUT FURTHER incident the two portions of the column joined where Carr decided a camp would be made, about two and one-half miles downstream from the present trading post at Cibicue. The campsite was in a small meadow, about ten feet above the creek bed. Horses and pack mules were unsaddled, and turned loose. The medicine man was conducted to a square formed by the pack equipment and there was placed under guard.

Amid the bustling confusion of unpacking and laying out a camp, Carr's attention was called to Indians fording the creek upstream and converging on the site. He called to Carter to direct troop commanders to oust them. Hentig, with Stanton and Carter, moved toward the approaching Apaches, calling, "*Ukashe! Ukashe!*" which meant, "Get out!" and most of the Indians halted and milled about uncertainly.

"Captain Hentig passed a few yards beyond the scouts," Carter later wrote, and "as he raised his hand to motion to them, a half-witted young buck fired and gave the war cry," precipitating the long-expected explosion.

A mounted Indian hoisted his Winchester and yelled. Sanchez and half a dozen others opened fire. A hundred other shots roared out. Bullets thudded into soldiers, shattered camp equipment, snapped overhead as troopers scrambled for cover and prepared to return the fire. Both sides blazed away in crashing volleys of rifle and pistol fire. General Carr, ignoring the waspish bullets flying about, gave orders for clearing the little plateau on which camp was being made. At this time there were more than a hundred Indians, besides the scouts, in camp, and less than forty dismounted men engaged in hand-to-hand conflict.

Captain Hentig was killed with his orderly at the first fire, but Carter, between the two, miraculously escaped. Some of the mercurial scouts, highly excited, mutinied and joined in firing at the soldiers. Carr walked to the packsaddle square and quietly gave the order: "Kill the medicine man."

McDonald shot him, but only through the thighs, then fell himself wounded by the scouts. "The medicine man and his squaw endeavored to reach the scouts, the Messiah calling loudly to the Indians to fight, for if he was killed he would come to life again," wrote Lieutenant Carter. Carter's trumpeter, a mere boy, put an end to Bobby's yelling by jamming his pistol into the Indian's mouth and pulling the trigger, inflicting a stunning, though not fatal, wound.

All was confusion. Sanchez and a few other Indians shot the herder and stampeded about forty-five loose horses and mules. Stanton hurriedly collected his troop and charged through the underbrush at the lower end of the whites' position, clearing it of hostiles and scouts alike. Bobby's pony appeared from nowhere, his sixteen-year-old son aboard, and charged wildly through the camp, the boy no doubt seeking his father, only to be killed for his pains, and his mount captured.

Carter took over Hentig's troop and

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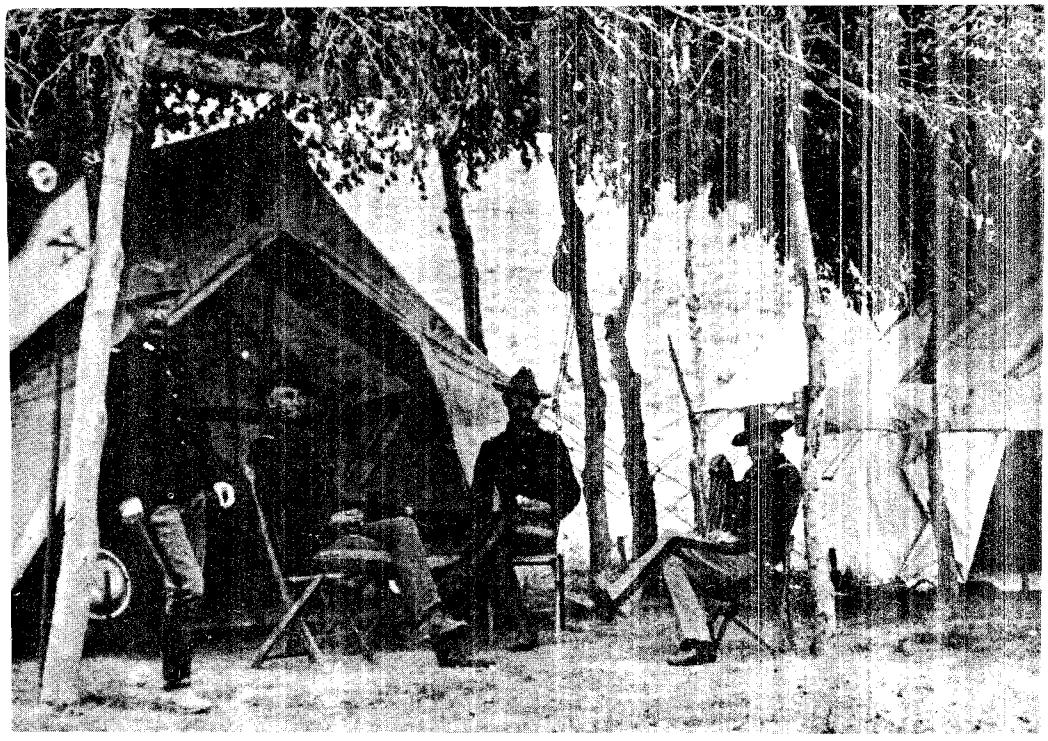

Captain William H. Carter, leaning against the pole, was a lieutenant at the time of the Cibicu fight. He was awarded the Medal of Honor for outstanding bravery during this incident and rose to great heights in his military career.

cleared out the hostiles on his side of camp, forcing them beyond the creek. Hentig's body was about one hundred feet beyond Carter's line and, at great peril to himself and men, the Lieutenant and two of his soldiers rushed out and retrieved the captain's corpse. The hostiles loosed terrific fire on this party, mortally wounding Bird, one of the troopers, and shooting the other, named Berry, through the shoulder. Carter turned Hentig's body over to the soldiers, then returned through that wall of fire to bring in Bird. He did this "under the heaviest firing I had ever listened to," Cruse recalled, adding that the trooper, despite his commander's gallantry, died within an hour.

Private Sondregger, D Troop cook, was returning from the creek with water when all the shooting started, and he was badly hit. He survived only long enough to murmur to a comrade what his real name was—he had enlisted under an alias—and to request that his folks be informed that he had died like a soldier should, at the hands of the enemy.

During this time no one paid much attention to Bobby, who was assumed to be dead, until he was discovered crawling on his hands and knees, delirious, but still tenacious of life. Sergeant John Smith grabbed up an axe and buried it in the medicine man's head.

CARTER CITED an incident early in the fight illustrating the fighting qualities of his men. "A detachment of D Troop had been sent back with a pack mule to a gulch where some dry wood was observed as the column passed," he wrote. "The mule was being packed when the fight began. Instead of seeking safety in flight, or waiting to see the result, the mule was abandoned, the men mounted, dashed back into the melee and shared with their comrades the chances of desperate battle."

With darkness the Apaches, as was their custom, withdrew, for those people would never fight except during daytime. The wounded column gathered its dead, dug a large grave and put the bodies of Captain Hentig and six slain troopers in it, although no attempt was made to bury Bobby. As the last, sad strains of taps floated out over the misting valley of the Cibicu, the column, mostly dismounted through loss of their horses, filed silently away down the stream toward the Fort Apache trail.

The closest guard was maintained all night. Cruse and what scouts had remained loyal took the point. Once a scout sergeant clutched him by the arm and the two sank noiselessly to earth, but the noise that startled the Apache proved to be only a covey of quail scuttling through the underbrush. Several times the column was halted and then permitted to proceed only with the greatest caution as they passed camping Indians who expected to annihilate them in the morning. About eighteen miles on their way, the trail forked. Cruse took the wrong branch, and by the time he realized it, most of the column had passed and his scouts became the rear guard instead of the advance. Another of the badly wounded troopers died on the way, and they lashed his body across a pony and rejoined the column.

Meanwhile, the wildest sort of rumors had fled ahead of them. Already the telegraph had chattered east with the news that Carr and his entire command had been wiped out and already New York newspapers were composing appropriate obituaries for the officers and lamentations for the men. And so far as the column could tell, it *was* likely to be wiped out in some treacherous gorge come sunup.

But it negotiated the return safely and stumbled into the Fort at about two the following afternoon. Loose bands of furious Apaches were looting the countryside. They ambushed and burned four Mormons almost within sight of the Fort. They ran across a sergeant and repair crew fixing the telegraph line near the Black River, and killed them all.

They even attacked Fort Apache, one of the few times in western frontier history where a military establishment was assaulted. Little damage was done, although they clipped in the leg First Lieutenant C. G. Gordon, who had succeeded Hentig in command of D Troop. As he crumpled to the ground with his painful wound, he wisecracked, "Well, I got my billet and bullet the same day!"

Despite the ravaging and looting of their wild young men, most of the Apaches didn't want war at all. They were understandably irate over the death of their Messiah, and suspicious of white intentions, as they had a right to be. But they didn't want war. Seventy-five or a hundred remained out, but most surrendered, including five scouts who promptly were charged with mutiny. Two were sent to Alcatraz, then a military prison; three were sentenced to hang.

The following March the executions were carried out, against the better judgment of officers who felt that the case had not been proven against them, that the Indians were scarcely to blame for the bungling of a matter that could have been quietly handled in a better way, and that since all those assumed guilty could not be caught and tried, it was pointless to execute these three. The squaw of one of the doomed scouts hanged herself the same day her husband was hanged.

For heroism in repeatedly attempting to rescue under heavy fire the wounded at Cibicu, First Lieutenant Carter was awarded the Medal of Honor, dating from August 30, 1881. He remained in the Army and rose to great heights, finally commanding the Central Department at Chicago in World War I. As a result of this he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for the "rare judgment, tact and great skill" with which he handled "many difficult problems."

Editor's Note: In the June, 1928 issue of FRONTIER TIMES an article was published which gave a firsthand account of the Cibicu fight from the viewpoint of the isolated ranchers who lived in the area. The writer, Mrs. G. M. Allison, told of her family's escape and what she termed "the most tragic experience of our lives." We are reprinting the story as an interesting sidelight to Mr. Thrapp's version.

Mrs. Allison was the former Hattie Middleton, daughter of one of central Arizona's most famous families. Her brother, Eugene, whom she mentions, is the Gene Middleton who, eight years later, drove the stagecoach from which the Apache Kid made his famous escape. Gene was very seriously wounded in that incident.

AT THIS TIME our family was engaged in the cattle business and living about eight miles from Pleasant Valley, in Gila County. On the morning of September 2, 1881 my father had intended to go to Globe some eighty miles distant, for provisions. Not being able to find his horses in time, he was delayed in starting. Later in the day my brother Henry brought in the horses, some seventy-five head, and put them in the corral.

Mr. Allison, who later became my husband, was in charge of the telegraph office at Globe at the time and it was he who first received the news of the fight between the Indians and soldiers, on August 30 on Cibicu Creek, a tributary of the Salt River, between our ranch and Fort Apache. This fight proved to be the beginning of an Indian outbreak that lasted for several years, or until the surrender of the celebrated war chief, Geronimo.

Immediately on hearing the news of the outbreak George Turner left Globe on horseback, alone, to warn us of the danger. On his way out he stopped overnight at the Moody ranch on Cherry Creek, and the next morning was joined by Henry Moody. Both of these young men were old friends of our family.

(Continued on page 48)

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BOSTON BLOOMER GIRLS

By CLARA M. GROVE

It started out in fun . . . but after a few innings the affair turned into a real "bawl" game!

THE BOSTON BLOOMER GIRLS created quite a sensation when they came to our town in South Dakota. Our town was very large, it had grown to 1,200 people. We had an artesian well, board sidewalks and a three-story red brick building that was Redfield College and the pride of everyone. We had two churches and three preachers, a lawyer and a doctor. But that was a long time ago, before the calendar leaf had been turned over to the present century, and there were no bloomers in our town.

The reason was because they had only recently been invented and they had not yet penetrated into the Wild West. Over in New York this startling item of apparel had been created by a Dr. Bloomer who was really quite noted, but not being content with just being noted, had made himself notorious by advising a mama with a puny little daughter to make a bifurcated garment for the little girl so she could climb trees, ride the calves and learn to swim.

Shocked at the idea though she was, the mama made the garment, concealing the true nature of it as best she could with a lot of extra cloth. She had to have a name for the contraption she had just made so she named it for the doctor. She called it bloomers.

Over in Boston—Boston, of all places imaginable—some grown-up girls decided to form a baseball nine and wear bloomers as their official uniform (or more likely, they had decided on bloomers and formed the baseball nine as an excuse for wearing the shocking new garb).

The Boston Bloomer Girls began a tour of the United States, taking the scalps of all male teams brave enough to play ball with them. Nothing daunted, the men of Redfield College accepted the grandiloquent challenge of the female baseball nine.

The Boston girls, with their long braids pinned as securely as possible about their heads and covered with the coal-scuttle type hat in vogue at that time, resplendent in white shirtwaists, their ankle-high button shoes and black bloomers, burst upon our town. Those bloomers were fearful and wonderful to behold, not even "kissin' cousins" to the snaky fashions that girls wear now. Gored and darted and belted at the waistline, with each girl vying with all the other girls to see who could wear the smallest circle of belt, below the waistline the black cloth flared out like a balloon. The lower portion of the right side of the billowing cloth was gathered into a band that buttoned around the right ankle, and the left side was gathered into a band that buttoned around the left ankle.

Without fear or trembling the Redfield College boys led the Boston Bloomer Girls to the diamond they had laid out on the wide open prairie. What the little Bloomer Girls did not know was that only the hardiest and hardest survived in Dakota at that time, and that the Redfield boy students had held a session at which no peace pipe was passed. There are exceptions to all rules, and what the Bloomer Girls did not know hurt like fury.

On the third try the girl at bat connected with a slow, careful toss, and sent the ball fully ten feet into the Dakota breeze. From then on it was pure slaughter. The boys played ball. The horror-struck girls watched. There wasn't much else they could do. The girls were all crying when the game ended.

"We won every game until we came to this awful town!" shrieked one girl.

A red-haired Irish lad stepped right up to the girl and shook a finger under her tear-reddened nose. "Say looka here," that horrid boy said. "You stop that sniveling and listen to me. We know how to treat ladies. Any time you come here

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The original bloomers that caused so much controversy were down to the ankles. By the time this picture was made, they had been raised to the knees and worn with long black stockings. Library of Congress

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PIONEER MILL CAMP

By LENNIE WRIGHT FERGUSON

Photos Courtesy Ryan Mills Library

A GLIMPSE INTO THE FORESTS OF THE WEST, WHOSE PEOPLE HAD LITTLE LEISURE AND LESS MONEY . . . BUT THAT DIDN'T MATTER; THEY HAD TIME TO HELP EACH OTHER AND THEY SHARED WHAT THEY HAD . . . A PEOPLE WHOSE CAPACITY FOR HARD WORK WAS MATCHED ONLY BY THEIR CAPACITY FOR PLAY

THE LONG BLASTS from a whistle roused the ten families in our sawmill camp. We found the men gathered and Mr. McClasky excitedly recounting that a mountain lion had taken one of his fat shoats in the night. Blood on a torn pen and squealing pigs attested to their fright. It was a common occurrence to see these animals about, mauling and maiming the dogs.

The crew decided to shut down the mill and hunt for the killers. Off into the woods went six of the men, and an anxious camp awaited their return. At three p.m. they returned after killing a nine-foot mountain lion in a big cedar. We all celebrated that night.

This was in 1888 in Washington Territory in Ryan's mill camp, three miles east of budding Sumner, at the foot of a densely forested hill. Many wild animals sheltered here: fox, lynx, coons, bear and deer. The forest also provided plants, herbs and barks which we used in lieu of a doctor.

Oxen hauled the mammoth logs over a greased skid road to a chute where they hurtled down to send up geysers in the mill pond. There they were converted into lumber for the ever-growing demand of this new territory.

My father, J. C. (Dock) Wright and his three brothers, T. A., Dave and Phy, were employed here, Dad being an offbearer. Wages were universally low and men worked ten hours a day, yet neighbors found time for close association and confidences.

Coming from the South, our ways and speech were very amusing to some, and Dad was very sensitive about it. The cook especially held him up to ridicule and would mimic him in front of the crew. Dad passed it off at first, but finally one noon, the cook asked insultingly, "Well, what will you have, you Arkansas monkey, sow bosom with the buttons on, I suppose?"

Dad had had enough; out he jerked the two six-shooters that he had carried on the Chisholm Trail. "I'll show you, damn you!" and he shot the coffeepot out of that cook's hands, and riddled the stovepipe and kettles, while the crew disappeared under the tables, benches, and out the windows.

The cook took off up the slab and sawdust road and ran three miles to Sumner, Porter's dog Towser at his heels, his back still raw from the hot grease that cook had spilled on him.

Dad, very penitently, offered restitution for all damages, but the crew agreed the fellow got just what he deserved, and Mr. Ryan replaced everything with no charge to anyone.

Mrs. McNulty took over the duties of the cook house till a new bull-cook came, and soon camp was back to normal again, with men in the woods calling Timber! Timber! and those back in the mill sawing, planing and stacking lumber. Their women made bread, parched green coffee beans, churned butter and made their own clothes. Coal-oil lamps, lanterns, and even a "witch light" (a wick in a bowl of oil), shone at night.

DAD TRAPPED the ditches and waterways and at one time had seventy-five prime muskrat pelts, for which the fur company offered 10c and 15c apiece. Dad decided to hold on, and during the severe winter that followed sold them for 20c straight to the mill crew, who wore them fur side next to their feet for socks. They were very warm.

When the mill changed the main circle saw and ceased operation temporarily for repairs, Dad marked honeybees on their backs with flour, and then with a strong telescope traced them to their snag or hollow tree homes. When these trees were felled, many a tubful of delicious wild honey came into camp.

One day with the whistle blowing, the mill ceased work. It meant an emergency. A Mr. Henry Woodsides had severed his arm in the main saw. One man was hastily searching the Bible for a passage telling how to stop blood. While a tourniquet was being applied, the speediest horse at the mill brought the doctor. Mr. Woodsides' arm finally healed after the amputation, and he went back to Kentucky to his folks.

Katie Thomas, my little playmate, had a beautiful older sister, Alice, whose steady admirer, Dave Van Clive, worked as a bucker in the woods. All affection was for Alice, who wore his ring. They often walked the wooded trails in the evening, and everyone liked Dave. New arrivals came to this frontier town every day, some from fine families, and some just drifters. Among them was a tall handsome young man named Martin Champlain, whose first quest was for Alice.

Since he had leisure, money and charm she soon welcomed his attention. He would bring her home from school in a buggy, while other camp girls walked the three miles; he bought her a pretty parasol, bracelet and silver shoe buttoner. Poor Dave seemed to be losing out.

The Deans were expecting a new baby, and one day the doctor, after attending Mrs. Dean, ate dinner at the cook house. Champlain also was there, and asked who the new man in camp was. The men, in fun, said, "That's the sheriff looking for someone."

Champlain left immediately without waiting for dinner. As Mrs. Thomas was at the Dean's, Champlain left a note under the door to Alice, saying he regretted it but this had to be goodbye, and thanking her for the wonderful times they had spent together and the uplifting influence she had had on his life.

The Thomases were dumbfounded, and Alice hurt, then angry. About a month later a detective came looking for an embezzler from Chicago, and described Martin Champlain under another name, but he had left no forwarding address.

Since we were in close association with our neighbors we were familiar with each other's affairs and loved and understood each other. Out of a blue sky, it seemed, our happy camp was struck with a fatal disease that neither herbs nor doctor could cure—the dreaded scarlet fever! Soon the joy of our camp, little Joseph Ericksen, was dead. Though ill ourselves, we all responded to the Ericksen's needs. Their finances, like the rest, were limited, but they had the pioneer pride and said nothing. Everyone contributed what they could, and one man gave all of his month's wages, although he didn't have clothes fit to attend the funeral.

After this plague, camp resumed as before; mammoth logs still came down the chute, and woe to any animal that crossed it when in use. Many cows and loose pigs had arrow-like logs connect with them.

One Sunday, while their folks were at church, the McKay, Parker, and Beerman boys started pushing the big tram car

(Continued on page 73)

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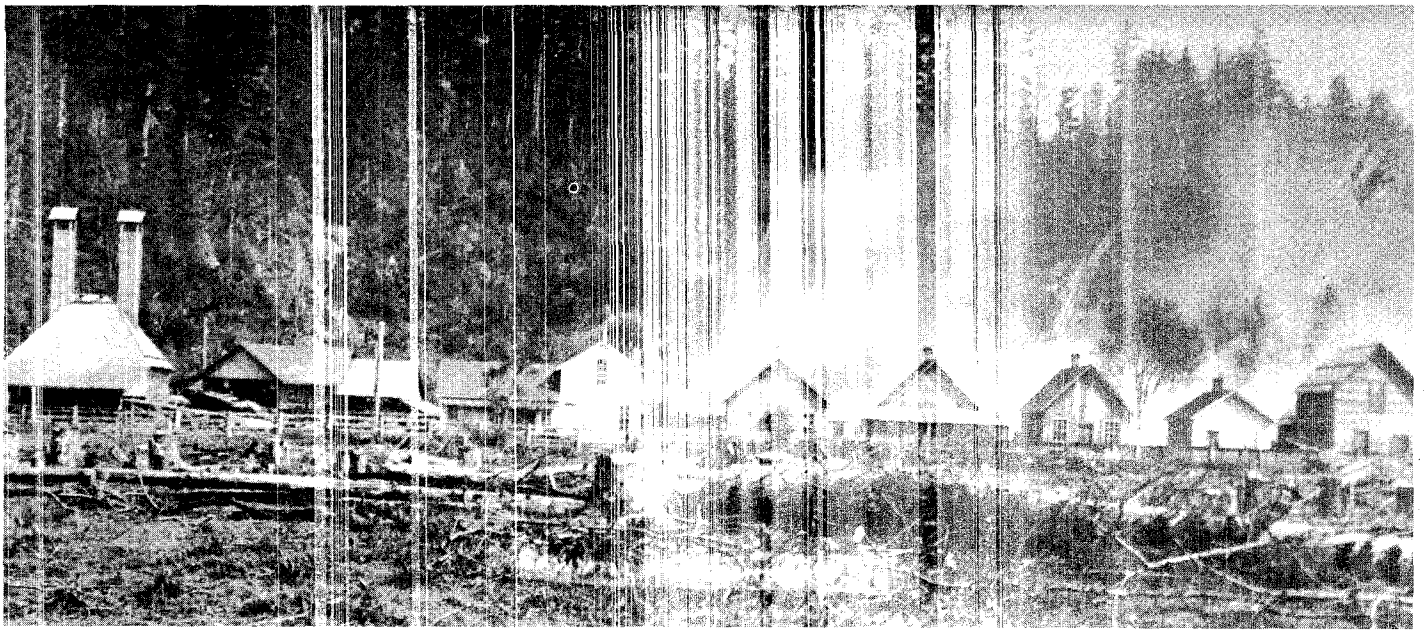
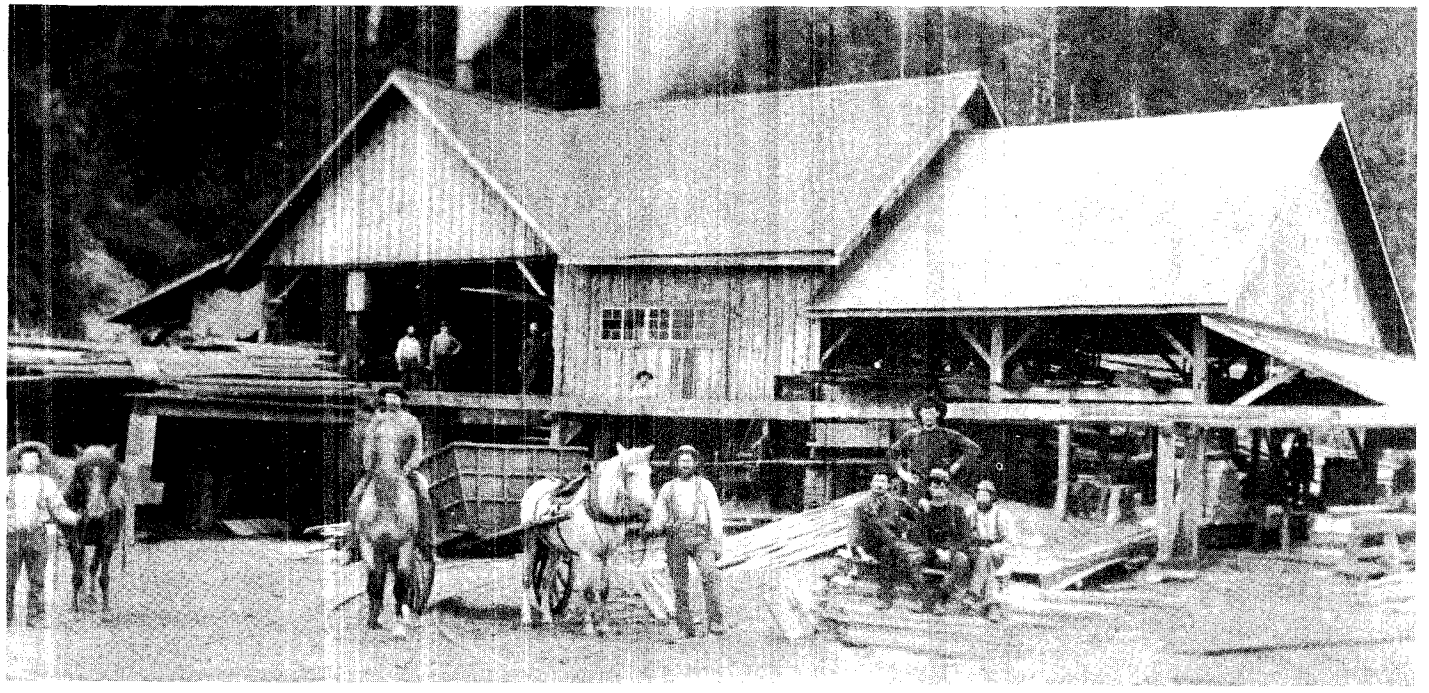


The pioneer mill camp of the author's childhood is shown above. Ryan's Mill occupied the two buildings at the extreme left. Other buildings were, respectively, Wright's home, the cookhouse, the homes of the McKays, Cones, Dibbles, Deans and Porters.



Business was brisk at Ryan's Mill (above), but there was still time to stop and pose for a photograph in 1888. A part of Ryan's woods crew is shown below, loading up the big ones for the logging chute.

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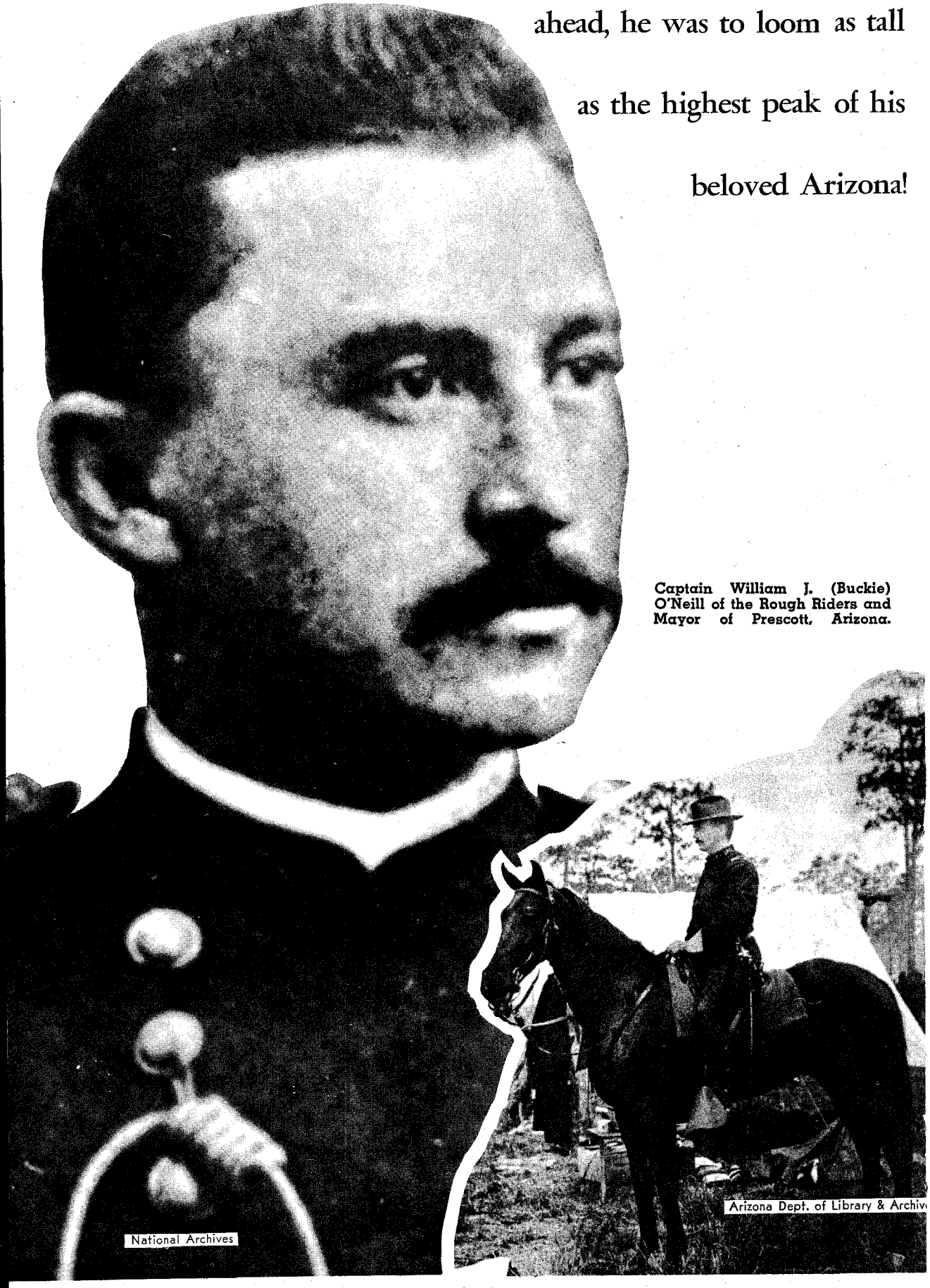
THE QUIET LAWMAN

By DEAN LIPTON

He wasn't a tall man — barely five feet nine, but in the years that lay ahead, he was to loom as tall as the highest peak of his beloved Arizona!



Captain William J. (Buckie) O'Neill of the Rough Riders and Mayor of Prescott, Arizona.

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ON THAT sweltering day in 1879 when William Owen O'Neill reined in his horse at the outskirts of Phoenix, he looked like anything but the legend that he was to become. He was just another nineteen-year-old kid lured west by the stories of adventure and opportunity to the few who saw him, and they would have been the first to laugh if they had been told that within a few years the name "Buckie" O'Neill would follow the wind from one end of Arizona to the other.

He was almost at a man's station, with a law degree tucked in his shirt pocket and a six-gun strapped to his waist. Buckie was not a big man; he stood barely five-feet nine-inches without his high-heeled boots. But in the years that lay ahead he was to grow as tall as Arizona.

There will always be a few who will argue that O'Neill was not a typical hero of the West. Compare him to the Earps and Hickoks, and what do you find —a gunfighter who never killed a man in a gun fight; a sheriff whose hobby was writing short stories for magazines in New York and San Francisco; a man who first rose to fame as the boy editor of the *Phoenix Herald.*

It was almost as if Buckie O'Neill could not bear to see a man die, although in a life that would itself be cut short by a sniper's bullet, he had actually seen much violence. He had been a lieutenant in a militia outfit when his platoon was ordered to stand guard at a public execution. The prisoner was a vicious killer named Dilda who had gunned down a popular deputy sheriff without giving him the slightest chance to defend himself. There were few in the Territory who could feel any pity for the man, and fewer still who thought he deserved any other fate than hanging.

Buckie had faced more than one armed killer without flinching, but the sight of the helpless Dilda sent a sick feeling to the pit of his stomach. He glanced at his men. They were standing straight and proud. He drew his sword and ordered, "Present arms."

The noose was slipped over the killer's head and fastened tight around his neck. The trap opened, and Dilda's feet and legs shot downward. Buckie swayed dizzily. The sword fell from his hand and clattered on the cobblestones, then he slumped to the ground in a dead faint.

When the Lieutenant finally struggled to his feet, he knew that even his friends would be laughing. Hardly a man in the Arizona of the 1880s could understand how a grown man could faint at such a triviality. But those who had seen Buckie in action or had faced his gun did not laugh. Maybe he couldn't stand to see a man hanged, but he sure knew how to pick his shots as flying lead kicked up dust in his face.

So as the story of the fainting Buckie made the rounds of the saloons, an occasional rough character grunted, spat a mouthful of beer out on the floor, and rubbed a recently-healed arm or a missing kneecap. "Well," one of these characters told a man whose laugh was unusually loud and grating, "I ain't forgot the time O'Neill helped the Marshal clean up the town."

On that day Buckie was whiling away a lazy afternoon talking to Marshal Henry Garfias when a dozen Texas toughs rode into Phoenix. They sent Garfias a message, "Don't come out or you die." Then they proceeded to lay siege to the town. They shot the windows out of houses, stores, and saloons; an innocent bystander was hit in the shoulder; a child was nearly trampled under the hoofs of their horses.

As Garfias buckled on his gun, Buckie shoved his chair back and said, "Cut me in."

Garfias quickly deputized his friend and told him, "You take one side of the street, I'll take the other, and we'll see what their pleasure will be."

The two lawmen walked slowly through a grey and shadowy town. The sun had gone down. Bullets whined within inches of Buckie's head as the Texans turned their horses to ride them down. One swung his gun in a wide arc and Buckie put a bullet through the rider's arm. The man cursed helplessly as his gun fell from his hand. A second rider drove his horse at him and Buckie could have shot out his brains; instead he aimed for the leg, and the man let out a loud groan as he slipped from his saddle.

Garfias' methods were rougher. He shot to kill. One Texan got a bullet between the eyes and another a hole the size of a dime in his right lung. The strangers still on their horses milled around in helpless confusion.

"You're under arrest," Garfias snapped. "Drop your guns and get down."

GUNFIGHTING was distinctly a sideline with Buckie O'Neill. He was a newspaperman, a lawyer, a politician. Above all, he was a gambler. His nickname was won at the faro tables where he "bucked the tiger" nightly. The charge of "gambler" was to be leveled at him in every political campaign he fought.

O'Neill moved to Prescott where he was elected Probate Judge by exactly eight votes, a seemingly safe job. Buckie's methods, however, were anything but tame. He began by shocking the sensibilities of the mudslinging brand of politician. The gunfighter who refused to kill was uncommon enough in Arizona, but no Arizonian had ever heard of a politician who refused to hurl dirty names or assail the reputation of the opposition. Buckie was unique. Against all professional advice, he told the voters, "If you coincide in this opinion, support me; if you do not, you will by no means jeopardize the safety of the universe by defeating me."

Probate courts are traditional havens for political grafters and shyster lawyers. The new judge ruthlessly weeded them out and as his term of office neared its end, a clamor arose from the people. They wanted O'Neill for Sheriff of Yavapai County. This time he was the odds-down favorite and there was no stopping him.

Yavapai County takes in some of the wildest country in northern Arizona. On its fringes were large cattle ranches which often attracted men who viewed the law as something less than sacred. One of these ranches had the corporate title of Aztec Land and Cattle Company, better known wherever its brand was to be found as the Hashknife Outfit.

The winter of 1888-89 was cold and severe. Four Hashknife riders apparently had little more to do than to hatch a plot which would take them right into Buckie's territory. Their names were Harvick, Stiren, Halford and Smith. The plot was a simple one. They intended to hold up the fast Atlantic and Pacific Express.

During the first days of March, they drew their time and singly quit the ranch. For two weeks, they lay low in the rugged terrain just north of Flagstaff. Then came the night of March 20, 1889. It was just past eleven. The four men huddled against the sides of the Canyon Diablo. There was no moon and even the stars were blacked out.

When the express hit the Canyon, it was forced to slow to a crawl. There was only one stop to make, a little jerkwater station just inside the entrance of the canyon. Express Messenger E. G. Knickerbocker picked up a package from the station master, then locked himself in the express car. The engineer had just stepped down to stretch his legs when he ran straight into Smith and Stiren. Stiren's gun was pointed at his belly.

Harvick climbed into the cab and pressed his six-gun to the fireman's temple, forcing him back to the express car. At his call, Knickerbocker unlocked the door to find himself staring into the business end of a Colt. He was ordered to open the safe.

"I can't," he told them. "I don't know the combination."

Smith shoved the muzzle of his gun hard against the express messenger's throat. "You had better learn it quick."

Knickerbocker dropped to his knees, fiddled with the combination for a few seconds, and the door of the safe swung open. In addition to cash, the safe contained a shipment of jewelry. As they scooped up the loot and jumped from the car, Smith told the engineer, "Start her up, but don't look back unless you want a bullet between your eyes."

The following morning a message was telegraphed to Buckie. Everyone knew that before a posse could be organized, the bandits would be across the county line.

"You have no authority to follow them," the district attorney pronounced.

"If a crime is committed in my county," Buckie replied, "I'll bring the criminals in if I have to follow them to the end of the country."

IN THIS WAY began one of the great manhunts of the West. For weeks, over frozen mountains and deserts, O'Neill, Special Agent Cal Holton and Special Deputies Ed St. Clair and Jim Black were to follow a trail grown cold. They lost the scent in the Painted Desert but picked it up again at Black Falls on the Little Colorado. Buckie's sharp eyes spotted the mountings of rings from which the stones had been torn.

It started to rain, and the rain turned to sleet before it hit the ground. They searched for an easy ford across the Little Colorado, but wind was slashing the water into giant-sized waves. Finally they forced their horses into the water and bucked the waves across. At Lee's Ferry, on the Colorado, there was a large ferry boat to take them and their horses across and they pushed their mounts hard into southern Utah. Three weeks went by, and they were 600 miles from Prescott.

The trail had petered out but Buckie knew that somewhere in that forbidding wilderness of crumbling rock were the four men he had set out to find. He decided to play one of his hunches. In a country almost devoid of food and with waterholes a hundred miles apart, the outlaws, he figured, would sooner or later run short of supplies and have to make for a settlement—either Cannonville or Pahreah.

Two days later the posse reached Cannonville. They were greeted by a white-bearded partriarch with three wives who regarded any stranger with something less than a warm welcome. "Ain't seen anybody," he told Buckie.

"There's a $2,000 reward for their capture," the officer shrewdly pointed out.

The old man's eyes lit up, but he shook

(Continued on page 54)

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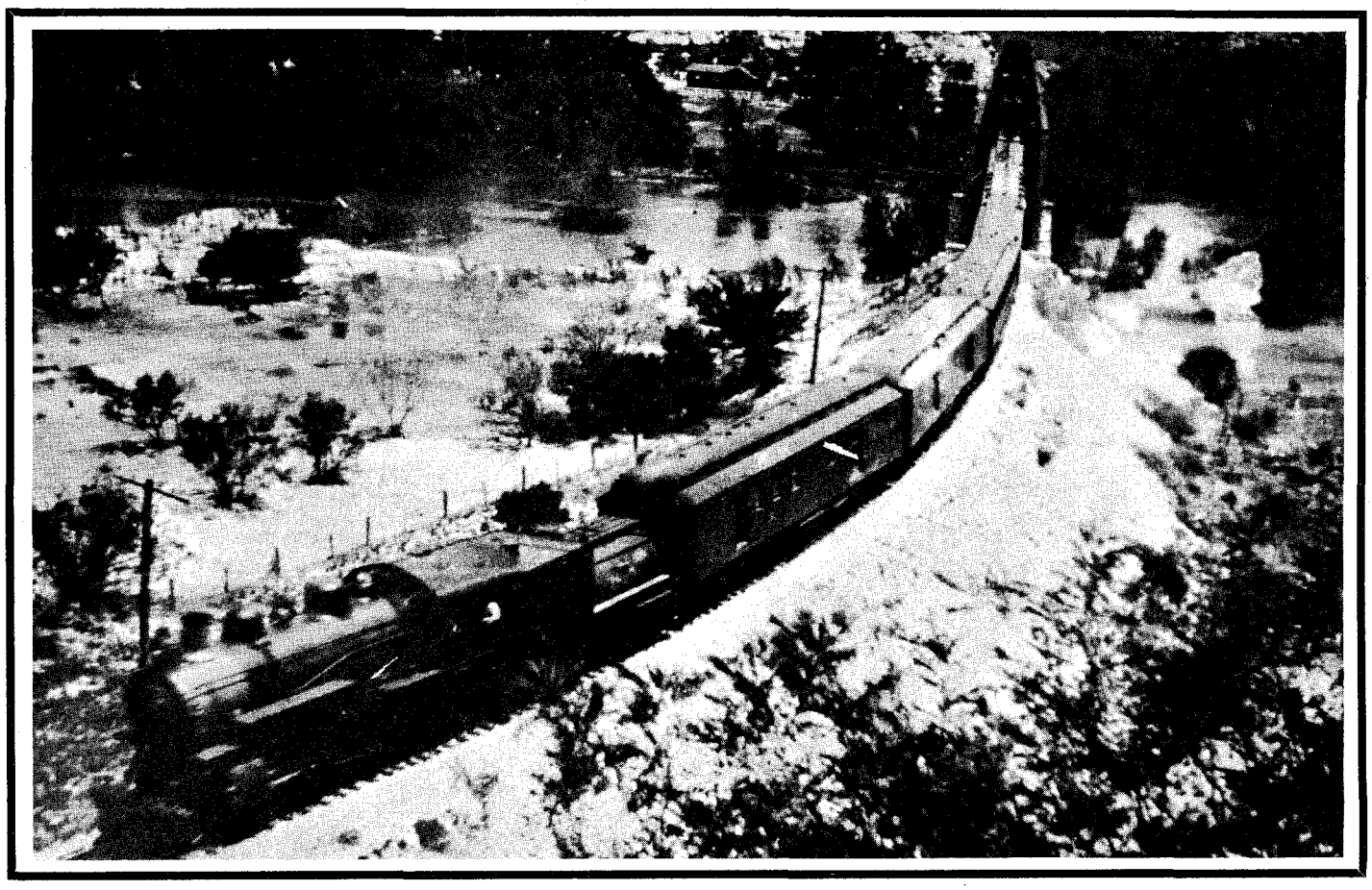

Foster Hathaway was engineer on this old oil burner, photographed just west of Devil's River Bridge in southwest Texas.

Give A Man An Iron Horse

By JESSIE PETERSON

Photos courtesy author

The old-time trainman loved his engine the way a cowboy loved his horse. The lonesome whistle that swept the hills and down the valley was as distinctly his own as a cattle brand. "That's old Foster," you'd know if you heard it, and you'd wish him well

FOSTER HATHAWAY was one of the first enginemen to hold a throttle on the early railway engines in southwest Texas.

My old *amigo* said that by all rights he should have been an army man because in 1872 he was born in a tent under some cottonwood trees at old Fort Stanton, New Mexico. The son of a soldier in the 8th Cavalry, Foster was stolen by the Apaches when he was eighteen months old, but it only took about twenty-four hours to overtake the fleeing Indians and recover the kidnapped baby. Three Apaches lost their lives in the battle.

When Calvin Hathaway was retired from the Army in 1884 in Del Rio, Texas, he built a home for his family just north of the railroad tracks—those shiny new rails which so fascinated his youngest son.

"My father only lived a year and I had to quit school and go to work. They really wanted to make a telegraph operator out of me, but I didn't like such confining work, so I got a job as hostler in the roundhouse. It was pretty hard for I was still very young, only fourteen, but I loved those engines—and loved taking care of them, cleaning them, building fires in them before the crew took them out on the road.

"One day the roundhouse foreman asked me how I'd like to be a fireman. That was the dream of my life and I admitted it, but I told him I was underage.

"He gave me a wink and a smile and clapped me on the shoulder. 'I've been watching you around these engines, and you're a good worker' he said. 'You're old enough—you're sixteen.'

"I tried to tell him that I had a long time to go before I was sixteen, but he cut me short and told me again that I was old enough. Officially I could work as a clerk until they needed me to fire, then they'd see what I could do.

"The roundhouse foreman kept me busy around the office and yards and I picked up a lot about railroading. It really wasn't anything for me to fire an engine, I'd already 'fired them up,' and taken them out of the roundhouse before.

"Then one day the foreman came to me and wanted to know if I was ready to go out on the road. I was ready. My first job was on a freight engine and the amount of coal I shoveled into that firebox was amazing. I was ready to sink in my tracks, and probably would have if the engineer hadn't 'spelled me' once in awhile.

"It was decided that I was too slight

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to fire the big freight engines, so they put me on a passenger run. My first engine was a little one we called 'McQueen.' It was not so much compared to the huge 4,000 class jobs that I got acquainted with later, but I was mighty proud of that little engine and kept her brass shining like gold.

"At last I got a regular run, and was I a happy boy! In those days there was no limit to the hours to be worked by a crew. We just worked 'til the train was where it ought to be and if it took eighteen or twenty hours, that was all right, too.

"WHEN I BECAME more experienced, I was transferred to San Antonio. There I was on a regular run with an engineer who was really too sick to work. He suffered the agonies of arthritis and was so badly "stove up" that he could hardly get on and off the train. I relieved him as much as possible.

"I learned to make a good fire in the firebox by using oil-soaked waste and rags that hostlers had used for cleaning the engines. First I'd put a handful in the firebox, then lay some wood over it and spread the coal on top. After lighting the fire from the ash pan, I'd seal the door with paper so the smoke wouldn't dirty up my cab, and we'd get up a fair head of steam and be ready to roll in no time at all.

"The old engineer would be in such pain sometimes that I'd have to run the engine all by myself, and even sign all his train orders. I'll never forget the day I was promoted to engineer. It was in 1895. The Company needed engineers in El Paso as the grape rush was on in the Rio Grande Valley. In those days there were many fine vineyards and some of the best wine was made in the Valley that you'd find anywhere. Grapes were also being shipped from California, so there was great need of an extra train to help with the harvest.

"It was during that grape rush that I first met the girl who was to become my wife. She was hardly more than a child then, and she used to come down to the depot with her folks to watch the train come in. Months later I was walking down the street in San Antonio and met Mary Ann Cordey again. We started going places together, and finally were promised.

"Mary Ann and I spent our honeymoon in Sparta Junction. That Sparta was a great town—just a wide place in the road. It had one store, an agent's house, a few Mexican shacks and a kind of boarding house. I remember our room didn't even have a door, just a curtain hung in the opening. I vowed I'd do better by Mary Ann someday, and I did, too.

"We got a little scare around 1913, when there was a rumor that Pancho Villa was going to hold up our passenger train. My wife was so worried that she insisted I carry a pistol. I finally gave it to a gun collector.

"For years I worked out of San Antonio to Sanderson, and sometimes east to Houston. Almost all engineers have their own whistle, or at least they did on the steam engines. When they transferred from one division to another they always took their whistle with them. It was as individual as a man's singing. When we lived in Del Rio we spent a lot of time on Devil's River. If I came into town unexpectedly, I'd blow my whistle, which meant 'Get out the tackle, and let's go fishing!'

"I HELPED to organize our first railroad union in 1898, and I've been a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen for over sixty years. Before our unions were formed many brakemen were mangled because couplings were made by hand. I remember one night we were making up our train and a brakeman tried to make a coupling holding a lantern in one hand.

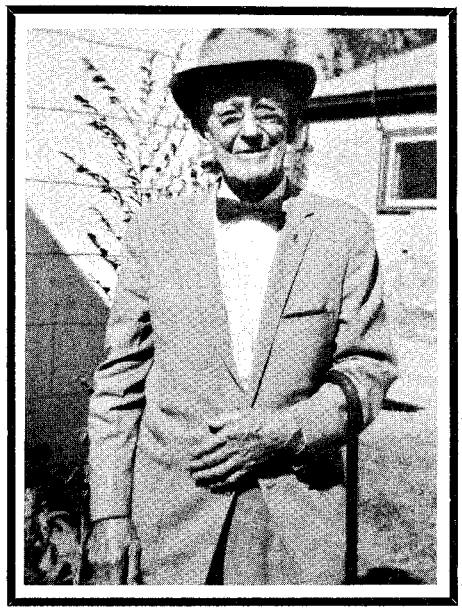
"When he didn't show up in a few minutes, as I knew he should, I jumped off the engine and went back to see what had happened. His hand was caught in a drawhead. I rushed back to the engine and told the fireman to slack ahead a little and I'd go back and help the brakeman in case he fainted. We took him to Langtry and put him on a passenger train to Del Rio to get medical aid. My own brother had two fingers cut off making a coupling.

"After we'd got our unions organized, we worked first to get air couplings, followed by the Jenny coupler which is automatic and the safest of all. It was a great day for us the day we learned we would get the Jenny coupler. On runs that took from sixteen to twenty hours, we'd often shovel twenty tons of coal, and in those days we had to repair our own engines if anything went wrong out on the road.

"I guess we were pretty fortunate about our living conditions away from home. We could get a good bed most everywhere and the average meal was meat, potatoes and a dessert—sometimes we had stewed tomatoes or canned corn.

"I remember once when I was eating dinner in a restaurant at Del Rio with my fireman, a young cowboy came in and I wouldn't say he was drunk, but he was feeling real good. He sat down beside me at the counter and ordered a steak. 'About this big,' he said, measuring off nearly a foot and a half. 'And bring me a big order of French fries and sliced tomatoes and a jug of coffee.'

"In due time the waitress brought his order. I might explain here that beef was often right off the range, and pretty tough. Well, we watched the cowboy try to cut the steak. He'd put down his knife, eat some tomatoes and potatoes, then try again to cut the meat, but without success. This kept up for quite a spell until all the tomatoes and potatoes were



Foster Hathaway, 66 years a railroad man.

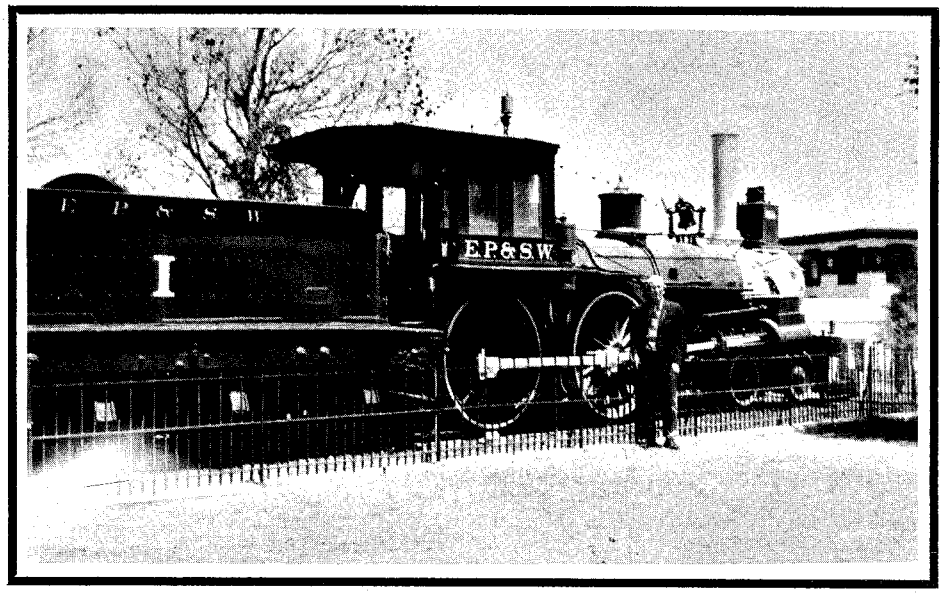
devoured along with the coffee. With lifted eyebrow and a woebegone expression he called the waitress over and said, 'Lady, look a'here—you jest take this steak back and save it 'til I get more strength.' With that he pushed back from the counter and wobbled out of the restaurant.

"MY ENGINE was the first one to cross the 321-foot bridge over the Pecos River, and it gave us a real turn. Later there was another bridge built over the Pecos, not nearly so high; both structures were fine pieces of engineering.

"A lot of bridges used to be washed out. The heavy rains did a lot of damage between Sanderson and Del Rio and from Sanderson on east. I will never forget the big flood that covered the tracks down near Longfellow, Texas. I was engineer and turned on the headlight about 5:15 because it was growing dark fast on that summer evening. Clouds

(Continued from page 46)

The old No. 1 McQueen engine that Foster Hathaway fired and later pulled the throttle on. His engine is now on the museum grounds of Texas Western College in El Paso, Texas.



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Birthplace of the great gold strike . . . the town that once flourished in a rich golden glow now lies in the shadows of her twilight years

JOHN MARSHALL'S BOOM TOWN

By REMI NADEAU

THE SOUTH FORK of the American River today looks much as it did in days before James Marshall's world-shaking gold discovery at Sutter's Mill. There are a few rock and brick buildings half hidden by trees in quiet Coloma, a bridge across the river, and a giant statue of Marshall on the hill above. Beyond this, there is little to show for the wild and surging excitement that filled this valley at the beginning of history's greatest gold rush.

Technically, Coloma was not the original point of discovery. Small quantities of gold had been found in 1842 at Placerita Canyon north of Los Angeles. But California's real treasure lay in the central Sierras and when the United States won California in the Mexican War, the mighty secret was laid bare.

James Marshall was on the South Fork of the American in January, 1848 because John A. Sutter needed lumber. A Swiss immigrant, Sutter had reached California in 1839, won a choice land grant from the Mexican governor, and settled down on the site of present-day Sacramento. In a few years his establishment had grown so big that he needed a sawmill to turn out material for fences, flour mills and other buildings. Marshall, an American who had lived near Sutter's Fort since 1845, was among other things a millwright. He discovered a suitable site forty miles to the northeast in the virgin Sierra foothills and contracted with Sutter to build the mill.

With a party of Indians and Americans (mostly veterans of the Mormon Battalion of Mexican War fame), Marshall began work in September, 1847. The mill was located inside a bend of the river, so that the flow could be diverted under the building to turn the water wheel. In January, 1848, it was nearly finished when the fateful moment arrived.

On the afternoon of the 24th, Marshall was inspecting the ditch near its mouth below the mill. Seeing several bright particles in the earth, he stooped over and picked up one—a small flake. This momentous fragment was hardly impressive. It didn't even look like gold. Thinking it might be free copper, Marshall pounded it between two rocks. It would not break as copper should, but bent under the blows. Marshall had an inkling of the truth.

Sending for a tin plate, the discoverer panned out enough of the metal particles to cover the face of a dime. What he did with this original pinch of gold is a mystery, but just before quitting time he told the men at the mill his secret.

"Boys, I believe I have found a gold mine."

"I reckon not," answered one of them. "No such luck."

No pessimist was ever more wrong. Marshall had the headgate closed tightly next morning, so that the raceway was completely dry. He went over the ground and began picking up pieces of the shiny metal. Placing about half an ounce of it in the dented crown of his hat, he hurried back to the mill.

"Boys, I've found it!"

One of the men picked up a piece and bit it.

"It is gold, boys!" he shouted.

Marshall's men dropped their tools and gathered around, handling the metal and testing it by various methods. They swarmed over the ditch and picked up some three ounces, which Marshall later carried off to Sutter's Fort. A few days after, Sutter himself was at the mill. "By Jo!" he exclaimed. "It's rich."

SUTTER ASKED the men to keep the secret, but a teamster who brought them provisions took some gold back to the Fort. When he tried to buy a bottle of brandy with it at Sam Brannan's store, the truth was out. Brannan was a Mormon trader with an eye for business. Believing the rest of California should know about this discovery, he was soon running through the streets of San Francisco waving a vial filled with gold and from here the magic word spread down the coast as far as San Diego.

Still no one guessed how great a treasure-house had been tapped. At first Marshall's men worked on at the mill and dug gold in the millrace after hours. Late in February came the first outsiders —other Sutter employes. Marshall let them work the ditch until the numbers were overwhelming. Then to head them off, Marshall started telling them of other places up and down the river where they might find gold. So great was the discoverer's reputation that they followed his advice without question; and so rich was California's gold deposit that it rarely failed to bear out Marshall's whimsical directions.

By May, when the real wealth of the Sierras began to dawn on Californians, they stampeded up the Sacramento River by boat, horseback and foot. Soldiers deserted, sailors jumped ship; Monterey and San Francisco were deserted. Wrote one editor, "The field is left half planted, the house half built, and everything neglected but the manufacture of shovels and pickaxes."

At first they spread along the banks of the South Fork, in and near Coloma. Here, scarcely a stone's throw from the discovery site, a town suddenly blossomed. Bypassing the initial tent-and-canvas phase that marked the birth of most mining towns, Coloma sprang full grown from lumber cut at Sutter's Mill (and sold at $500 a thousand feet). By the summer of 1848 Coloma had about 300 frame buildings and a big hotel under construction. Along its main street they bore the false fronts and wooden awnings which set the style in mining camps for the next fifty years.

The remote boom town also established the tradition of outrageous prices. Almost any commodity — flour, pork, sugar, coffee — sold at a flat rate of $1.00 a pound. Shovels and picks were at least $50 each, butcher knives between $10 and $25, boots $25 to $150 a pair, wool shirts $50. The Sierra Indians were bewildered by the white man's frenzied interest in the yellow metal, and at one point were giving a handful of gold dust for a cotton handkerchief or shirt.

In Coloma one woman took in laundry at $1.00 an item. When her husband came back from the mines after four weeks' work, she laughed at his hard-earned pile. During the same time she had earned double the amount just washing shirts.

Gold dust quickly became Coloma's currency—with a pinch of dust supposed to equal $1.00. One South Fork storekeeper insisted on doing the pinching himself; wetting his thumb and forefinger, he would plunge his hand in the miner's sack and come out with from $4.00 to $8.00 in dust. But in early '48 gold was so plentiful that the miners passed this off as a huge joke.

Up and down the riverbanks those first Argonauts ran like children in candyland —stopping here to try a panful, rushing there at the first shout of a new strike. One Mexican woman finding only fifty cents' worth in the bottom of her pan, tossed it back in the water and marched off indignantly to find richer ground. Another arrival leaped from his horse the moment he reached the first camp in the gold country, and within five minutes had found a lump of gold "large enough to make a signet ring."

ONE DAY a popular miner died on the South Fork, and the boys resolved to give him a proper funeral. The grave was dug in a flat nearby, and the ceremony was performed by a one-time preacher who had given up the Gospel for the call of gold. When he launched

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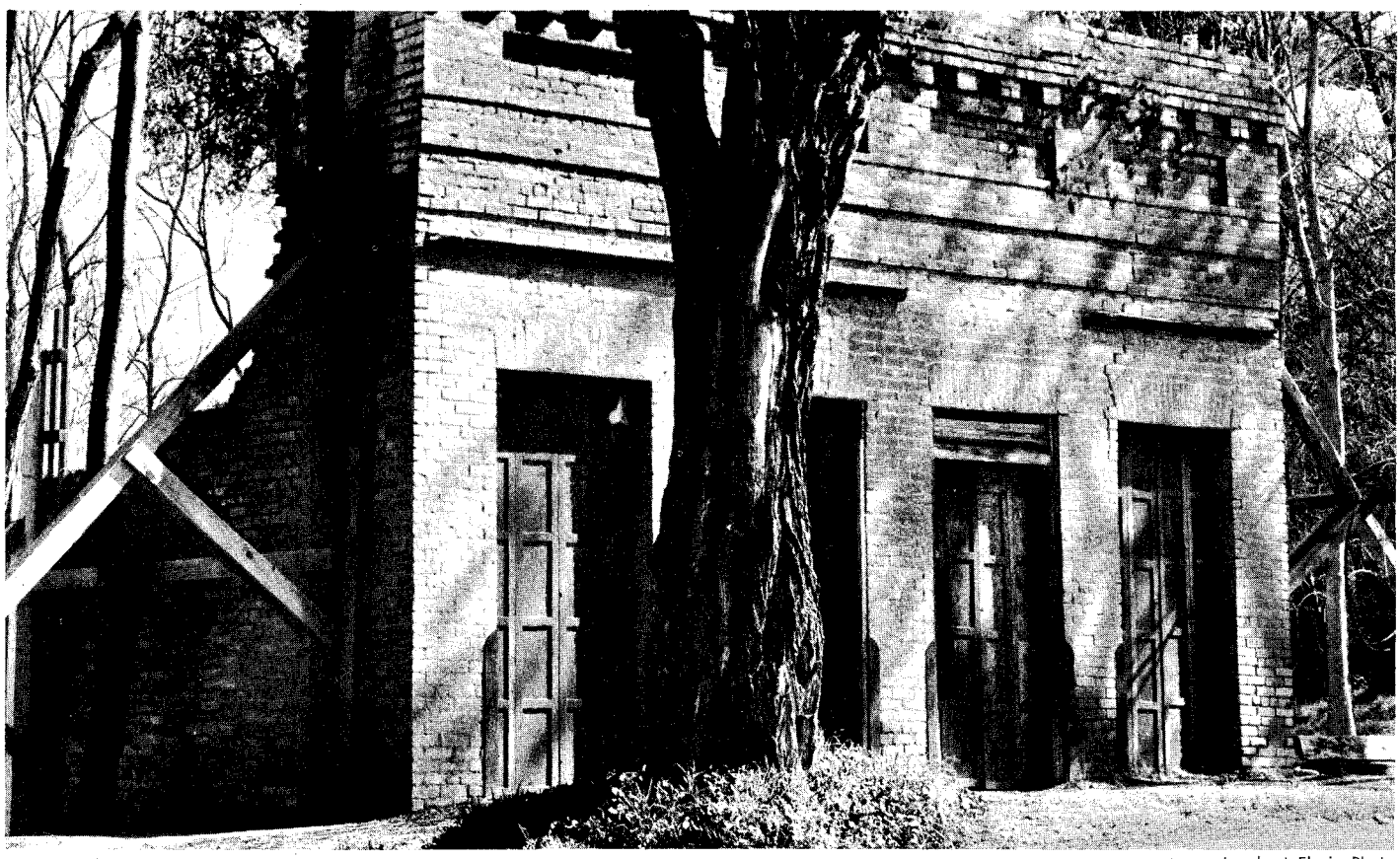

Lambert Florin Photo

Robert Ball's old store at Coloma once knew prosperous days. It boasted a shake-roofed porch over a brick sidewalk.

into a long prayer some of the boys grew restless and began fingering the dirt from the grave. They found it "lousy with gold." In a moment the ex-preacher sensed the distraction and opened one eye.

"Boys, what's that?" One glimpse was enough. Solemnly raising his hand, he dismissed the congregation and led the rush for pick and pan. As for the body of the deceased miner, it was later consigned to ground that was more hallowed —and less rich.

By June there were 2,000 men in and around Coloma. One of the first arrivals was Isaac Humphrey, who had mined gold in north Georgia, previously the nation's only important gold center. To California he contributed the machine which immediately took the gold rush out of the pick and pan stage—the rocker. Goldbearing sand and water were poured onto a punctured plate of sheet iron, through which the particles dropped to the bottom. As the machine was rocked, gold collected behind cleats of wood, while the rest of the sand was carried off by the water. At early Coloma the creak and rattle of these rockers provided a constant tune from dawn to dusk.

It was soon apparent that Marshall's chance discovery was far from the richest. Mountaineers who visited Sutter's Mill remembered similar ground elsewhere and went back to make their own strikes. Near the mouth of the South Fork was born the second gold camp—Mormon Island. By May, 1848 its miners were each getting an average of eight ounces ($16 per ounce) every day. Up and down the river new ground was abandoned when it no longer yielded two or three ounces per day. A soldier who had previously earned seven dollars a month took out the equivalent of five years' wages and subsistence in a single week.

Despite the fabulous wealth that was suddenly turned loose in this wild country, crime was almost unknown in 1848. Tools and equipment were left lying about without the slightest fear of robbery. At Mormon Island one mining party piled all its equipment and provisions in an open place, leaving them unguarded and unmolested for days at a time.

The few cases of outlawry were summarily dealt with by traditional miners' courts. In the summer of 1848 one rascal stole a sack of gold; when captured, he refused to tell where it was hidden. The miners gave him thirty lashes, but still he defied them. Exasperated, they tried more subtle torture. He was tied to a tree with his back laid bare to the mosquitoes which abounded on the South Fork in July. After three hours of their attention, he surrendered.

"Untie me," he moaned, "I will tell."

"Tell first," was the miners' demand. And while some of them shooed the insects off his back, others followed his directions and found the gold. Then they washed his back, cut him loose, and helped him dress.

IF THE FIRST YEAR of gold has been called the "Age of Innocence," 1849 was different. With the flood tide of the gold rush came a motley crew of cutthroats and thieves. Since there was a scarcity of jails, punishment often included such grim procedures as ear-cropping and branding. Whiskey flowed freely in the courtrooms, with the bill customarily paid by the defendant.

By the spring of 1850 the law was moving too slow to suit Coloma's miners. Two accused robbers were languishing in the jail on April 15 when a mob of over 200 demanded their surrender. The sheriff was away and the jailer was impressed enough to open up. Down to the nearest tree went the crowd with the two prisoners, who were hanged without delay.

Its appetite whetted, the mob then surged back to the jail and demanded another prisoner whose case was being tried in court. The jury, which had already retired, received notice from the miners that it had fifteen minutes to bring in a verdict before the prisoner would be hanged. But in that fifteen minutes the mob spirit faded. The intimidated jury brought in its "guilty" verdict, the judge laid down a ten-year prison sentence, and the crowd was talked out of its third victim.

Coloma's hectic days were numbered. She had won her population on the strength of Marshall's original discovery, not on inherent wealth. Richer localities up and down the Mother Lode were soon drawing the restless gold hunters. In late 1851 a visitor called Coloma "the dullest mining town in the whole country."

Coloma—once the home of 10,000 miners—was reduced to two hundred residents by 1870. It was a place of quiet serenity, of flower gardens and shaded lanes. The throbbing pulse of a stormier hour returned only once a day—when the Concord stage whirled in and lurched to a stop at the Wells Fargo office.

Today Coloma is quieter still. Among the old buildings are the stone jail with walls three feet thick, another rock building now used as a museum, and two red brick stores. The site of Sutter's Mill is marked by a crude cobblestone monument, and the loudest noise is the babbling rush of the South Fork as it rolls past.

As for Marshall, his life paralleled that of his discovery spot. For a year or two he was followed everywhere by gold seekers who imagined he had magic powers in locating gold. They waited out-

(Continued on page 69)

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OLD WEST*

A LIFE-SAVING EPIDEMIC

By Eddie Olynuk

JOHN TOD was crafty and a true plaid-wearing, porridge-eating Scot. Perhaps the first characteristic was the reason the Hudson's Bay Company dispatched him in 1844 to take charge of its trading post in Fort Kamloops in what is now British Columbia.

Tod, who quoted the famed Scottish bard, Robert Burns, at every opportunity, was a very shrewd trader. It wasn't long before the local Indians, the Shuswap and Nicola tribes that inhabited B.C.'s interior (the Okanagan), nicknamed him the Old Sly Fox.

One day, when most of the men from the fort were away to fetch in fresh food and trading supplies, Tod got word from a friendly native that a band of fifty hostile Indians were planning an ambush on the returning supply detail. They then planned to take over the fort and trading post.

With calculating calm and dispatch, Tod first instructed his family and the few other people in the fort to pack a few supplies and hide in the nearby woods. He then quickly mounted his horse and rode off in the direction of the ambush. Tod soon spied the Indians hiding in a rocky crevasse and as he rode up to them he began frantically but methodically waving both arms and shouting.

The surprised and curious Indians stuck their heads up from behind boulders and bushes and started advancing slowly toward him. As they came closer, Tod reached into a pocket of the leather doublet he always wore. He held aloft a small vial of vaccine, which he kept at the fort in case of sickness and emergencies.

Tod called out to the Indians in his thick Scottish tongue, "Listen t' mey," he roared. "SMALLPOX! A trooper ha' broot th' smallpox here from Walla Walla. I kin save all of ye wi' this medicine!"

The belligerent Shuswap soon turned fearful. They were well acquainted with the dread disease and they had also heard of this magic water that would keep away the silent, invisible killer. Soon they were all clamoring and begging to be vaccinated.

In his best clinical fashion, Tod ordered the Indians to clear a space in the forest and to make an "operating" table and a chair from pine boughs and stumps. They obliged gratefully and in no time at all the surgery was ready. Then one by one, the warriors came forward to be "innoculated" with Tod's tobacco knife. After Tod had made a small cut below the biceps of each man and brushed it with a drop of vaccine, he would order his patient to walk around with his arm above his head so the medicine would work quickly.

After the fifty Indians had been walking around with arms hoisted high for the better part of the day, Tod sighted his men returning with the supplies. As his unwary men filed past, not a single warrior could lift an arm to attack. The ambush was called off, and the Indians went back to their villages. The attack and the "epidemic" had been snuffed out with a small vial and a tobacco knife.

In 1852, as he was nearing his sixtieth birthday, John Tod retired from the Hudson's Bay Company. He settled near Victoria where he lived for thirty more years, still quoting Burns and, oddly enough, playing not the bagpipes but the flute. The canny Scot also spent a number of years as a member of the first legislative council of Vancouver Island.

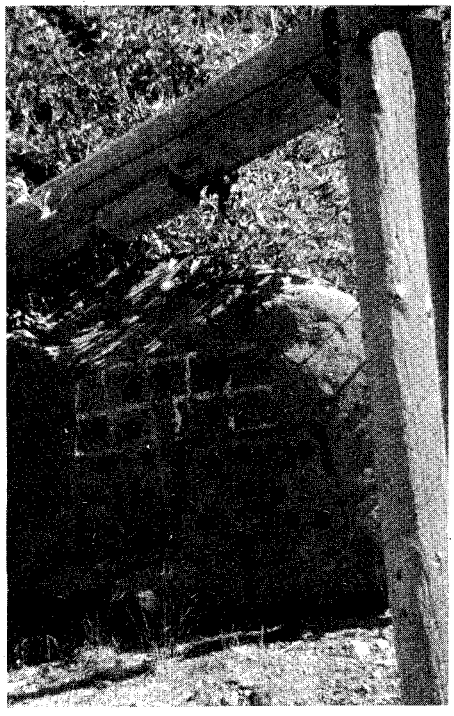
WHAT IS IT?

By Vincent J. Plesko

MANY years ago in the brawling towns of the western gold country, miners, after a hectic Saturday night, would gather around a big rock about which a log frame had been erected. This frame was used to hold up the big air-driven drills. After the rock was marked into sections, the drillers would compete to see who could penetrate the fastest and deepest into the stone.

These contests of brawn and skill were day-long events. As the sweating, cursing and drinking miners pressed down upon the bucking drills, gamblers bet thousands of dollars on the outcome. Tempers flared, fights erupted, shots were fired and, in some instances, the contests ended in a bloody finale. Some of these affairs, on the contrary, began and terminated in the placid style of a picnic. One of these rocks left over from the memorable past of this once flourishing town, stands near Forest, California, high in the gold country of the Sierra Nevada, where millions of dollars of precious metal was mined.

A rock near Forest, California, was the scene of a contest of brawn and skill.



THE BREAKUP OF THE CHICKENFOOT BUNCH

By John W. Fisher

A HERD of cattle so wild they seemed to fear and hate all mankind and banded together for mutual protection—that was the Chickenfoot Bunch. They ranged in a wooded area several miles square which was a sort of unfenced No Man's Land crossed by a few roads that were hardly more than trails. What little travel there was was mostly by horseback.

At that time this land was considered almost worthless except for wood, much of which was shipped out by rail from the little town of Harrison, Texas. The railroad maintained a wood yard on its right of way there for their woodburner locomotives.

These cattle were always recruiting new members, and woe to the man who only had one cow for his milk supply if she joined this outlaw bunch. In a short time she would be as wild as the others and chances were she would never supply her owner again with milk. Some of these cattle were unbranded and were considered legal prey for anyone fortunate enough to capture them. Quite a few riders who considered themselves expert brush-poppers learned the hard way that it was no picnic to catch one.

Two ambitious young men, whom I knew and who bought and sold cattle as partners, came to our home one day and asked me if we had any cattle to sell. Sometime it was quite a problem to sell a few head for living expenses, and we never passed up an opportunity if a buyer came along.

These men lived and operated on the prairie country east of us. I told them we had some cattle for sale if we could get them out of the brush country. I described these wildies and explained that most of them belonged to my mother, grandmother and uncle, and all or any bearing these three brands were for sale at the going rate.

That sounded good to them and they assured me that so far as getting the cattle out was concerned, if I could locate them they sure could bring them out. I was just a teen-age kid and prone to believe everything a grownup told me, so, as I had never ridden with them, I supposed they were a species of superman to which brush and wild cattle were small matters.

In less than an hour we found the wildies and I suggested that since they were so wild we couldn't get close enough to distinguish the brands, perhaps we had better drive them out to the prairie where we could cut out the ones they wanted. They agreed.

As we approached, those which were lying down got to their feet and all stood facing us. We got to about a hundred yards of them before they suddenly wheeled and ran. Of course, we roweled our horses and gave chase. The main reason these cattle were so hard to handle was their habit of scattering like quail and each one going his separate way. After running them a short time we were as badly scattered as the cattle. Finally, we were just running with no cattle in sight.

I WAS beginning to think that my supermen were just ordinary mortals "most remarkably like me," when they assured me they knew where we made our mistake and, if the deal was still open until the next day and we could find them together again, they had a plan that couldn't fail.

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I told them the cattle would start bawling at early candlelight, with roll call at nine o'clock or bedtime, and all would be present and no wilder than they had been today, as this was their regular schedule after a chase.

The next morning the super-men were back and they let me in on their plan to bring out the wild bunch intact. They were going to hold them in close formation and if one tried to break away put him back in the herd. In a short time the animals would be trail-wise and we could drive them easily. We found them within a mile of where they had been before and they put on exactly the same performance. My "customers" gave up in disgust and went home sadder but wiser.

The Chickenfoot Bunch continued to flourish for some years, but we continued working on them, cutting out some of the big steers and branding as many of the calves as we could catch. The steers were fed, fattened, and shipped to market.

After some years Old Chickenfoot, the leader, jumped off a high bluff, broke a front leg, and had to be shot. She had a young calf following her which survived the jump without injury. I took the little heifer calf home and my sister raised her on a bottle. She grew to be a nice gentle little cow seemingly unaware that her mother was as wild as they get.

As time moved on, the Wild Bunch grew smaller until there were only three grown steers, a few head of mixed cows, calves, and one-and two-year olds. Early one morning, I looked from the hill on which we lived and saw the three surviving steers in a small valley cotton field feeding on the stalks. I hurriedly saddled my top cowhorse and rode to the home of two brothers who were my riding pals and good ropers. We often helped each other on special occasions. They quickly saddled their horses and we hurried back in time to see the steers leaving the field for the forest. By riding at full speed we got between them and the timber, and each of us roped one. We staked them out until next day when a few gentler steers were mixed in with them and finally led them to the feed pen.

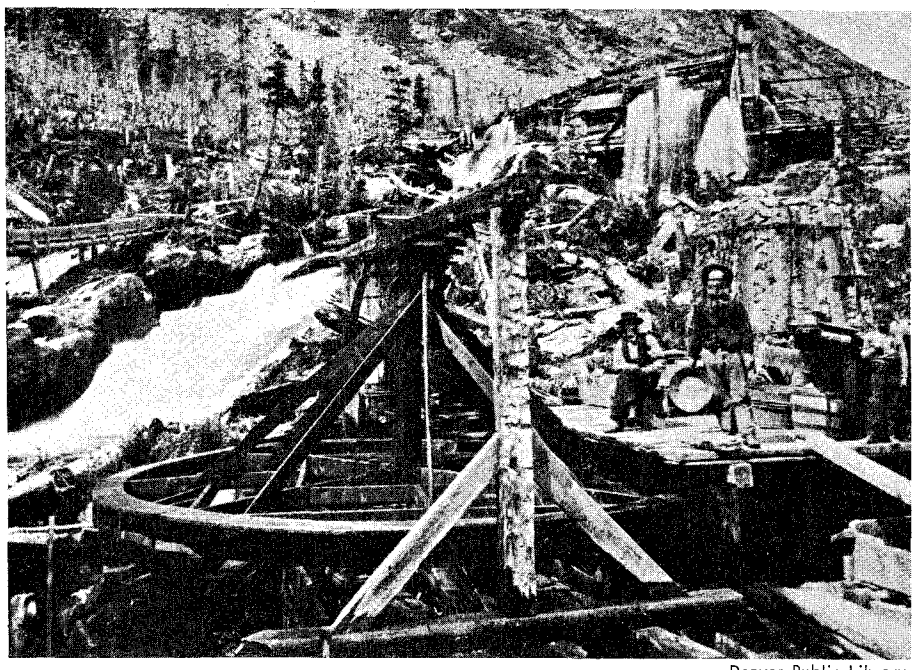
This almost broke up the Wild Bunch and they seemed to just fade away. It seems they couldn't survive the double shock of losing their leader and the last three big steers. The way they got the name "Chickenfoot" was that someone (unknown) caught the old cow when she was a yearling and branded her with a turkey track. My uncle caught her soon afterward and branded her in mother's brand (JVF). She went by the name Turkey Track until she grew up and won the leadership of the bunch and became famous. After that she was known as Chickenfoot and the cattle of which she was leader were known as the Chickenfoot Bunch.

I have seen and worked with many wild cattle, but I've never seen any as wild as they and the last steer that I roped was the worst one I have ever put a loop on. He fought viciously. As far as I know I am the only man living who ever saw the Chickenfoot Wild Bunch in action back in the Gay Nineties down in McLennan County, Texas.

THE SPANISH ARRASTRE

By Agnes M. Pharo

IN THE PATIO of the famous old Opera House at Central City, Colorado, stands a huge but shallow granite basin—an *arrastre* which was unearthed on North Clear Creek near Central City in 1937. It was used some 200 years ago by Spanish gold seekers in the area—the most primitive form of ore crusher. Its name comes from the Spanish word *arrastrar*, meaning to "drag along," an accurate description of the way it works.



Denver Public Library
Western Collection

This improved model of the arrastre in use in Park County, Colorado, around 1865.

Many other *arrastres* have been found throughout the West from the Rockies to California. Of crude construction and based on a simple principle, they presented an effective method of extracting gold or silver from ore.

An *arrastre* was made from one great, flat, more-or-less-circular rock, or a number of smaller ones held together by tight-packed clay. A low wall was built around the edge of some. On others, rude tools chiseled out a shallow depression which grew deeper with use. A hole was drilled in the center of the stone and a heavy post set as firmly as possible. Secured to the post was a wooden shaft extending to the edges of the *arrastre*, and having one or two large rocks attached. These were dragged round and round by horses or mules, and frequently, as in the case of the ruthless Spanish conquerors, by enslaved Indians.

Ore dumped into the basin was crushed by the drag-stones, and the precious metal recovered by amalgamation. About 500 pounds of ore was the usual load for an *arrastre* ten feet in diameter. At the rate of eight revolutions a minute, it required three to four hours to grind ore sufficiently fine. Quicksilver was added about forty-five minutes before grinding was finished. Half an hour later, water was poured in, then quickly bailed out or run off, taking the sediment with it. The gold in amalgam sank to the bottom. If the *arrastre* happened to be composed of separate stones, the amalgam was scraped from the crevices. Before another batch of ore could be ground, the crevices were again packed with clay.

Prospectors in the 1800s found and used many of these old ore crushers. At the famous Comstock Lode, about fifty of them were in use on the high grade ore. As time went on *arrastres* were improved in construction, one of these models being the "American pan," a circular, cast-iron hopper five feet in diameter and two feet deep. Later, *arrastres* were converted from mule or manpower to steam. Yet always, in principle, they remained the same.

Today, gold seeking and ore crushing have become almost entirely mechanized. Yet he who gazes at an ancient *arrastre* with understanding and imagination may catch the gleam of long-vanished treasure in its stony basin.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR WEST?

By Carl W. Breihan

Questions

1. What famous wielder of the six shooter, keeper of a stagecoach station, is said to have captured an ex-employee of the company who had stolen some of their horses, tied the man to a corral post and practiced gunnery on him? He was careful not to hit a vital spot until he chose to do so. Who was this man who, after killing the victim, cut off his ears and kept one as a watch charm and tacked the other to a corral fence post? The victim?

2. Who was "The Rose of the Cimarron?" Her real name?

3. Henry Starr, a noted Oklahoma bank robber, named his first son after a President who had pardoned him and whom he greatly admired. Who was the President?

4. What was the real name of "Calamity Jane"?

5. Four members of a famous outlaw gang were lynched in the New Albany, Floyd County, Indiana jail. What gang were they from and what was the date of their lynching?

6. It has been asserted by various writers that the Ford boys and the James brothers, Frank and Jesse, were cousins. Is this true or false?

7. The grave of what well known old-time gunman recently had the tombstone stolen? Was the stone recovered?

8. What was the full name of Bob Ford, the assassin who killed Jesse James and where was he born?

9. Can you give the correct name of the Kentucky Confederate Guerrilla, "Sue Mundy"?

10. How were the Dalton boys and the Younger brothers of Missouri related, if at all?

(Continued on page 69)

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OIL FIELD BOOMER

By C. L. PACKER

Photos Paul S. Hedrick Collection

OF ALL the boom towns that mushroomed during the early days of the oil fields, most old-timers consider Whiz Bang the roughest of the lot. One who agrees, and who was there during the town's heydey, is John R. Miller.

In 1913 he left his home in the Arkansas mountains and landed in Joplin, Missouri. The seventeen-year-old lad got a job as a "hardrock" miner with the Pitcher Lead and Zinc Company where he worked four years in the Tri-State area, the greatest lead and zinc development in the world.

It was a rowdy place where brawls and cussedness ran rampant. The youngster saw things that made his hair stand on end, but he stuck with his job until Uncle Sam called him into service for World War I. He spent only ninety days in the army and was given a medical discharge by doctors who told him to stay away from underground work.

John took their advice and headed for the oil fields of Texas, arriving in Desdemona which was nicknamed "Hog Town" because of its muddy streets. There he did tank and pipeline work until 1920, then tramped around for awhile before taking a job with a pipeline company near El Dorado, Arkansas.

The Depression was getting underway and jobs were scarce. Every "Old Hickory" tank builder was trying to hang on to his job. Old Hickories were men who used four-pound hickory-handled hammers in their work. They were an organized group and there was much rivalry between them and the unorganized Air Hammer Men who were beginning to get a foothold in the area.

At this location there were two camps, one for "pipeliners," the other for "tankies." The dining room was a 200-foot circus-type tent, with picnic-style tables set end to end the length of it. The tables were built with plank seats on both sides. On each table was a two-gallon pitcher of buttermilk and a similar one of hot coffee.

Due to the availability of moonshine whiskey and the rivalry between pipeliners and tankies, there was always a lot of confusion at the evening meals. Seldom was a meal finished without a fight. It usually started when a tankie and a pipeliner, sitting on opposite sides of a table, ended a hot argument by springing up to do battle. Following suit, their buddies slugged into action.

After the brawl, coffee and buttermilk-bespattered men grabbed overturned tables and set them outside the tent. Lanterns were strung up above them and battlers of a few minutes before were soon trying to win each other's hard-earned money. Occasionally a card or crap game ended in another free-for-all fight. These men lived hard and fought the same way.

One evening just after dark, two men tangled outside the range of lantern light. Gambling stopped and a battle began. Pipeliners outnumbered the tankies two to one. Wondering why his side wasn't winning, a pipeliner suddenly realized some of his men were fighting each other in the darkness. So he ran to one side and bellowed, "All you ol' Drumright boys over here!" All of the pipeliners were from the Drumright, Oklahoma, vicinity and on hearing this familiar voice his pals surged to his side. Knowing they couldn't win against such odds, the tankies gave up.

WHEN the El Dorado job was finished, work was hard to find, so Miller took to the road again. He found occasional jobs in Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas, but none of long duration.

In the winter of '21 he headed for the big discovery field at Mexia, Texas, where he got a job as a tankie at $5 per day. After ten days he was made a

A pipeline crew in the Oklahoma oil fields.

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For sheer lawlessness this era had no equal. Fights were as frequent as handshakes; bathtub gin was easier to find than a bathtub; vice and crime were the accepted standards of the day. Nobody but the pipeliners and tankies could have lived through it!

foreman at $12.50 per day, seven days a week. This seemed like a bonanza to the young man from Arkansas who had worked for $1.25 per day in the lead and zinc mines. Three months later another company hired him as a roofing foreman. Then he was put in charge of roofing jobs at a big field in Haynesville, Louisiana.

After leaving Haynesville there were rough times ahead for Miller. His luck soared up and down. This set him to thinking. He foresaw the day when oil storage above ground would be a thing of the past. So from then on, instead of waiting for a tank job, he grabbed any job available—always on the lookout for something with a future.

On July 1, 1922, he arrived in the fabulous Burbank Field of the Osage Nation. It seemed to him that every oil field worker in the country was there. If fortunate, you might find a cot to sleep on in some overcrowded, smelly flop house. In order to have clothes to wear the next day, you slept with them rolled up under your head for a pillow, and the legs of your cot were placed in your shoes when you went to bed so that you'd have them when you awakened.

Miller's first job in the Burbank Field was south of Whiz Bang where he was put to work as a "Grass Gooser." Grass growing around the storage tanks was a fire hazard, so it was cut, or shaved off with a square-pointed shovel by the Goosers. The pay for this was $4 per day, and "you earned every penny, for that virgin soil was as rocky as any in Arkansas and goosin' grass was harder work than choppin' cotton in th' rocks back home."

His next assignment was with a "rod and tubing gang." After four months of this he was promoted to the job of witnessing the oil gauges and preparing reports for the four companies owning the leases. He also had to switch the oil from tank to tank, with hours from midnight till noon, seven days a week.

When John first laid eyes on Whiz Bang, the entire area was a conglomeration of boxcar houses, frame buildings, gambling houses and liquor joints. There were board sidewalks in some places, and the dirt streets got almost impassable during rainy spells.

The town had "no mayor, no council—no nothin'." Its many liquor joints were controlled by one moonshiner whose location was near the Arkansas River, eight miles away. Those who bought liquor soon learned it wasn't healthy to buy any brand but his.

The joints were operated by women. The set price of booze was $2.50 a half-pint. Any time a "legger" was caught cutting the price, there was one less bootlegger.

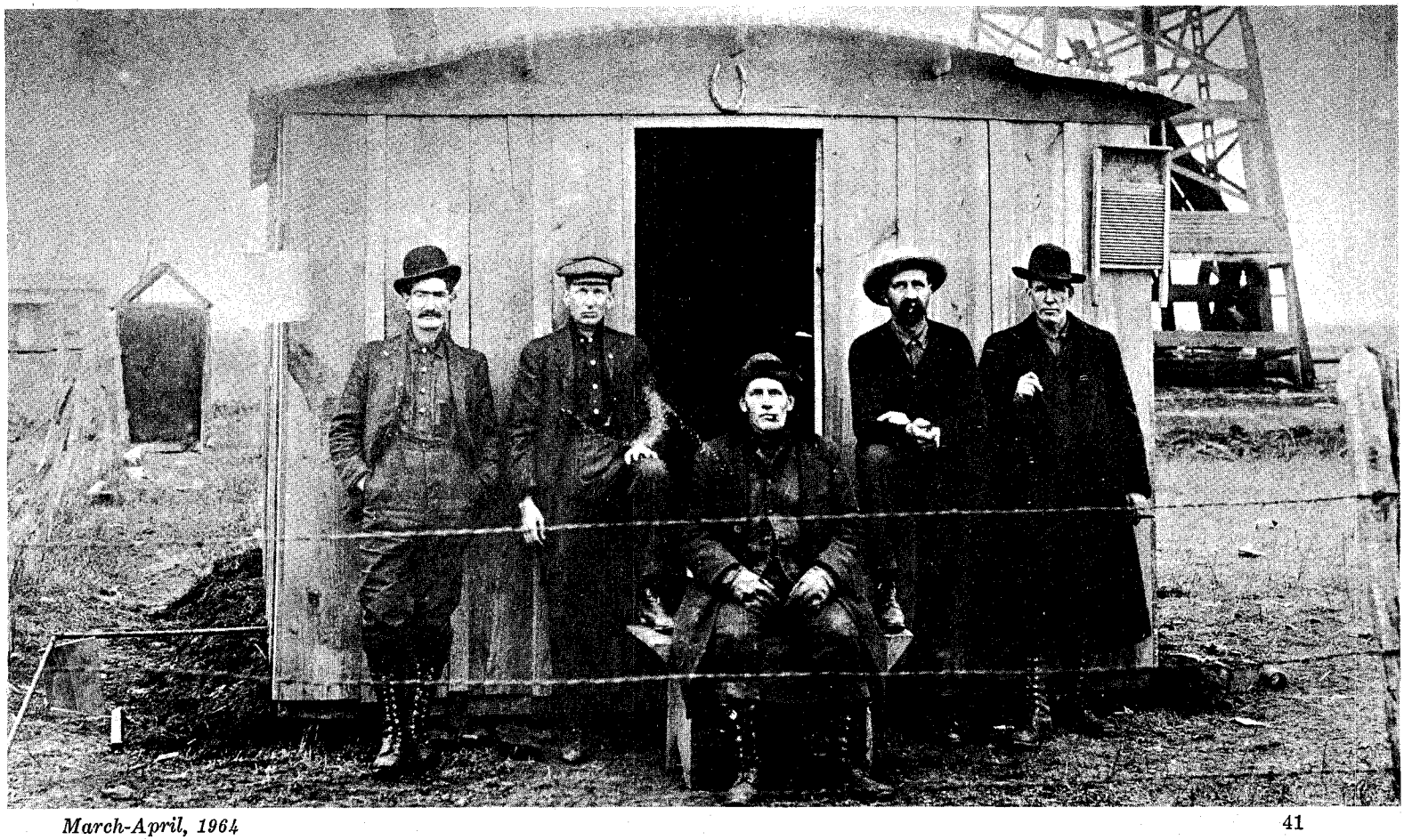
Although Miller already had cut his eyeteeth in the lead and zinc mines and in the various rough boom towns where he worked, he was now getting his eyes opened to corruption unrestrained. In all of the other places there had been some semblance of law enforcement. In Whiz Bang it was just a farce.

There were no banking facilities; most people sent postal money orders to their banks "back home." Those carrying considerable amounts of money on their persons made it very lucrative for pickpockets and highjackers infesting the boom towns.

At first there were very few families in Whiz Bang, the population being mostly made up of single persons or those who had left their families behind. Here the lawless element was protected while J. Q. Citizen had to make out as best he could.

One night a fire broke out in the post office. Since the town had no fire department, an oil company offered the use of its fire-fighting equipment. Their

This was a roomy house compared to the living quarters of some oil field workers.



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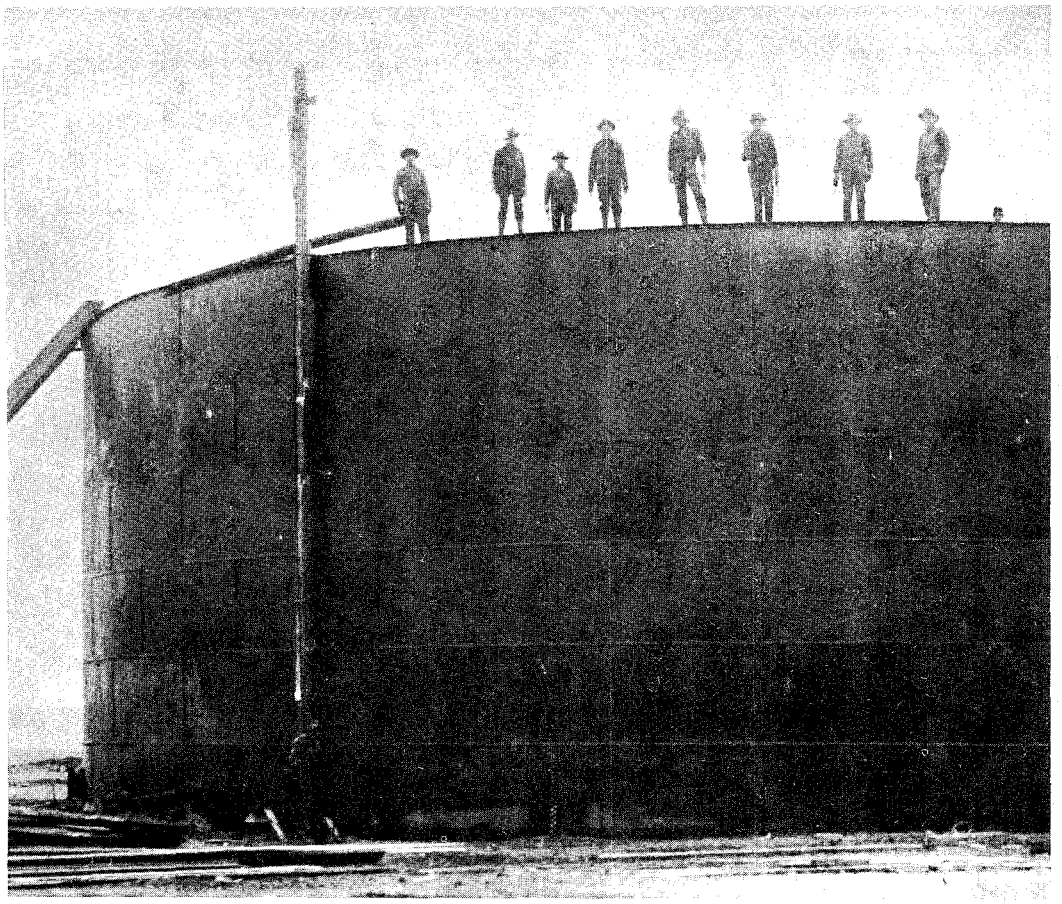

It wasn't so bad in the winter, but tankies had a tough time of it in the summer. This group has come up for a short break.

offer was refused and the building was burned to the ground. Soon a high wind arose and the whole block was threatened. After making sure all of the postal records had been destroyed, the so-called "Law" appealed to the oil company for help in fighting the fire, but the foreman who had offered help when the fire started and who had been refused, would not permit the use of his company's equipment. The whole block of buildings burned.

There was an oil rig builder in town who was a dead shot with a pistol. Because of increasing lawlessness, civil war was on the verge of breaking loose, so a group of citizens had asked this man to train them in the use of firearms. This he did. In a demonstration, while speeding along a road in a car, he fired six bullets into a telephone pole. Since the flow of bootleg booze had surged to flood stage in the Burbank Field, the Government hired this man as a prohibition officer, with orders to clean up the mess. He was in Whiz Bang during the fire.

A girl friend of the local Law was given a pistol and told to watch for a chance to get rid of the Federal man. She hid in the dark and waited for the officer to show up. Some drygoods had been moved from a burning building and stacked on a counter in the street. The agent was spotted coming up the walk. As he drew near he moved out into the street to avoid the heat, stopping momentarily in the glare of the flames. The girl pulled the trigger. Struck by the bullet, the officer dropped behind a pile of furniture. Thinking she had killed the man, the girl, gun in hand, stepped out into the light and was shot dead by the officer who was watching to see if his assailant would appear.

Somebody who had heard the shooting ran to the local cop and told him his girl friend had been killed. Out into the street he ran and drew down on the fallen officer, who, being faster with a gun, fired a quick shot which hit the cop in the chest. He dropped behind the stack of drygoods.

The Federal man knew his shot went true and was off-guard just long enough for his opponent to fire three shots from his hiding place. They all found their target. Figuring that the other man was wearing a bullet-proof vest, and with four bullets in his own body, the plucky officer fired two quick shots which broke both legs of the town cop who was hiding behind the counter, but standing with his legs exposed. The fight was over. The Federal man was rushed to Ponca City, and in a few weeks was back on duty in Whiz Bang.

LAWLESSNESS was still running rampant and seemingly could not be stopped. Crimes of all kinds were committed around the clock. On a cold night in January, 1924, when John Miller and two companions were returning to Whiz Bang from nearby Lyman, they were forced off the muddy road into a ditch by three masked men in a Model-T Ford. John was holding a drunk buddy on his lap while his other friend drove. Two of the armed thugs forced John and the driver, Bill, to stand in the glare of the headlights, while the other highjacker stood in the dark.

The man holding the cocked "thumbbuster" on John was so cold his gun was shaking. John said, "Hold that thing steady with *both* hands! I'll give you my money." This he did—$120.

The fellow seemed to know John's money was in his watch pocket. The other gunman was aware that Bill carried a wallet. It contained $160 which Bill forked over, reluctantly. The drunk buddy had been left sprawled in the seat when John and Bill had been prodded into the glare of the headlights. This

(Continued on page 64)

It took a long time to make the trip from Arkansas to Oklahoma with this load of pipe.

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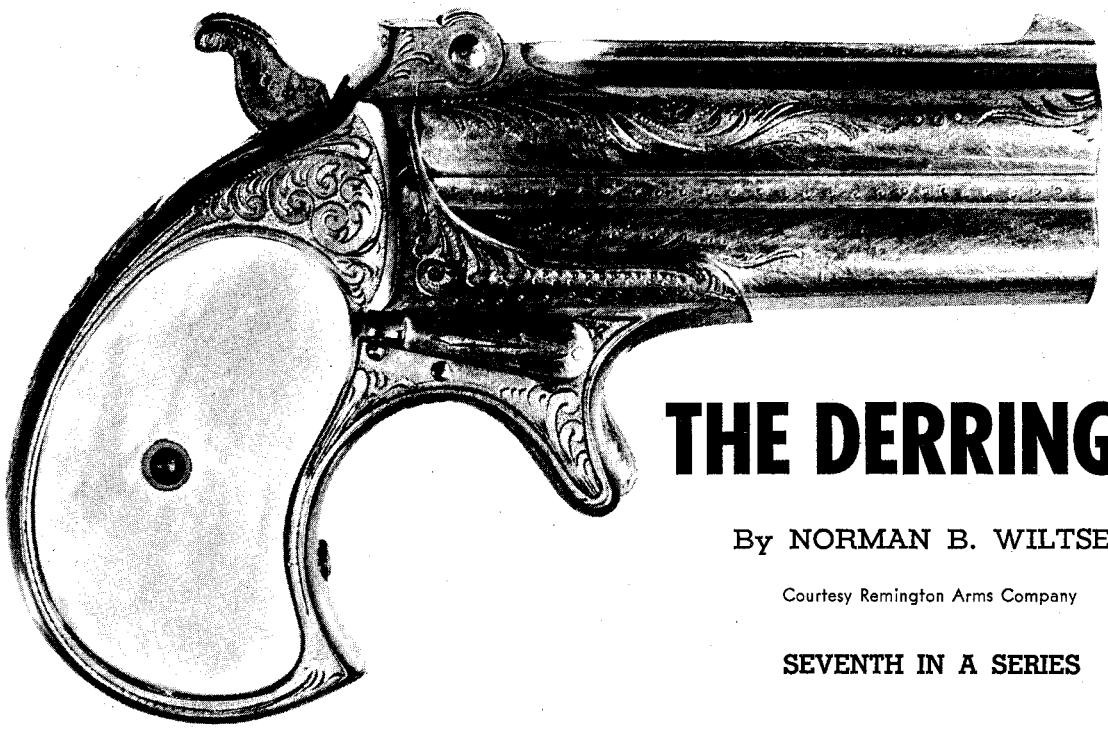
GUNS OF THE OLD WEST



THE DERRINGER

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Courtesy Remington Arms Company

SEVENTH IN A SERIES

THE WORD "Derringer" instantly conjures visions of sky-limit poker games aboard river steamers and in tough trail-herd towns and hell-roaring gold camps of the Old West. One can imagine a well-dressed gambler raking in a fat pot, gold coins winking under the low-swung coal-oil lamps; the sudden hot accusation of cheating from a heavy loser; the crash of a gunshot, and the gambler backing away from his accuser who has slumped in death across the blood-stained green-topped table . . .

There are, it is true, many such melodramatic episodes in the colorful history of the derringer. Conversely, not all gamblers were card-sharps and not all gamblers packed derringers. Outlaws, lawmen, dancehall girls and ordinary citizens carried the deadly diminutive pistol, even though it was unofficially dubbed "The Gambler's Friend." The California Gold Rush of 1849 made the little pistol popular; the assassination of President Lincoln in 1865 added a sinister touch to its reputation.

There is some confusion, also, about the very term, Derringer. The original single-barrel pocket pistol was spelled with one "r" after its manufacturer, Henry Deringer, Jr. Deringer was born in 1786 in Easton, Pennsylvania, and apprenticed as a gunsmith. He proved an apt pupil, moving to Philadelphia in 1806 and opening a shop of his own. Unlike many gunsmiths of the period, Henry was a shrewd businessman as well as a fine craftsman. He journeyed to Washington, made friends with important officials, and landed a lucrative contract to make firearms for the Government. Deringer pistols and rifles were used at the Battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815, when backwoods militia under General Andrew Jackson soundly whipped a superior force of British regulars.

In addition to rifles and pocket pistols, Deringer's gunsmiths also turned out about 1,000 Model 1843 .54 caliber percussion pistols for the Navy and the U.S. Mounted Rifles. But Henry Deringer's fame as a master gunsmith of frontier days rests upon the pocket pistol, single-rifled barrel, percussion type, first made about 1825.

This "Deringer derringer," as gun collectors term it to distinguish it from the later double derringer, was the first true hideout pistol available to the public. Barrels varied in length from 1½ to 6 inches and in calibers from .31 to .55, but most customers preferred the shorter barrels in what was approximately .41 caliber.

Such a gun could be hidden in an amazing variety of ways, from boot-tops, trouser waistbands and weskit pockets to—in Double Derringer days—leather wristbands holding the weapon with the muzzle pointing up the wearer's arm.

SMART as he was at getting orders, Henry Deringer never patented his pistols. Both breech and lock-plates were stamped DERINGER PHILADELA. The barrels were of twisted iron; the locks cheap back-action design. Modestly priced originally at $3.25 each, miners, gamblers, men and women of all description in and around teeming San Francisco and the outlying gold camps carried Henry Deringer's pocket pistol. The price zoomed to $12.00 and up.

Imitators moved quickly to cash in on the popularity of the handy little weapon, among them one J. Deringer who obviously took advantage of his surname to make himself a fast buck. Just *who* J. Deringer was seems to be clouded in mystery. Many of his pistols are in existence today, bearing the misleading imprint J. DERINGER PHILADELA on the lock-plate. John E. Parsons, in his book *Henry Deringer's Pocket Pistol*, names J. Deringer as John Deringer, a tailor, with a shop on Race Street in Philadelphia.

Slotter and Company of Philadelphia, formed of four former employees of Henry, was another group who cashed in on the sudden popularity of Deringer's brainchild. Californian A. J. Plate was the moneyman behind Slotter and Company. Ironically, the finest pair of derringers in the world is a set made by Slotter—or more correctly, Slotterbek. Leading San Francisco merchants and businessmen John Felton and Charles Mayne, backers of the San Francisco Opera House, presented the matched set of pistols to famous opera singer Mme. de Laurencal in 1860. History records that the distinguished singer was delighted with the gift.

Henry Deringer's pistol became internationally famous—or infamous—on the fateful night of April 14, 1865, at Ford's Theater in Washington, when that deranged actor, John Wilkes Booth, used a Deringer .44 to assassinate Lincoln. The murder weapon was erroneously described in the news dispatches next day as being a "single-shot brass derringer."

It was a single-shot weapon but it was not brass and it was not a *derringer*. Seen today in the Lincoln Museum in Washington, the pistol is just under six inches in total length, a fine example of Deringer craftsmanship, handsomely decorated with German silver and engraving. The barrel is rifled with seven narrow grooves, with lands twice the width of the grooves, and a very slow right-hand twist. The pistol has a cap-box in the butt. The forestock is badly chipped, and the head is broken from the hammer screw.

During my visit to the Museum in 1958, I could not ascertain for certain

(Continued on page 53)

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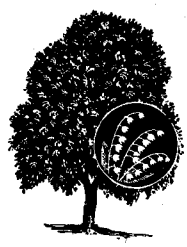

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The Living Treasure

(Continued from page 25)

country in subways and railroads tunnels and underpasses—a hardrock man. He drilled and blasted the living rock which had no ghosts or legends or any previous human history until he and the likes of him put their own trademark on it.

CROCKHEAD McCROARY was a neighbor who had silicosis too far advanced to permit him to work any longer. His face and frame were pitifully gaunt and his yellow scalp showed through wispy white hair. He lived alone in an old shack he had built himself from things salvaged from the city dump and railroad yards. His shack stood in the shadow of an old mine dump whose inside workings, like Crockhead's, were long since depleted.

He refused to go to the state Tuberculosis Sanitarium because like many other ailing immigrants, he believed that when "they" got him down there and computed his remaining life span against his future usefulness, they'd make off with him fast with the "black bottle." He had no savings and no income and he would not under heaven have asked for county relief or welfare, or accepted organized charity in any form. Early every morning, rain or shine, he went over the tracks to the produce houses and stood in line to get bruised fruit and vegetables. From the butcher shops he got meat bones and scraps.

The neighbors sent him freshly baked bread, Cornish pasties and bowls of fragrant Irish stew. He was, to begin with, a meat and potatoes man, so to speak. A bit of a root vegetable and a bit of onion with salt and pepper in his gravy or soup was the extent of his flavoring. Then when the East European families became aware of his plight and "divied up," too, he came to relish their exotic foodstuffs and often to cook his own with here and there a clove of garlic buried in it. (My father, also a meat and potatoes man who remained one as long as he lived, had to steel himself for any close-up visit with Crockhead and keep the air around himself blue by puffing furiously on his pipe filled with Peerless.) This neighborly largesse that Crockhead enjoyed was in no way considered charity. It was just the big compassionate heart of the town taking care of its own.

It was on an errand of kindness that a group of us neighborhood children stumbled on a fascinating game one day when he was away. Crockhead had a few croupy old hens in his tumble-down shed and while some of my chums ventured into its smelly interior looking for him, several mice came out of a hole in the yard where the rest of us were standing.

From then on we went down to Crockhead's shack when we knew he would be away and stampeded the mice out of the shed. We took turns holding our thumb and forefinger over the hole in the yard and squeezing the mice around their fat warm little bellies as they went through to safety. All the mice didn't suffer our foolishness gladly by any means. Although most of them just squealed with terror, some turned and tried to nip us. And some succeeded, too.

We were lost in this pastime one day, squealing and screaming ourselves, when Crockhead returned. He was in a towering rage at first and ran us off, but he calmed down and coaxed us back when he saw we had left a fresh loaf and a large pasty for him in his applebox cooler.

We shouldn't torture those tiny animals like that, he admonished us. And we kids who had fathers who worked in the mine shouldn't do it *especially!* Because, he explained, the cousins of these very mice were down the mine and on many occasions miners had much to be grateful for to those little creatures. He wouldn't tell us more that day. He had to water his hens now, he said, and get his vegetables and soup bones into a scalding pot. "Go along with you now. It'll keep till another time." And with that we had to be satisfied.

I asked my father about the mice in the mine that evening. It was an interruption of his evening newspaper reading and he was short with me. "Aw, he's daft," he said.

My mother who was sitting beside him darning socks sighed. "Poor Molly," she said, "God rest her soul." My father snorted and they were off.

CROCKHEAD, it seemed, came over from Europe when he was just a lad. He went to live in one of the many boarding houses for single men and got on in the mines. It was at the boarding house that he met Molly Kilday, also a newcomer. She worked in the kitchen. "And it would be to hate the foul little devils as Molly did," my mother said, "if every morning you had to ladle the men's porridge out of the bin and put it through a strainer to get the mouse dirt out of it before it could be cooked for their breakfasts. And she was a foolish one, too." my mother continued, "not to have told Crockhead that in the beginning and avoided all that trouble."

After a short courtship Crockhead and Molly were married. While at the boarding house Crockhead had carried his lunch in a bit of newspaper and in his hip pocket a pint of cold tea to wash it down, His partner, also from the boarding house, did the same.

The first thing Molly did was to buy her husband an enamel lunch bucket. This would have the tea in the bottom and the dry lunch in a top section that fit in flush. Over all went the lid and a wire spring fit over the lid and latched on to the two sides of the large loop handle. Crockhead had never seen one of these close up before. And it is told of him that he carried it to work for three days bringing it home again with the tea untouched because, although he could hear it swishing when he shook the bucket, he couldn't figure out how it was to be got at.

He couldn't read or write but he was resourceful. When Crockhead found himself at a loss due to his illiteracy—he had been asked to sign the union attendance book—he would turn to the man next to him and say, "Put my name down, too, will ye? Sean McCroary it is. I've to go to the men's room." Or, "Yonder is Blackey O'Day, I've to see him before he goes off with the lads." Later he dreamed up a foolproof device. He'd pat all his pockets ostentatiously. "My new specs," he'd say, "I've come away without them. Will ye—there now—that's a good lad."

It was one day while eating lunch in the mine that Crockhead heard the legend of the psychic mice. He swallowed the story entirely and believed in it implicitly. (The first mice got into the mines in feed brought down for the mules. The mice and the mules were great favorites with most of the miners. Any of God's creatures that could live and move and have their being in that forbidding in-

(Continued on page 46)

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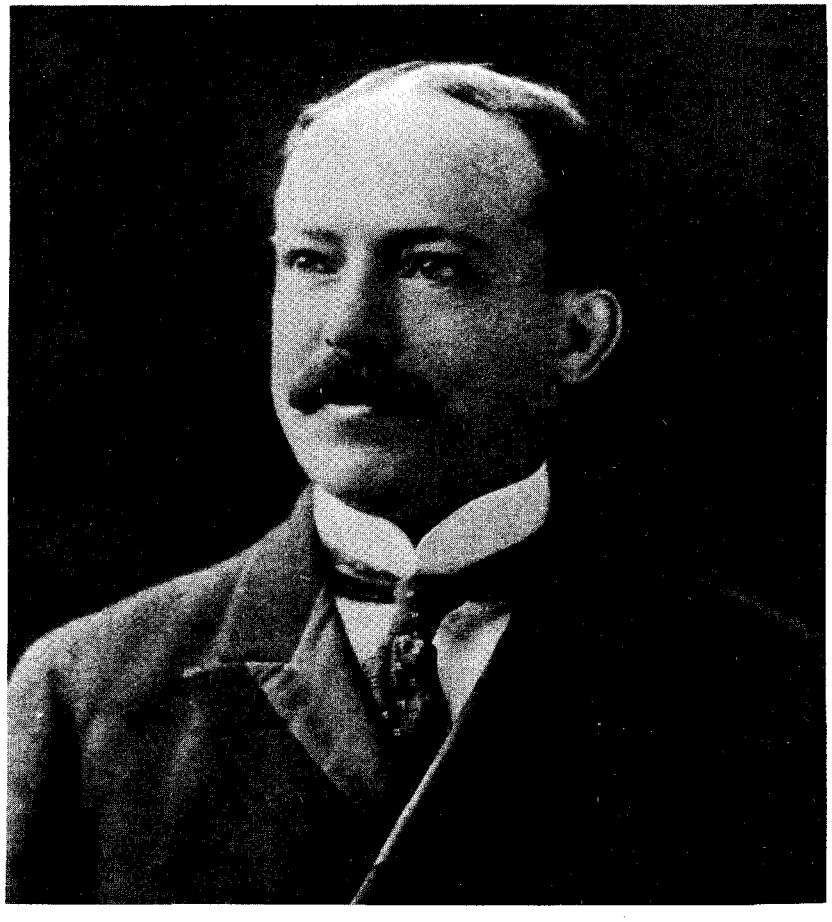

Miguel Otero, former governor of New Mexico, grubstaked prospectors most of his life in the search for his elusive ledge.

Long after his energy was spent, this experienced mining man continued to pour money into the quest for a treasure he had never seen. The tantalizing evidence haunted him until the day he died!

THE LOST LEDGE OF GOVERNOR OTERO

By DEN GALBRAITH

Photos Courtesy Western Collection
Denver Public Library

FACTS CONCERNING treasure troves are not as fascinating as are the human characters engaged in the quest. Lost mines and buried treasures may be legends or miners' tales, but the men who seek them out are real. Very real, and very human. Men have killed for a waybill. Men have left their wives and families to participate in a search. Men have quit good positions to squander their time and money chasing a phantom. Men have walked or ridden thousands of miles over little-used trails, across unknown mountains and parched plains, just on the strength of a second-hand, word-of-mouth report.

One such fellow was Miguel Antonio Otero, Governor of New Mexico from 1897 to 1906, a time of big dealing in cattle and mining. New Mexico was still an unregenerate society; residents didn't take much time to worry about the law. The law was devised by the lawless.

Dark-haired, dark-eyed, with a well-kept mustache, Otero was a handsome youth, and he liked to sing and party. He and his brother, Page, were well known in social circles. Like all Spanish people, he loved sincerely and hated fiercely. He made staunch friends and bitter enemies. Otero participated in all kinds of ventures during his eventful career, maintaining an active interest in mining all his life. For years he tried to interest Eastern capital in investing in his several mica properties, as well as his tungsten, hematite and wolframite prospects betwen Las Vegas and Santa Fe.

With the death of his father and two uncles, he and other Otero boys became heirs to the *Nuestra Senora de los Dolores*, a mine located in southern Santa Fe County. This mine had been worked by Mexicans in the early 1840s, the ore being hauled out on the backs of burros over the long, rough trail to Chihuahua.

Miguel and Page had some fun with this property. By a shenanigan, the politically corrupt "Santa Fe Ring" had illegally taken possession of the mine, setting up a fortress to keep out intruders. Miguel and Page managed to sneak a dozen or so of their close friends onto the property. Lowering themselves by rope down an abandoned eighty-five-foot shaft, the group surprised the 162 miners and their bosses, forcing them to leave. Then they set up an armed camp, which they called Fort Otero. By beating the Santa Fe Ring in court, Otero was primarily responsible for loosening the strangle hold these political opportunists held over the citizens of New Mexico.

THE MINING venture which Otero spent the most time and money on was a prospect he never saw. Even toward the end, in his memoirs he wrote, "I feel confident the mine is up there." And as far as anybody knows, it is still up there.

In his early days, Otero lived in the hoodlum-infested frontier town of Las Vegas, where he practiced law. An old miner, either Jose Dolores Romero or Juan Cristobal Romero, had been convicted in U. S. District Court under what was known as the "Edmunds Law," but his sentence had been suspended. Romero responded to an act of friendship by Otero by showing him some high-grade specimens of copper-gold-silver ore. Then Romero produced a letter from a miner named Harrison, making him an offer of $5,000 in cash, just to be led to the site of the property. Romero had not answered the letter, fearful that he might be waylaid or become the victim of foul play as soon as he disclosed the location.

The sample intrigued Otero but he wanted to see a larger one, a bulk sample. He believed what he saw, but he wanted to know if there was a sufficient volume of ore to make it economically feasible to set up a mining operation. Romero agreed to bring in a larger sample but he did not start out immediately, suspecting that he might be followed. After some weeks the old miner returned with eight burro-loads, amounting to about a ton of rock, which Otero described as "the richest copper-gold-silver ore I have ever seen." Samples were sent out to several assayers throughout the States, the returns varying from $2,000 to $3,200 per ton. *(Continued on page 50)*

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The Living Treasure

(Continued from page 44)

organic hardrock environment commanded their respect.)

THE LEGEND Crockhead accepted so wholeheartedly was this: two immigrant miners had blasted down rock, cleaned it up and set about their timbering when the lunch hour arrived. With the nonchalance of old-timers they chose to sit and eat beyond the last timber they had raised. In the quiet, several mice came out to which they threw tiny bits of food. If the food fell a certain distance beyond the miner's outstretched legs, the mice ate. But they would not go where the miners were sitting. They would not venture in under the naked rock even for the choicest morsels. Suddenly the reason for this unusual timidity of these almost tame creatures dawned on one of the men. He grabbed his partner's arm. "Love of the Almighty," he cried, "the mice are giving us warning. We're in danger here." Both men scrambled up and had just reached the safety of the newly timbered part of the tunnel when whoosh—a hundred tons of loose rock came down covering up their lunch buckets and work jumpers.

Crockhead's partner at the time this legend swam into his ken was a turban-crowned Asian who spent every lull expounding oriental religious lore and in a high singsong voice over the sound of the drill repeating endlessly from the works of Sri Ramakrishna and verses of the Bhagavad-Gita.

Crockhead carried this tale of the psychic mice home to Molly that evening and it was changed somewhat in transit. None other than he and his partner were the two miners saved. He ended his tale with an ultimatum. "Ye'll not set any more traps in this house," he said. "Ye'll not set them and myself will not then need to be emptying them." Molly was outraged with this proposal and would have none of it.

It was their first falling out. Both were shaken by it. But poor Crockhead's gullible heart was being squeezed dry by his Gaelic interpretation of the heathen theory of Karma—or rather, what he understood of it from his partner who spoke only a few words of English. What good or evil he did in the world of his home he was sure would be punished or rewarded in the world of his work—the mine.

One day before leaving the house on his early morning shift he removed all the bait from the traps Molly had set out. Then he rolled a lump of putty, blackened with stove-black, between his palms and sprinkled artificial mouse droppings all over Molly's immaculate shelves and spotless pantry floor.

He was ready now to say to Molly, "See ye, the mice are smarter than we know. It's as I've been telling ye." The effect of this phenomenon on Molly when she beheld it later that morning was catastrophic. She believed Crockhead had brought home in his pocket some of the psychic mice from the mine and they had sired a swarm of super-mice in the cellar and that now not even a tight bin, glass canister or covered dish could stand against pollution. When Crockhead got home, Molly was prostrate.

The final upshot was a compromise. Crockhead threw out all the traps and covered all the holes leading into the house with cuttings from tin cans, and promised to watch for every breakthrough. He hauled the sack of winter potatoes up from the cellar and put them in the bedroom closet. No mice were to be permitted upstairs, and Molly would not set foot or trap below stairs.

During the coldest months of the winter Crockhead made many trips into the cellar to check, he said, the 'witherin' foundations. Always in his pockets he carried some choice morsels of food to be distributed to the little cousins of the mice in the mine. He made his offerings alone and with devotion, for himself and all his fellow miners, just as many pious simple people pray for the whole world. Until the last he would recount how ten, fifteen and even as many as fifty miners had undoubtedly been saved by the mice in the mine.

So went the legends and so lived the characters in the Irish colony at Butte. Really, the most remarkable thing to come out of the mines—was the miner himself.

Give A Man An Iron Horse

(Continued from page 35)

boiled overhead and all around us was water, water and more water.

"When we got to what was known as West Switch I instructed the porter to throw the switch and we'd head in on the side track. It looked to me as though everything ahead might be washed out. After we stopped and I noticed that the water was running in the same way we were going, I realized that we might make it as far as the telegraph office and be able to warn other trains of trouble.

"Hugh McGovern, a fine young fellow with plenty of grit, volunteered to wade ahead of my engine to make sure the bridge or track wasn't out. It took us quite a while. Then he met the section foreman, and we all got on the engine and got to a telegraph office. The bridge west of Longfellow, about 400 yards away was a brand new one and bolted to a rock foundation. I thought maybe I ought to look at it for myself.

"When I got there I could see water running through the spokes of the engine, but we poked along with Hugh using a broomstick to feel if the rails were in place. Finally we reached a little rise where the water was pouring down the hill in great cascades. We managed to get

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"The editor is out. Would you like to speak to the publisher?"

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Courtesy the author

Mrs. Henry (Eunice) Inman, wife of the famed frontier army officer and author of several books about the West. Photograph made about 1874.

MEMORIES OF OLD FORT HARKER

By MRS. HENRY INMAN
Submitted by
KIT CARSON

She sat snowbound on a train in hostile Indian country. "Welcome to Kansas and Army life!" chuckled the wind.

Editor's Note: In February, 1907, Mrs. Henry Inman wrote the following reminiscence as her contribution to the anniversary of the "birthday" of Kansas. This army wife accepted frontier life in all its phases and made the best of it. She died December 1, 1922, and is buried near her distinguished husband in Ellsworth, Kansas.

BACK IN 1856 in Portland, Maine, a series of entertainments was given by the influential ladies of the city for the benefit of the so-called "Kansas Sufferers." Each night for a week I represented one or more characters in tableau, in a part allotted to me. The affair proved a financial success. The money was forwarded and made good use of, but had I then known how my future was to be identified with Kansas and her people, how much keener my interest would have been.

The Civil War came on not so very long after this. I married, and at its close Colonel Inman was ordered West. This was in 1867. And in January, 1868, I left my home for Fort Harker, Kansas.

In that day facilities for traveling were not accompanied with the comforts of the present time, but all went fairly well until we reached East St. Louis. There was no bridge then over the Mississippi River, and at midnight I walked over the ice to a boat which took me to St. Louis proper.

From there we journeyed on to Salina, Kansas, where our train was awaiting to bear us on to Fort Harker, then the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad. It was snowing slightly, but the storm increased, and although the word, "blizzard," has been denounced, I can substitute no other to express the condition of the storm we rode into.

I had seen picturesque ones in New England, but never where the snow seemed to come from every direction, up as well as down. Seventeen miles east of Salina we became snowbound. The drifts proved too much for our engineer and his engine, so we were left on the open prairie to the mercies of the elements, with complete time for reflection, and one entire side of our train buried in snow. One passenger car was all we boasted, and I often recall the personnel of that one—railroad employees, land-seekers ("squatters" as they were then called)—and furloughed soldiers returning to their respective posts. I, with a child two years old, was the only woman among them.

I often wish I had registered the name of every man, for each one seemed in sympathy with me and made every effort that the situation afforded to do some one little service for our comfort. Yet in a small way I made a slight return and this is how it came about.

THE COMMANDING OFFICER at Fort Harker (for the storm had reached there) anticipated the situation, knowing I was on the train. He dispatched to Salina to get word to me, if possible, that I was to use with discretion anything for my comfort and others with me that I might find in a freight car attached to our train, consigned to the commissary at the Fort. We were here thirty-six hours, and from the first the outlook had been so discouraging that a much lesser suggestion toward relief would have made us quite happy, so I commenced housekeeping at once. "Uncle Sam" provided bacon and crackers, and the tin wash-basin was washed in snow water, which was entrusted to no one but myself. The bacon fried in it (and I have never eaten any that tasted better) and our dessert was a little surprise from me.

I had brought with me several mince pies (New England ones), carefully

(Continued on page 51)

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Give A Man An Iron Horse

(Continued from page 46)

as far as Emerson, and then on to Sanderson where the westbound train was waiting at a pump house. I advised the engineer to stay there because the track was likely to be washed out any minute with the way the water was rushing along the tracks. The assistant superintendent, however, ordered the train to proceed and this they did. "They got to the east switch in Emerson but the bridge farther on was out, so they were surrounded by water, and had to stop. It seemed that the Gulf of Mexico had suddenly moved into this country. Water everywhere! We reached Houston, the end of our regular run, fifteen hours late. Rains were not our only trouble. They came in the summertime, but in winter it was snow."

Foster Hathaway remembered the '90s when cattle ran unrestrained. There were no right-of-way fences, and often a train would run into a herd and kill some of them. One incident he recalled vividly was when a cow got on the track and started running in front of the engine. They hit her, tossing her off the track.

"My fireman got off to investigate and she was dead, but the cow calved right then and there and he wrapped the little red calf in his jumper and took it home and raised a fine young milch cow."

The railroads did not have to pay for stock killed in those early days; later on when right-of-ways were fenced, it was a different story. "There was an old bull," Mr. Hathaway told me, "a huge, beautiful animal, but he had one very bad habit. He liked to sleep on our railroad tracks. We called him Old Baldy. Day after day and week after week the bull would wander onto the tracks and sleep, and we knew someday he'd get killed. I was the one who finally blasted Old Baldy.

"That night I was pulling a passenger train using a heavy freight engine on the Sunset Limited.

" 'Sure hope Old Baldy isn't on the tracks tonight,' I remarked to my fireman. 'We don't have time to stop and prod him off.'

"Not long after, my engine lights focused on him. I blew the whistle long and loud but Old Baldy just ignored it. We struck him while we were going about sixty miles per hour. My fireman was down in the deck, and he yelled, 'What happened?'

" 'Take a look,' I shouted back over the roar of the engine. 'There goes Old Baldy sailing over the fence.'

"I was unhappy about it, but the road foreman of engines said I ought to get a medal for getting that old menace off the road.

"After awhile we got oil-burning engines and they were a lot better—not so much work shoveling coal and our overalls and caps didn't get so dirty. Of course nowadays the diesels have fine, comfortable seats, and they're clean as a whistle. The men wear white shirts to work in! Imagine that!

"I loved those old steam engines but I guess the hardest work I ever did was firing a wood-burning engine from Glidden, Texas, to LaGrange. Our average time was twelve miles per hour. Now you might not think that was very fast, but if you had seen the roadbeds you'd change your mind. The little old wood-burner was too heavy, really, for those hastily constructed miles of track."

Yes, every phase of pioneering had its own peculiar hazards. My kindly old friend, Foster Hathaway, who died in El Paso, February 26, 1963, was a credit to his profession and to the spirit of the West. The man who took his chances on the long arc of a horseshoe curve during railroading's first years faced just as much danger as the cowboy he saluted from his cab window.

War On The Cibicu

(Continued from page 28)

They reached our ranch about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, bringing news of the fight on Cibicu Creek between Captain Hentig's troop of Cavalry and Indian scouts from Fort Apache, and the Apaches, which had taken place a few days before, and in which Captain Hentig and seven soldiers were killed.

Captain Hentig had been ordered to arrest a medicine man, Nokay-del-Klinnay, who was stirring up the Indians to go on the warpath against the whites. Quite a number of the Indians were killed in the fight including the medicine man.

Cibicu Creek was about thirty miles from our ranch. Some of this same band of Apaches who were in the fight came on over to our ranch reaching there about noon of the day that Turner and Moody came. Seven of them came to the house, all armed, and asked for a kettle to cook meat in. When asked if they knew of the fight they said "no," that they were hunting. As Indians had often been at our ranch to trade meat for flour and other provisions we thought little about danger.

After they had been hanging around until about three o'clock in the afternoon we thought the Indians were peaceful. We were all busy at various occupations; my father was making boxes at a workbench, brother Willis was sitting on the end of the bench, and my mother was at the milkhouse with the three younger children some fifty feet from the house.

Mr. Turner had just gone to the milkhouse for a drink of buttermilk, and I was sitting near him on a box at the side of the door sewing. My brother Henry was the only one in the house at

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"About average, sir!"

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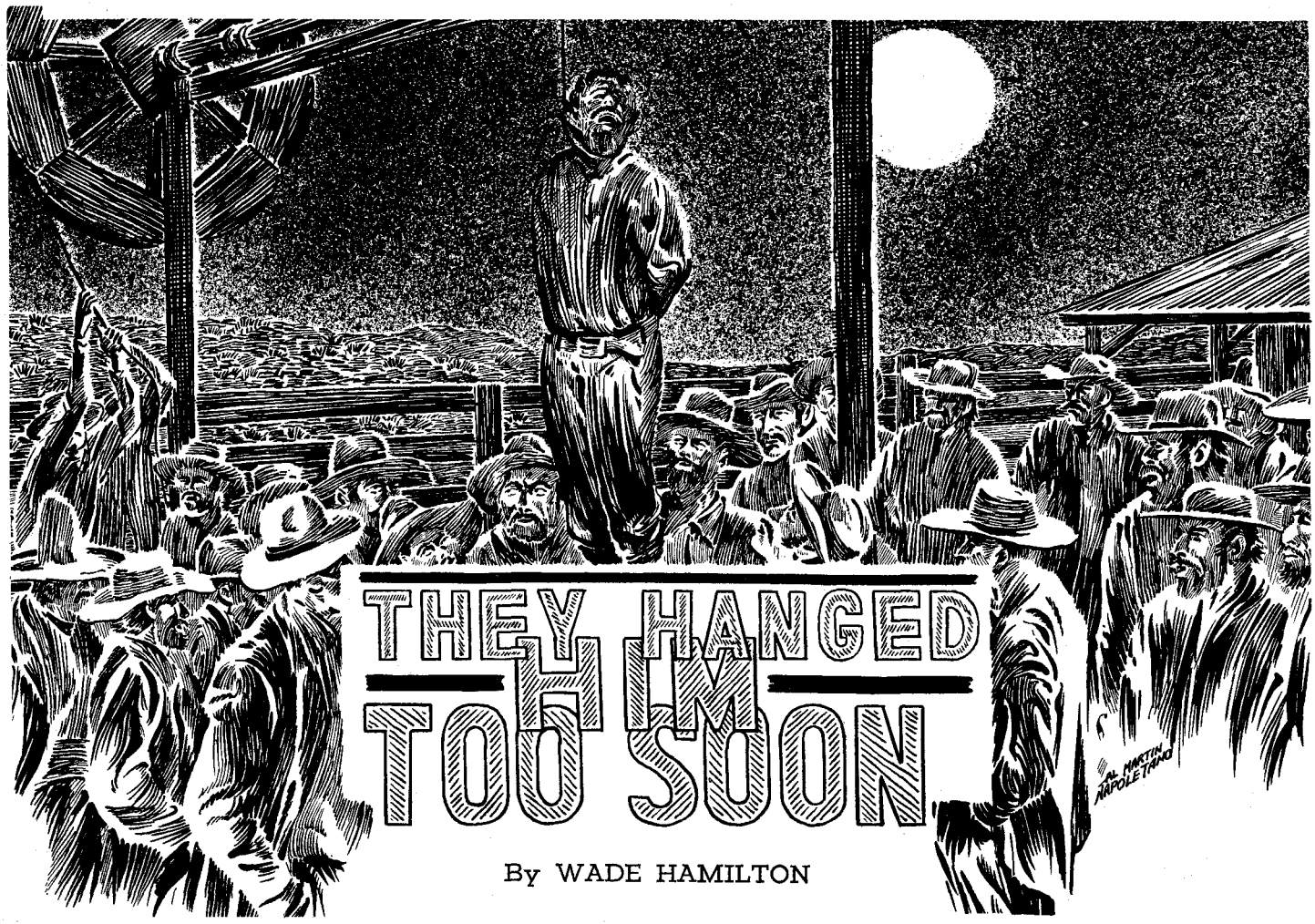

THEY HANGED HIM TOO SOON

By WADE HAMILTON

The trouble started when he couldn't find a dancing partner, so he wound up dancing alone — at the end of a rope

A NEW YEAR'S EVE celebration was in full swing in Columbus, a mining town on the Nevada-California border. The riotous end to 1873 was marred by only one thing—there were only two women at the party. One was having her legs danced off by the miners; the other, a Mexican girl, played a guitar in the orchestra and therefore was not free to dance.

A number of miners tied their handkerchiefs around their sleeves, thus proclaiming themselves "women." About midnight, in the midst of firewater and hilarity, a Mexican youth, one Victor Monego, demanded that the guitar-player dance with him. When she refused, Monego grabbed her guitar and broke it over his knee.

"Now you dance with me, Senorita!"

As he grabbed the frightened girl by the arm, one of the respectable Mexicans of the booming borax camp approached Monega asking him to mind his manners. In a moment he lay dead with a long knife anchored in his heart. Monega fled through the surprised crowd.

A deputy sheriff, coming up the street, saw him running and instinctively tackled him around the ankles. When the crowd arrived, the deputy had disarmed the youth and was sitting on him.

"He knifed Senor Rivaro and killed him," a miner panted. "We're going to stretch his neck here and now."

Fortunately, the town marshal arrived at this point, and the two lawmen retreated with their prisoner to the town jail, a flimsy board affair. Monega had been in camp only a few days but already had established himself as a boisterous trouble-maker with two fist-fights to his credit. The officers, dedicated to fair trials though they were, concluded to conveniently leave town for a while.

DURING their absence, miners broke into the jail and dragged the screaming Monega to the corral where cattle were slaughtered. A windlass used to hang up beef being butchered became a scaffold. Execution done, the men repaired to a saloon, for the incident had killed all desire to continue with the dance.

After an hour or two, the lawmen returned. "Called out along the creek to settle two miners fightin' over a claim," one said in explanation. "How's our prisoner?"

"Just where he should have been years ago," a miner replied, "hanging by his lousy neck."

"Breakin' a prisoner out of jail is a serious offense," the deputy protested. "Where is the body?"

"Down in the slaughter corral."

"You better go cut him down," the marshal said. "Then in the mornin' we can hold a coroner's inquest all legal and proper."

One miner glanced at the clock on the saloon wall. "Just as you say," he said. "One of you coming with us?" The deputy agreed to go.

The body of the hanged man was etched against the bright moon over the high Sierras. The deputy looked up at Monego. "I can't see him," he said. "My eyes are bad. I think another drink can straighten them out."

So the group returned to their elbow-bending. Eight men had been murdered in this boom town in its few months of existence; seven killers had gone free—the eighth hadn't.

"You cut him down?" the marshal asked.

"Couldn't find the body," the deputy winked as he raised his glass. "To 1874! May it be a good year."

Next day, to make things legal, a coroner's jury was convened. Its verdict was that the hanged man was dead, nothing more. But two days later two police officers from San Bernardino, some hundred miles or so southwest across the desert, came to Columbus.

"We're looking for a Mexican named Victor Monego," one said. "He has been reported as being in this area."

"He's here, all right, but to see him you have to dig him up."

"What happened?"

"The fool got drunk on New Year's. Wandered down to the corral where we butcher cattle. Come morning we found

(Continued on page 67)

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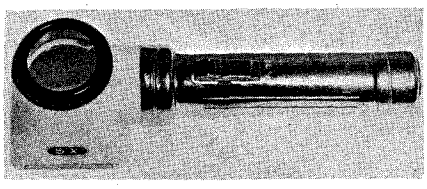
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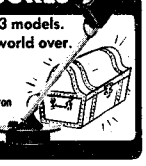

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War On The Cibicu

(Continued from page 48)

the time. There was one Indian in front of the house outside of the yard fence, three were standing near my father just outside of the yard, and one of these was standing in a pile of shingles. The other three had gone to the milkhouse where my mother was. They asked her for some bread and she sent my sister Della for the bread. Mother had given them the bread and turned around when the Indians commenced shooting.

MOODY AND Turner were killed instantly, each being shot twice. The bullet that struck Moody in the temple first cut off a lock of hair on my forehead, just grazing my head. When my brother heard the shooting he knew what was happening and grabbed the only gun we had and ran to the front door and saw the Indian who had been standing in front of the house running toward the corral and shot him through the hips, for he saw him fall.

He then ran to the back door and had just located the Indians behind a bank when an Indian on the hill near the house shot him through the left shoulder. In the meantime my mother ran into the milkhouse with the three children and closed the door. The rest of us got into the house someway. I ran through the house to the kitchen door just as my brother was shot; it must have been then I screamed and my mother, hearing me, thought I was shot, for she threw open the door of the milkhouse and ran to the house with the three children while the bullets were whistling all around them, but they escaped without a scratch.

After we were all in the house we barricaded the doors with tables, beds and chairs as we thought the Indians would rush the house and kill all of us like Indians did in olden times.

My father had a bullet hole through his hat and one through his shirt on the shoulder. Afterwards when examining the place where my brother Willis had been sitting on the bench, a bullet hole was found just about where his head had been. Apaches are usually poor shots and if they don't get you the first shot you are pretty safe. We were certainly lucky.

They then opened the corral gate and after killing a beautiful black stallion, drove the rest of the horses off. The horses were what they wanted as they knew the soldiers would soon be on their trail. We stayed in the house until one o'clock that night till the moon went down, as my father was afraid the Indians would slip back under cover of darkness and set fire to the house. So as quietly as possible we stole out in the night and left the two dead boys where they had fallen.

As luck would have it, we had one horse left that my brother had been riding that day which the Indians failed to kill after shooting it through the body behind the forelegs. On this horse we placed my mother and the two youngest children and went about two miles up on a mountain and hid there in the brush while my father went on to Pleasant Valley to get help. He told us if he wasn't back by daylight not to look for him for he couldn't come. Long after sunrise when we had given up all hope of seeing our father again, we heard him call to us from down below.

We rushed down where he was and found he had with him one old man, a Mr. Church, with a rifle and only one cartridge. My father said, "I don't believe we will ever get out of here alive for the mountains are full of Indians." He then told how, when they were coming back from Pleasant Valley, they met these same Indians with our horses on top of a little hill and how they deliberately got off their horses and began firing on him and Mr. Church and ran them back toward Pleasant Valley, and how they gave them the slip in the willows along Cherry Creek, and by a roundabout way got back to us.

My father said, "We dare not take to the traveled trails," so we cut straight through the mountains for twenty miles toward Sombrero Butte, a well-known landmark in that country, where we were compelled to come in to the main traveled trail leading to Globe, four miles beyond the elder Moody's ranch on Cherry Creek. Just after coming in to the trail about dark we heard voices and the tramp of horses coming toward us.

We thought they were Indians, but can you imagine our great relief and joy to see my brother Eugene and five other men from Globe coming to our rescue. These men, well known to all old-timers of that day, were Sheriff "Bill" Lowther, Jack Eaton, John Birchett, Captain Surbridge and a Mr. Mattel. We were put on their horses and taken to the Moody Ranch where we spent the night. The most heartbreaking thing was in breaking the news to Mr. Moody of the tragic death of his only son.

The next morning we left for Globe and had to pass through the camp of Chief Nadaski on Cherry Creek. We were much afraid that these Indians were hostile but great was our relief to find them very friendly. We reached Globe on Sunday afternoon, September 4, after the most tragic experience of our lives.

I can never forget what is so vividly and indelibly impressed on my memory that, after a lapse of nearly a half century, it seems but yesterday.

Lost Ledge of Governor Otero

(Continued from page 45)

Otero had no difficulty in making up his mind but the prospector didn't seem anxious to make the trip. He thought of many excuses for not getting out into the hills and only after considerable coaxing did Romero agree to guide the young lawyer to the property. There were several delays and the good weather of summer went. Romero again reneged, this time because of the possibility of being trapped by heavy snow. He gave a hint as to the digging's locale, and promised faithfully to lead the way the following summer.

Romero died during the winter and Otero was left with only a vague notion as to the site of the rich outcropping of ore. He grubstaked and sent out many prospectors but they all failed, or so they reported.

AT about the same time, a friend of Otero's, the Hon. Franciso A. Menzanares, a former member of Congress, inherited some cattle from an estate. An old man and a boy drove the cattle from Abiquiu to Mora, then to Las Vegas. One night the old man and boy camped for the evening at the top of the Sangre de Cristo Range. As they gathered wood for the campfire, they noticed a large ledge of beautifully colored rocks, glowing in the late rays of the dying sun. Intrigued, the old-timer broke off a large chunk and put it in his saddlebag. He gave it to Manzanares when he turned over the cattle.

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The picturesque plaza of Las Vegas, New Mexico, in the 1880s. Photo from the Denver Public Library Western Collection.

Manzanares knew nothing of mining so he did not question the herder about the location. The rock was used as a paperweight and given no more thought. A couple of years later a mining engineer saw the paperweight, hefted it, and whistled.

"This is very rich," he said. "Send it to Denver and have it assayed."

Manzanares complied, first breaking the large chunk in half. The half he sent to Denver ran $3,000 per ton. He lost no time in packing a bag and heading for Abiquiu only to learn with dismay that the old-timer had died and the boy had left the country.

On his return, Manzanares recalled the story told him by Otero and the two compared notes. Otero had a few specimens which looked identical to the half-chunk left from the paperweight. They decided that both prospects were one and the same. Manzanares got the "mining bug." He offered Otero "a new Bain wagon, pair of good mules, harness, tent, and full camping outfit, together with all necessary provisions" if he would throw in with him.

For years the partners maintained a camp in the mountains northwest of Las Vegas, and grubstaked good, reliable prospectors to search for them. They found nothing. They found interesting prospects, all right, but they didn't find the right ledge.

Otero and Manzanares had decided to give up on the elusive ledge, when news reached Las Vegas that a range rider had found some rich float near the spot where Otero thought the prospect should be located. He and Manzanares rode over to the ranch for which the rider worked. They learned that the cowboy had returned to his home in Alabama. A letter written to the address given them by the ranch owner was returned.

Since the road from Mora to Las Vegas skirts the mountain front, the ledge found by the old man and boy had to be between Mora and Abiquiu, with the top of the range somewhere between Mora and the Ranches de Taos. It would be impossible now to determine the exact route taken on that cattle drive. Otero's memoirs give no clues as to the directions given him by Romero. The Governor of New Mexico never found his ledge but he thought about it often—the dreams of youth do not fade with old age.

Memories of Old Fort Harker

(Continued from page 47)

packed in my trunk so that when my first meal was served in my new home, some one familiar dish would be in evidence. After counting noses I cut the pies so each might have his share, being careful to keep a reserve in case another night of anxiety awaited us.

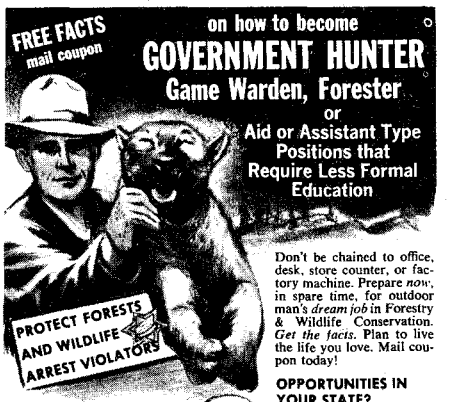
The conductor had been regaling me with stories of the border and Indian massacres, one of which had taken place near where we were only a short time previous. My anxiety lest I should meet a similar fate of those who had fallen victims was far above normal when, to my relief, two railroad laborers with their horses broke through the snow, manifesting surprise and delight on finding a refuge so near at hand. One of the horses died but the men seemed in fair condition. As is usual in Kansas our latch-string was out, the fire was rebuilt, food brought forth, and two more made comfortable.

Late that afternoon our conductor came with the cheerful intelligence that smoke could be seen in the distance which meant our troubles were nearing an end. A platform car with twenty men provided with shovels literally shoveled us out and took us back to Salina. Mother Bickerdyke, who had her home near the station, cared for me until I could go on, which was in two or three days. This time we stopped at Breekville, fifteen mile east of Fort Harker, where I was met by friends from the Fort with an ambulance drawn by six mules and quite a few soldiers as escort, for we were now in a hostile country. But we reached the Fort without further trouble. That was the memorable winter of 1868. I was surprised on my arrival to find Colonel Custer and the famous Seventh Cavalry with General Sheridan in command.

THE SERIOUS side of frontier life now presented itself to me. The return of our officers and men, although victorious, was not without its dark and appalling history, so many lives were sacrificed.

Pioneers were struggling at this time to make homes for themselves and children, continually fighting against the odds, as day after day they were driven into the Fort for protection against some strolling band of Indians who were ever seeking revenge.

(Continued next page)



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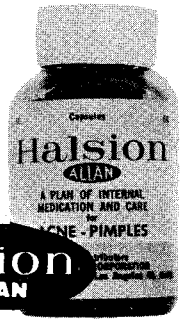

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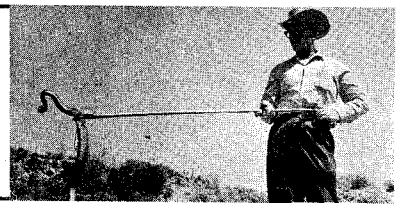

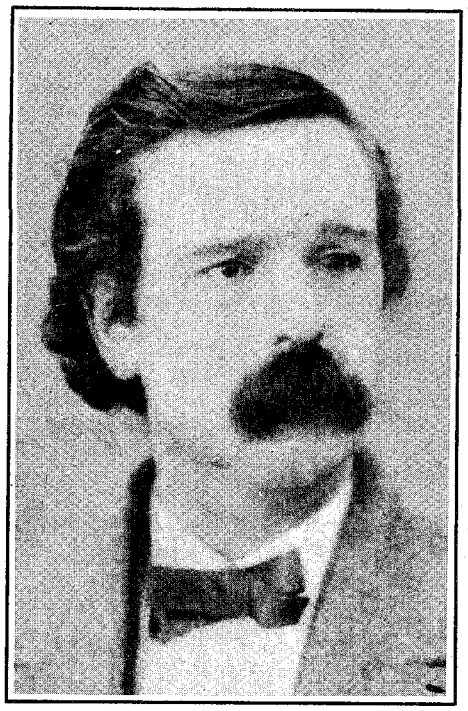

Colonel Henry Inman

In all his boasted glory I have seen the Indian prepared and painted for war; the war-dance at midnight, when from their fires the entire country seemed ablaze; have watched them brought in captives after rescuing a girl of fourteen, whose father, mother, and only brother had shed their life's blood in an effort to protect the little family. The child was cared for and finally sent to St. Mary's Mission.

Lone Wolf, a Kiowa chief, visited the Fort in 1868 or 1869 to hold a conference with Government officials, and presumably to smoke the peace pipe. He had with him 150 squaws, papooses and young warriors, who sat about on the ground the entire day in sullen silence and afforded us the one opportunity in our lives to observe their characteristics and study faces. Truth to say I discovered no Minnehaha, as immortalized by Longfellow.

From curiosity alone, I invited Lone Wolf to dine with me and my family which, accepting through his interpreter, he seemed eager to do. I laid aside all conventionality, however, and instead of placing him on my right, gave him an entire end of the table. His one idea seemed to be to imitate, and he soon substituted his fork for his knife, while his manners improved as the meal went on.

After this we took him to our living-room where the piano interested him immensely. He had never seen one before, and both the mechanism and music held him spellbound. The familiar saying, "Music hath charm to soothe the savage beast," became verified in his case for a time at least, for while listening his weather-beaten face was pitiful to see. He was really affected, and I felt sorry for him.

But my sympathies took flight when he tried to enter into a business contract with Colonel Inman and offered him no end of ponies, buffalo hides and other of his possessions for his white squaw, but clung tenaciously to a tomahawk with which he professed to have killed many warriors.

The commanding officers' quarters, with two others, and the guardhouse are

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still standing, with one of the Seventh Cavalry stables from which the familiar bugle call of *Boots and Saddles* I have so often listened to in the clear of night and to which those gallant officers and men responded so earnestly.

Through the loyalty and energy of the W.K.D. Club, the memories are being awakened, and the younger generation being taught to realize the sufferings and hardships that the pioneer endured, the results of which they are now enjoying. My grandchildren are among the number, and may the history of the Club and all concerned be so tabulated that he who "runs may read" and their wonderful results be applauded by every man, woman and child who holds him self a true Kansan.

Guns of the Old West

(Continued from page 43)

under what circumstances the weapon had been damaged. Conceivably, it could have occurred when Booth dropped the Deringer in Mr. Lincoln's box after firing the fatal shot and stabbing Major Rathbone, the President's aide, before vaulting the rail to the stage.

Shortly after President Lincoln's assassination, an imaginative New York newspaperman branded the Deringer pistol the "Murderer's Accomplice." Such macabre publicity boosted the sale of deringer-type pistols throughout the nation. D. Moore, the National Arms Company, the sliding-barrel .41 caliber Williamson, Colt, Ballard, Remington, and E. Allen and Company were some of the gunmaking firms who profited.

The most popular derringer of all was Remington's famous .41 caliber rimfire over-and-under Double Derringer, patented in 1865. Remington produced over 150,000 Double Derringers from 1865 to 1935, making this the most popular pocket pistol of all time.

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JAP. LIGUSTRUM; ½-1 ft.	.15	.39
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WAX LEAF LIGUSTRUM; 1 yr., 6 in.	.29	.79
WAX LEAF LIGUSTRUM; 1 to 1½ ft.	.59	1.69
ABELIA; glossy leaves, ½ to 1 ft.	.29	.79
*RHODODENDRON; ½ to 1 ft.	.69	1.98
COLORADO BLUE SPRUCE; ½-1 ft.	.59	1.69
NANDINAS; fiery red ones, 6 in.	.39	1.09
NANDINAS; fiery red ones, 1 ft.	.59	1.69
*MOUNTAIN LAUREL; 1 ft.	.29	.79
RED BERRY PYRACANTHA; ½-1 ft.	.89	2.49
GARDENIA; white blooms, 1-1½ ft.	.59	1.69
BOXWOOD (Dwarf); 1 yr., ½-1 ft.	.39	.98
CAMELLIA SASANQUA; 1 ft.	.89	2.59
BURFORDI HOLLY; ½ to 1 ft.	.69	1.98
*CANADA HEMLOCK; 1 to 1½ ft.	.29	.79
*AMERICAN HOLLY; red berries, ½-1 ft.	.39	1.09

(Above EVERGREENS are 1 or 2 yrs. old)

BULBS & PERENNIALS

	EACH	5 for
CANNAS; colors, red, pink, yellow	.19	$ .89
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IRIS; blue, white, purple, yellow	.09	.39
HOLLYHOCKS; mixed colors, roots	.25	1.19
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(ALL PERENNIALS and BULBS are 1 yr. or older)

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(1 to 2 ft.)

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25 MULTIFLORA FENCE ROSES	for 1.98
25 LOMBARDY POPLAR FOR HEDGE	for 2.49

(All HEDGE 1 to 2 ft. tall, 1 or 2 yrs. old)

SHADE TREES & FLOWERING TREES

	EACH	3 for
CHINESE ELM; 2½ to 4 ft. tall	.19	$ .55
CHINESE ELM; 5½ to 7 ft. tall	.79	2.29
GINKGO TREE; 1 to 2 ft. tall	.59	1.69
LOMBARDY POPLAR; 3½-5 ft. tall	.39	1.09
LOMBARDY POPLAR; 5½-7 ft. tall	.79	2.29
SILVER MAPLE; 1-2 ft. tall	.13	.35
SILVER MAPLE; 3-4 ft. tall	.39	1.09
SILVER MAPLE; 5½-7 ft. tall	.79	2.29
SYCAMORE; 3½ to 5 ft. tall	.59	1.69
WEEPING WILLOW; 4½-6 ft. tall	.69	1.98
*RED BUD; 5½ to 7 ft. tall	.79	2.29
PINK FLOWERING MIMOSA; 2½ to 4 ft.	.39	1.09
PINK FLOWERING MIMOSA; 4½ to 6 ft.	.79	2.29
*WHITE FL. DOGWOOD; 2½ to 4 ft.	.29	.79
PINK FL. DOGWOOD; 1 to 2 ft.	1.69	4.98
RED FLOWERING PEACH; 2½ to 4 ft.	.89	2.59
PINK FLOWERING PEACH; 2½ to 4 ft.	.89	2.59
*TULIP TREE; 3½ to 5 ft. tall	.59	1.69
GOLDEN RAIN TREE; 1 to 2 ft.	.79	2.29
*TREE OF HEAVEN; 3½ to 5 ft. tall	.59	1.69
PURPLE LEAF PLUM; 1 to 2 ft. tall	.89	2.59

(All above TREES 1 or 2 yrs. old)

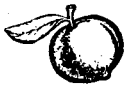
FRUIT TREES, etc.

PEACHES; Varieties: Elberta, J. H. Hale, Red Haven, Golden Jubilee, Belle Georgia, Hale Haven, Dixie Red. **Prices on Peach: ½ to 1 ft. — 29¢ ea.; 1 to 2 ft. — 39¢ ea.; 2 to 3 ft. — 49¢ ea.; 3½ to 4½ ft. — 89¢ ea.; 4½ to 6½ ft. — $1.29 ea.**

PLUM TREES; Varieties: Burbank, Marianna, American, Golden. **Price: ½ to 1 ft. — 39¢ ea.; 1 to 2 ft. — 49¢ ea.; 2 to 3 ft. — 79¢ ea.; 3½ to 5 ft. — 98¢ ea.**

APPLE TREES; Varieties: Red Delicious, Red Stayman, Early Harvest, Yellow Delicious. **Prices: 1 to 2 ft. — 49¢ ea.; 2 to 3 ft. — 59¢ ea.; 3½ to 5 ft. — 98¢ ea.**

PEAR TREES; Varieties: Keiffer, Bartlett. **Prices: 1 to 2 ft. — 69¢ ea.; 2 to 3 ft. — 98¢ ea.; 3½ to 5 ft. — $1.29 ea.**



APRICOT TREES; Varieties: Early Golden, Moorpark. **Prices: 2 to 3 ft. — 79¢ ea.; 3½ to 5 ft. — $1.39 ea.**

CHERRY TREES; Variety: Montmorency. **Prices: 1 to 2 ft. — 69¢ ea.; 2 to 3 ft. — 98¢ ea.; 3 to 4 ft. — $1.49 ea.**

HARDY PECAN; ½-1 ft. — 69¢ ea.; 1-2 ft. — 98¢ ea.

(All above TREES 1 or 2 yrs. old)

GRAPE VINES; Varieties: Concord, Carmen, Fredonia. **Price: 1 yr., ½ to 1 ft. tall — 59¢ ea.**

BLACKBERRY; 1 yr. plants, ½ to 1 ft. — **16¢ ea.**

DEWBERRY; 1 yr. plants, ½ to 1 ft. — **16¢ ea.**

FIGS; Magnolia, 1 yr., 1 to 2 ft. — **98¢ ea.**

RASPBERRY; 1 yr., red or black — **29¢ ea.**

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Bustling Phoenix, Arizona, of 1912 was a far cry from the town Buckie O'Neill rode into in 1879.

opponent you wanted to scare, but not to kill. Many a man and not a few women of the old West bluffed their way out of a nasty situation by suddenly producing a Double Derringer as an effective clincher in a "ruckus."

Despite its chilling appearance when viewed from the wrong end, the Remington .41 Derringer could hardly be considered a man-stopper. The conical bullet of the rimfire cartridge weighed a hefty 130 grains, but the black powder charge was so low that only about 500 feet per second muzzle velocity was generated. Also the little gun was notoriously inaccurate beyond the length of a card table. So the preferred target was always the belly—but if a man happened to be wearing a wide money-belt, as many adventurers did in those days—the slug could be deflected or even stopped dead by the heavy leather. Usually infection made the derringer stomach wound fatal, for the bullet invariably remained within the body cavity. Even if the victim received the doubtful benefit of the crude surgery available in frontier times, death generally was only a matter of hours.

Today, the Double Derringer is undergoing a resurgence in popularity. Lawmen often carry .38 Special Double Derringers as supplemental arms to their .38 Special service revolvers. The modern .38 Derringer packs enough punch to stop a man dead or, at least, to put him out of action. An officer friend of mine uses the Colt Super Police cartridges in his Great Western .38 Special Derringer, handloading the shells with a very fast-burning powder to get added muzzle velocity with the 200-grain bullet. Most law enforcement officers do the same.

No doubt about it, old Henry Junior's pet pocket pistol has developed into quite a gun. The old boy would be proud of it all over again if he were around today.

The Quiet Lawman

(Continued from page 33)

his head. "They ain't been here. Where will you be if they come?"

"Pahreah."

Early in the morning two days later Harvick and Stiren rode into Cannonville. Before noon they were joined by Smith and Halford. The men were nearly starved, and while they gorged, the villagers sent a message to Buckie.

In the meantime, Cannonville was sitting on a small keg of powder, and the old fellow who ran the settlement knew it. That night he carefully separated the outlaws. Harvick and Stiren bedded down on the floor of a cabin, and Smith and Harvick were shown to the loft in a barn. As soon as they were asleep, the old man gathered the male members of his clan together.

Harvick and Stiren, pushed awake, found themselves looking into the barrel of a rusty rifle. They weren't sure whether it would fire but were hardly in a position to take a chance.

"Don't try any tricks," the old man advised them.

The two outlaws were gagged and led to the barn. The Mormon traded his rifle for Harvick's six-gun and climbed the ladder to the loft. "Wake up," he rasped in Smith's ear, "I got you covered."

Smith reacted in an unexpected fashion. He knocked the gun out of the old man's hand and covered him. Then he shouted to the throng below, "Let my friends go, or I let some air into this old geezer's belly button."

The outlaws saddled and mounted their horses. They would leave this town something to remember them by. They rode through it, shooting in the air and at the windows of cabins, yelling wildly before they hightailed it for the desert.

THIS WAS the state of affairs as the lawmen picked up a warm trail and followed it. The tracks became fresher. The desert ended in a stretch of scrubby forest, and on the other side where it picked up again was a deep canyon over which hung jutting cliffs. The four outlaws had ridden into a trap.

When Buckie fired a warning shot, Halford, Stiren and Harvick hugged the ground; but Smith swung his foot in a stirrup and mounted up. He was the lean, hungry-wolf type of man. He had run as far as he was going to run. Now he

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This 1864 photograph shows Prescott, Arizona, many years before O'Neill was elected its mayor. The old capitol building is second from the right.

turned, snarling and full of fight, charging toward the four lawmen with the reins of his horse in one hand and a six-gun in the other.

A shot from his gun knocked a chunk of clay from a rock six inches from O'Neill's head. Smith rose high in his stirrups for a better view. He was an easy shot for a skilled marksman. Special Agent Holton took aim but Buckie knocked his rifle aside saying, "I want him alive." Then he put a bullet through the horse's head. Smith lit on his feet, dropped to the ground, and crawled back to his friends while the bullets scattered dust around his legs.

Halford and Stiren then made a try. Buckie fired a warning shot over their heads and yelled, "Drop your guns and get off your horses!" Strangely, they surrendered. Buckie threw a pair of handcuffs on them and ordered St. Clair and Black to start back with them.

In the meantime, Smith and Harvick had crept back through the thick brush and rocks of the canyon. There was water in the canyon, and the sheriff could hear its gentle drip. He knew that was where Smith and Harvick would make their stand. "Keep me covered," he told Holton, "I'm going to ride them out."

The hoofs of his horse scattered rocks as he charged into the canyon. Holding the reins in his teeth, he swung his rifle and fired. Smith returned the shot with a virtual fusillade, all wide of the mark and leaving his gun empty. "Move on out," the sheriff said, towering over him.

Harvick was still holed up behind a huge boulder. Buckie dismounted, aimed his rifle, and lopped off a piece of rock an inch from Harvick's face. "Get out before I put one between your eyes," he snapped. Harvick threw his gun away and held up his hands.

Buckie and Holton overtook Black and St. Clair and they headed for Salt Lake City where they were met by hordes of reporters. Newspapers from New York to California headlined the story. For more than a month, there had been no real news of the chase. Reporters had been forced to file simply speculations.

Aboard the train handcuffs were removed from the prisoners but leg irons left on. The four lawmen took turns standing guard. Smith bided his time.

Buckie was asleep and the lights in the car had been dimmed when the outlaw somehow managed to squeeze his legs and feet out of the irons, elude Black and Holton who were standing guard, yank open a window, and disappear into the pitch-black night. Except for a momentary yielding to typical western chivalry, he might have gotten clear away.

Smith crossed Arizona, cut through New Mexico and entered Texas, successfully evading alerted peace officers. Then one day he found a young woman lost in a blizzard and nearly frozen. His attempt to guide her to safety resulted in his arrest and return to Arizona.

BUCKIE'S FAME as a peace officer was now established. He could have continued as sheriff of Yavapai County for the rest of his life, but when his term expired, he did not run for reelection. In 1898, O'Neill was Mayor of Prescott and political forecasters had him already appointed as the next Territorial Governor of Arizona when events thousands of miles away took a hand in his destiny.

On February 15, 1898, the United States battleship *Maine* was blown up in the harbor of Havana. On April 11, President McKinley asked Congress for authority to intervene in Cuba on the side of the rebels against Spain. Two weeks later, on April 24, Spain declared war against the United States, and shortly thereafter a minor politician named Theodore Roosevelt issued a call to the rough-riding men of the West for volunteers for a special regiment of Rough Riders.

Buckie, so it is said, was the first man in Arizona to enlist. On July 1, 1898, the Rough Riders were at the base of San Juan Hill. Captain William Owen O'Neill moved among his men refusing to take cover. He ordered a sick youngster to the rear lines. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt raised his binoculars and surveyed the heavy fortifications behind which the Spaniards were entrenched. In thirty minutes the Rough Riders would hurtle

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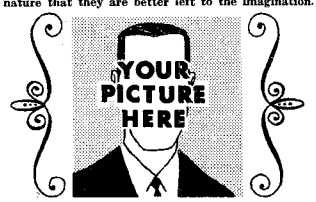

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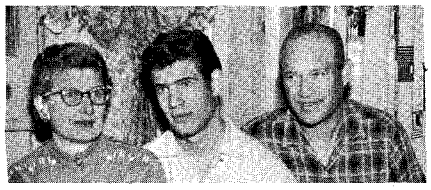

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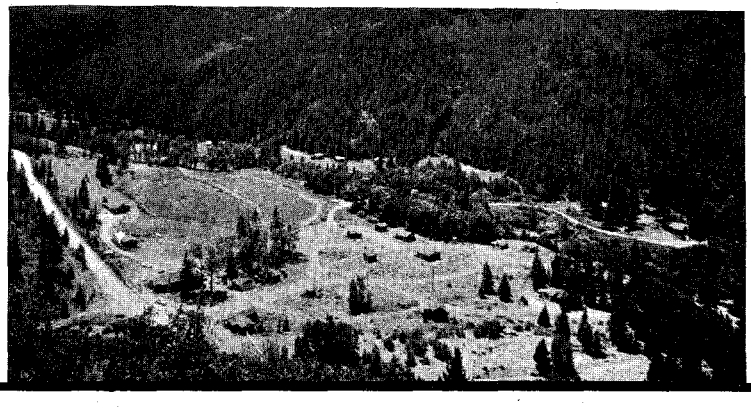

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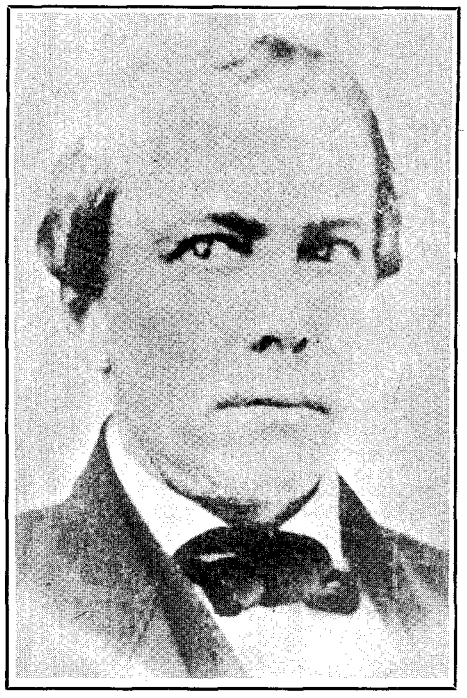

Joseph Bainbridge Doyle reoccupied old Fort Pueblo in October, 1853. Most of the Mexicans who came with him from New Mexico were slain in the massacre. Photo courtesy Pioneer's Museum, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

up that hill in a charge which would start Roosevelt on his way to the White House.

Meanwhile, a Spanish officer called his best marksman to his side. He pointed a long finger at Buckie. The sniper raised his rifle, aimed carefully, and squeezed the trigger. Buckie staggered. His hand clutched the front of his blood-stained tunic and before his men could reach him, he crumpled to the ground.

That was a long time ago. But to this day ask almost any Arizonian and he will tell you there was only one Buckie O'Neill, and there will never be his like again.

He Buried The Dead

(Continued from page 19)

patched. Doyle also had the Mexicans knock out a few partitions and convert some of the rooms into a granary for storing corn.

While waiting for spring planting, the Mexicans somehow accumulated a flock of chickens and a herd of milk goats, and the place soon looked more like a barnyard than a fort. For this reason, the Mexicans called it the Leche Fort—the Milk Fort.

That fall, after the corn was brought in and stored in the granary, Doyle appointed Benito Sandoval commandant of the fort and moved to the Huerfano Settlement. Sandoval and the other Mexicans planned to follow just as soon as all of the corn was delivered.

Early in December, it seemed certain that the corn wouldn't all be moved until after the first of the year. Consequently, Sandoval's wife, Maria, returned to New Mexico to spend Christmas with a married daughter. Their three boys stayed at the fort with their father.

EARLY MORNING, December 24. Gloomy and cold, the old fort looked deserted. The gates hung open. Nothing stirred within. Following their all-night celebration, most of the Mexicans inside

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were either sleeping off a drunk or groggy from a hangover. There was also a woman, Chipeta Miera, and two of the Sandoval boys present.

At about the time old Barela was lashing his horse eastward along the Arkansas, Felix Sandoval, age twelve, came out of the fort and wandered off to gather firewood. Suddenly he began to tingle with the knowledge that someone was creeping up behind him. Spinning around, he saw Blanco slip between him and the gate. Badly frightened, he screamed for his father.

Benito Sandoval dashed for the gate; a bleary-eyed Rumaldo Cordova followed carrying his rifle. At the entrance they nearly collided with Blanco.

"Amigo!" the Indian exclaimed, then his face clouded and he sullenly demanded corn.

"Shoot him!" Sandoval snapped.

"No, he is my friend," protested Cordova, and foolishly let Blanco come inside to talk. By twos and threes, the Muaches began to edge nearer the fort.

Blanco then placed his hand on Cordova's rifle and said, "This gun mine."

"All right," Cordova stammered, letting go. He was immediately shot in the mouth with his own gun.

As though it were a signal, the nearest Utes stormed the gate. Those still lurking out of sight broke into the open and rushed for the little stockade. One of them caught Felix Sandoval, swung him up on his horse behind him, and rode away. Glancing back, Felix saw an Indian shoot his father in the chest with an arrow. The boy tried to get off the horse but his glowering captor grasped him firmly.

In spite of his wound, Benito Sandoval managed to get to a room in the northwest corner where his youngest boy, seven-year-old Isidro, and his rifle were. Grabbing a bench, he barricaded the door.

WHEN BACA and his two men reached the fort, they found Rumaldo Cordova slumped near the gate, blood trickling from his mouth. Besides being shot in the mouth by Blanco, he also had been hit in the neck with an arrow. Surprisingly enough, he was alive but he couldn't talk.

With his hand, Cordova indicated that there wasn't anything they could do for him, and they proceeded to the gate.

Baca saw at once that most of the killing, and what little fighting there had been, had taken place right there. Outside lay four dead Utes. Within was an appalling sight; dead Mexicans were strewn all about the gate. In several places the walls were spattered with blood and gore.

(Continued on next page)

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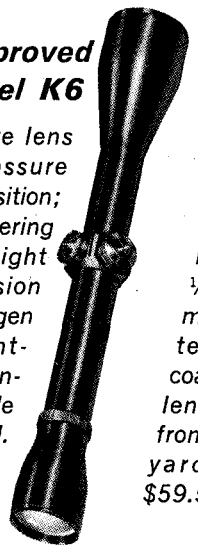

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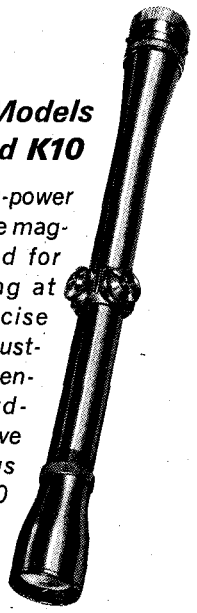

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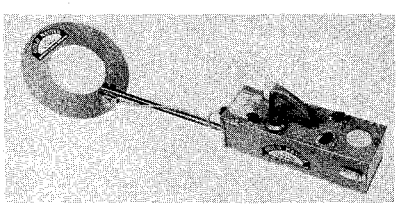

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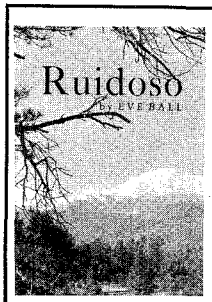

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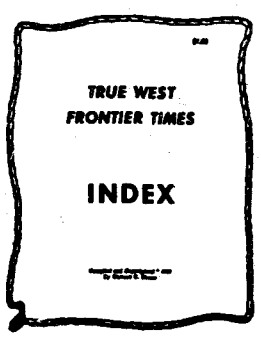

This index lists every place and everybody ever mentioned in TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES from the first issues right through 1960.

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This girl's gym class took its exercise to the accompaniment of music.

Few of the Mexicans had owned rifles and obviously most of them had been in no shape to defend themselves. They found Manuel Lucero with a flatiron handle clenched in his fist.

Two more dead Muaches lay in the northwest corner of the fort where Benito Sandoval had taken refuge, but the door to the room was open. Inside, Sandoval was dead. The Utes had broken through the roof and shot him in the top of the head, but apparently not before he had killed two of them.

Chipeta Miera and the two Sandoval boys were nowhere to be seen. The Muaches had also carried off all of Doyle's corn.

There was nothing Baca and his two villagers could do except bury the dead. About mid-afternoon, they got the grisly task started.

Several Mexicans whom they knew to be at the fort were missing. On the slim chance that one might have escaped, Baca decided to look around outside. A short distance away he found José Vigil dead. Farther on lay Joaquin Pacheco; the Muaches had jabbed his body repeatedly with their lances. Two others were never found. Baca always supposed that while trying to escape, they had been killed near the river and their bodies had been washed away.

By late afternoon all of their countrymen had been buried—most of them within the fort, a few outside the gate, and three on a nearby hill. The dead Utes were left for the wolves.

Rumaldo Cordova somehow managed to reach the Huerfano Settlement, where he died seventeen days later.

With hostages and stolen stock, the jubilant Muaches rode west. A few days after rejoining their families, they paused at a spring. There Chipeta Miera was shot through the back by a Muache who was angered because she cried. Ute children stoned her to death as she lay wounded.

The following September Felix Sandoval was released at Taos; the Muaches had previously traded Isidro to the Navajos who in turn sold him to a mercenary trader. Maria Sandoval eventually paid a ransom of 300 silver dollars and a new Hawkins rifle for Isidro's freedom.

After the massacre, the ghostly old fort was shunned and in 1858 it was razed. The adobe bricks that had enclosed so much tragedy were used in building Fountain City, forerunner of modern Pueblo, Colorado.

Boston Bloomer Girls

(Continued from page 29)

as ladies, we will treat you like ladies. But any time you come here to play ball we will lick the livin' daylights outa you!"

The girls hurried back to the little wooden hotel on Main Street, put on dresses and remained under cover until there was a train out of town.

The boys went back to their classrooms. They had no wish at all to continue their acquaintance with girls who, *actually*, had come into town and onto a ball field wearing bloomers; and they had *really* expected that because they

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were girls the boys would give them the game, and then they had *cried* because they lost. Girls in bloomers! BAH! Who cared if they had come from Boston? Let them go jump in the lake.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 7)

the old days. On the day of the hold-up I was visiting my folks who lived one and one-half miles from town. My father, Robert Mullenger, was county judge and had his office next to the Butte County Bank. On that summer day, we heard a number of rapid-fire shots, and three or four outlaws galloped by. Since the folks were without a phone, it was two or three hours before we knew what had happened.

After reading about the account, I thought of an exciting time in the old town which occurred on September 25, 1895, at four in the morning.

My people had always lived in a quiet community which they termed "civilized," and that particular morning a shot rang out, followed by several more. Then the bell in the church began clanging. I heard Father go to the window, and Mother exclaiming, "The town is on fire!" I heard them leave the house, so I hastily dressed and went out to join the excitement. I wandered from one group to another, enjoying all, and found myself with some young ladies I'd never seen before.

They had a big supply of peanuts and were very sociable, in fact the most sociable persons I had met since we moved into Belle Fourche eleven months previously. Those girls asked if I was the "old Judge's" daughter, but they didn't identify themselves, and I was too shy, or perhaps too polite, to inquire. Later I was informed they were girls from the Green Front, the red light district down by the river.

The marshal had ordered a number of noisy cowboys out of town and one of them, in parting, fired his revolver into a haystack behind Ed Sweeney's livery stable, which was located a few feet from the back door of the largest saloon. My father's office was among those burned to the ground, though he did manage to save the records and a few of his books.—Emily Sloan, 1004 Division Avenue, Apt. 1, Tacoma 5, Washington.

The Element of Chance

Dear Joe:

I liked the August treasure hunting special. Fellows like Ted Tucker, Art McKee, Ed Snow and Milton Rose have found treasure. Many other finds have never been reported. Doesn't it get you a little? You eat your heart out; you get aggravated; you're jealous. Not jealous of those who found it, but because you wish it had been you. Anyone who finds treasure well deserves it.

You say to yourself that you've read all there is to read on the subject. I have all the literature and maps there are to be had. I have diving gear, a metal locater and a head full of information. I go hunting and spend hours, days, weeks and months. I come home empty-handed.

Yet, children playing on a beach can dig up doubloons and pieces of eight like it was nothing. A skin diver untangles a fisherman's line, and comes across a sunken ship. A family vacationing in the West can stumble on gold nuggets. It's enough to drive you mad. For you, with all your knowledge, books, maps, clues and equipment, can't find a thing. Why? Only the Lord knows.

Just think of all the things you would be able to do if you were lucky enough to find a lost mine, the chest of Blackbeard, or a sunken galleon of Vigo Bay. Any treasure at all would do. I've searched for treasure more times than I care to count, and though I have never found a thing, I'll be back hunting again.

We all know that the odds are against us, and why we keep looking for that Pot of Gold no one will ever know.—Charles M. Albano, 208 4th Avenue, Avon, New Jersey.

Universal Appeal of the West

Dear Mr. Small:

I did not know your important magazines existed until I saw a last lone copy on a grocery magazine stand last week. I wish you everything it takes to keep you in the business of publishing these valuable documents, for that's about what they are.

I didn't realize I had so much interest in the historical West but if I do, it's latent in almost all of us. My father was an editor, and especially an editorial writer, on a small town daily paper in Central Illinois for thirty-five years, and I've done a smidgin of writing myself, so I know first-hand about the courage of editorials such as yours in the December '63 issue. It must be a joy to you to see your business based on truth and growing. I am tickled to see someone in

MEN PAST 40

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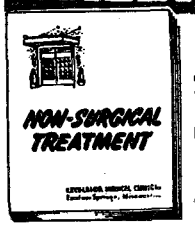

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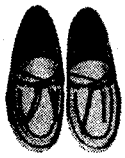

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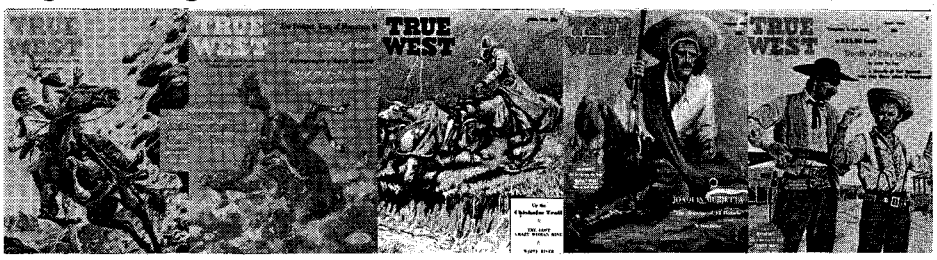

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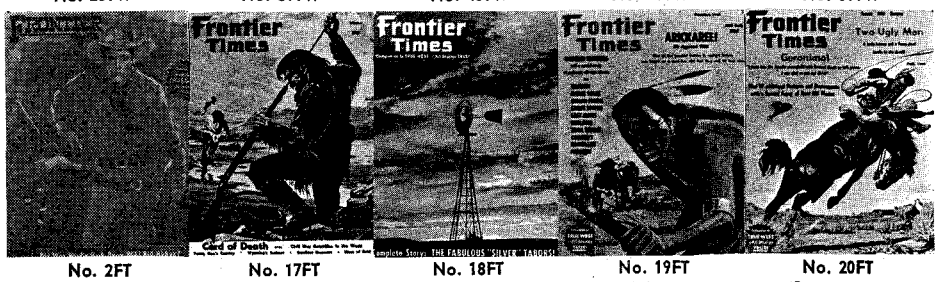

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the mass media business staunchly believing that readers can separate fact and history from the phony—and getting away with it.—Jim Snider, 7300 E. 109th Terrace, Kansas City, Missouri.

The Organ Mountains

Dear Editor:

I was glad to see the picture of La Cueva in the October TRUE WEST ("Hermit of the Organs"). I have prospected in that locality quite a bit, and can add a little more information to the cave. It was headquarters of Padre Rascon when his colony mined in the Organ Mountains. They were killed by Mexican soldiers for not revealing the location of their mine. The country then belonged to Mexico.

I guess they were buried in the cave for you could dig anywhere in it and unearth a skeleton. I dug one up which had been buried head down. An old Spanish man told me that was the way they buried priests in those days when they were murdered. I placed the bones neatly back in the hole and covered them up.

I also uncovered one of their smelters just in front of the cave on the bank of the creek. I had a chart an old Indian gave me that showed where Rascon's colony buried 6,000 pounds of gold and the same amount of silver on the creek in front of the cave. He was a descendant of some of the Indians who worked for Rascon and showed me a small bar of silver that the padre had paid as wages. It had "Organ" stamped on one side.

One of our party took it to A & M College near Las Cruces and it was pronounced a fine job of smeltering.—John W. Grant, 410 Ramona Street, Ramona, California.

Pioneer Homemaking

Department of TRULY WESTERN:

My grandmother, Elizabeth Ann Carson, left Bradley County, Tennessee, with her husband, John H. Carson, in September, 1858. They settled in Texas, choosing a site near Mt. Pleasant and building a log cabin there. Grandmother cooked with a small array of tin cups, pots and pans—just enough for essentials—on an open fire outside the cabin. She did her laundry with home-made soap, picked the geese to make bedding, gathered broomsage to make brooms, used corn shucks for mops, molded tallow into candles for light.

When the Civil War broke out, John shouldered his rifle and left Elizabeth to take care of the three children while he fought for the Confederacy. For three years she lived in the primitive wilderness, doing a man's work as well as her own.

When John returned, they built a new house using non-dimensional lumber carefully selected from the stocks of the first sawmill in that part of the country. Grandmother's kitchen was outfitted with a wood-burning stove—quite a luxury in those days—and a cupboard, long dining table with benches up and down the sides, and a doughboard and kneading pan were constructed.

The previously occupied log cabin was converted into a larder for meats and farm supplies. A well was dug near the house; grandmother laundered in wooden tubs, using a rub-board and home-made lye soap. A huge iron kettle, fired with wood, was used for boiling the clothes.

In addition to homesteading, John freighted over the old Jefferson Trail and free-ranged cattle on the Denton prairie. Grandmother remained at home

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with the children while grandfather took the older boys with him to ride the range. She always maintained a comfortable home for the men when they returned. She kept up the pace for sixty-eight years!—Xanthus (Kit) Carson, 805 Ortiz NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Texas Hanging

Dear Joe:

I can't prove this story, but I like to tell it. Down in Texas, a fellow by the name of Price had killed his wife and two children. He was sentenced to be hanged and the sheriff, thinking to give the people a first-hand object lesson, decided to make the hanging public.

A place was selected in a depression so there would be plenty of room on the slopes for all to have a ringside seat, and folks came from miles around.

The doomed man was led to the gallows by the sheriff and a couple of deputies. The sheriff climbed up the steps with the murderer and placed a black cap over his head. The noose was adjusted and all was in readiness for the springing of the trap.

Just at that moment the fire bell rang. The sheriff hadn't missed a fire in twenty-five years and decided that since his prisoner was in no hurry, he would take part in putting out the fire, then return to finish the hanging. The crowd followed after him.

A short time later, a tramp came along and discovered the man standing on the gallows. His curiosity got the better of him and he called up, "What are you doin' up there?"

"Oh," replied the prisoner, "we are making a movie. I get $50 an hour for doing this. I have all the money I will ever need. How would you like to have my job?"

"That would be mighty fine," answered the tramp, "if I could do it."

So arrangements were soon completed. The tramp went up the steps and soon had the prisoner untied. After the black hood and noose were placed around the unfortunate's neck, Mr. Price departed to places unknown.

In due time the sheriff and crowd returned. The sheriff sprang the trap. The tramp shot through, but as luck would have it, the rope broke.

The startled hobo promptly demanded of the sheriff, "You can pay me off right now. You all are going to break some damn fool's neck this way!"—Daniel F. Hunt, 2444 Norwood, Independence, Missouri.

"Shore good to be back in civilized country!"

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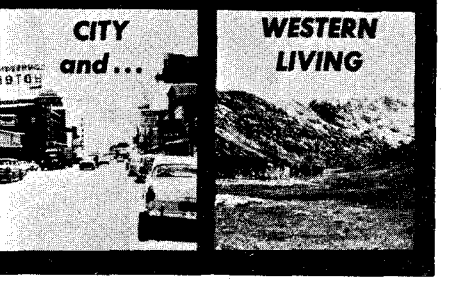

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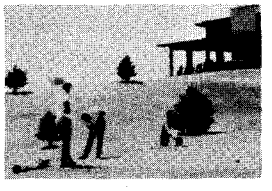

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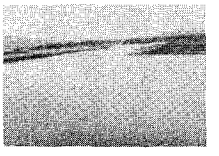

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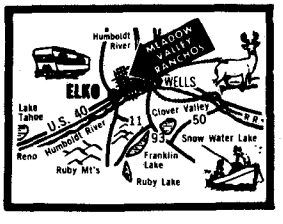

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

COOL, COLORFUL COLORADO

For the past fifteen years, Ralph C. Taylor, news director of the *Pueblo Chieftain*, has written a weekly news feature—*Colorful Colorado*—for radio and newspapers. The best of these have been incorporated in *Colorado, South of The Border* (Sage Books, $6). Southeast Colorado's greatest historian, Taylor has turned out one of the best westerns of the year.

A brilliant writer, Taylor fascinates his readers with salient details about redmen, Spaniards, Mexicans and pioneer whites who lived in the valleys of the Purgatoire, Apishapa, Cuchara, Huerfano, and the Arkansas in sight of the Spanish Peaks, Greenhorn Mountains, Sangre de Cristo Mountains and Pikes Peak. Those with single or varied western interests will find their topics well discussed. There is considerable about historic Coloradans, including Kit Carson, the Bents, Dick Wootten, Chivington, Querno Verde, Roman Nose, Black Kettle, Solid Muldoon, Cattleman Prowers, Casimiro Barela and baseball's chief commissioner, Ford Frick.

There are 150 good illustrations and the text is supplemented with a glossary of name origins plus an index.

BONNEY GUIDES

Alan Swallow, the squire of Sage Books, is publishing field books containing parts of guide series written by Orrin H. and Lorraine Bonney to meet a popular demand by outdoormen who carry them on trips to different mountain or wilderness areas. One is *Field Book, The Teton Range and Gros Ventre Range, The Complete Guide to All Climbing Routes and Back Country* ($3.50) Another one is *Field Book, The Absaroka Range Yellowstone Park Including North Absaroka, South Absaroka, Stratified, and Teton Wilderness Areas* ($2.00).

The Bonney guides and handbooks have long been standard equipment for mountain climbers and wilderness lovers. Their current field books are providing a more thorough service to numerous customers who appreciate their accuracy.

LIFE WITH THE SIOUX

Fifty Years on the Trail ($2.00) by John Young Nelson is the latest in The Western Frontier Library series produced by the University of Oklahoma Press. Born in Virginia, Young John Nelson ran away to the West to escape mistreatments meted out by his sadistic father. He claims he was befriended by Sioux Chief Spotted Tail, became a tribesman, and married and lost eight different Sioux women.

Nelson was either a windy yarner or suffered from serious memory lapses. He claims Brigham Young hired him to guide the Mormons to Utah, later he says Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston used him to lead his army to quell the rebellious Mormons. His tale doesn't gibe with the facts as reported by the Army and the Mormons. For example, he claims to have steered the Mormons over a trail that landed them north of Ogden whereas the Mormon route lay south through Echo Canyon over Big Mountain and down Emigration Canyon, a trail previously used by Fremont, James Clyman and the Donner Party. Nelson couldn't have been hired in June at Leavenworth by Johnston because the Colonel was not appointed as commander until late summer and did not join his forces in Wyoming until October. Also the Army wintered at Fort Bridger and not at Ham's Fork as Nelson writes.

Despite his historical meanderings, the author wrote an interesting story and the choicest parts deal with his life with the Sioux.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST

The Wild West was conquered by the brain and muscle of venturesome men whose exploits provide inexhaustible copy for readers who are thrilled by the experiences of a bygone era. *Tough Men, Tough Country* (Prentice-Hall, $6.95) by Ellis Lucia presents seventeen chapters on the history and development of our Pacific Northwest. You will relive the nightmarish voyage of John Jacob Astor's ship, *Tonquin*, that sailed under brutish Captain Thorn and foundered on a Columbia River bar. There are breathtaking tales of mining, Indian fighting, railroad building and lumbering. There's a chapter on Pete French, a ruddy cattle baron, another on the infamous Sheriff Plummer and his cutthroat monopoly and one about Harry Tracy, Oregon's ruthless murderer and bank robber. This book is nicely written and is illustrated with a lot of excellent photographs.

Frank C. Robertson's *Fort Hall, Gateway to the Oregon Country* (Hastings, $5.95) is a fine example of "reading" history. Frank is the author of over a hundred western novels and a past president of the Western Writers of America. He has collected material for this popular account for many years and his personal knowledge of the country enables him to include tidbits that enliven and entertain. He tells, of course, of the founding of the Fort by Wyeth, of Captain Bonneville, and of the struggle for the Oregon country during the days of the mountain men. But he adds much to the conventional history of the area, including a fine chapter on the cowmen who headquartered at Fort Hall and nearby. Dr. LeRoy Hafen, distinguished Colorado-Utah historian, pays tribute to Frank in the introduction. There is a small pic-

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torial section, a jacket drawing by Frederic Remington, a bibliography and an index.

WESTERN HISTORY HIGH SPOTS

Those who prefer their history brief and well illustrated will be delighted with *Great Day in the West* (University of Oklahoma Press, $12.50) by Kent Ruth. The author includes 147 of the great frontier sites west of the Mississippi River. Whenever possible Kent Ruth has used scenes drawn or painted by contemporary artists and also has included numerous photographs of sites as they appear today. C. M. Russell, Charles Bodmer and Alfred Jacob Miller are some of the famous artists whose works were selected.

Not only the worthiness of the text, but the quality of art that complements it, makes *Great Day in the West* one of the best western books of 1963.

MR. SOUTHWEST

Texas and the West, Featuring the Writings of J. Frank Dobie (Price Daniel, Jr., P. O. Drawer 2450, Waco, Texas, $5) is a clothbound edition, limited to 200 copies, of this young bookseller's 24th catalogue. It is a real collector's item. Beautifully printed by Carl Hertzog of El Paso, it includes a portrait of Dobie by Tom Lea of El Paso; "Mr. Southwest," a tribute to Dobie, by Dean Lawrence Clark Powell of UCLA; and "J. Frank Dobie and His Books" by Jeff C. Dykes, Old Bookaroo. Jeff appraised the Dobie collection for the University of Texas and probably knows more about the Dobie library than anyone other than the old maestro himself. The catalogue is a very definite contribution toward a bibliography of his writings.

MARY AUSTIN RIDES

Mary Austin's *One Hundred Miles on Horseback* (Dawson's Book Shop, $7.50) is a beautiful little volume, printed in an edition of 300 copies by Saul and Lillian Marks at The Plantin Press. There is an informative introduction by Donald P. Ringler and there are two early (1888 and 1891) photos of Mrs. Austin. This is the first book appearance of Mrs. Austin's first published essay—it was printed originally in *The Blackburnian*, Blackburn College (her alma mater), Carlinville, Illinois, January, 1889. The essay covers the trip from Pasadena to the new family homestead in Kern County—this was new country to the college graduate and she commented on just about everything that she thought would be of interest to her Midwest friends. It is good to have this unknown (at least to this reviewer) essay to add to the Austin collection.

FOUR CORNERS COUNTRY

The Ancient Ones (Norton, $3.50) is a fascinating account of the Basketmakers and Cliff Dwellers of the Southwest by Gordon C. Baldwin. Dr. Baldwin concentrates on the "Four Corners Country"—where Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona come together at right angles, the only spot in the United States where four states meet. It was in this area that the Basketmakers lived for more than a thousand years and the author provides a logical explanation for their abandoning their homes about 1300 A.D.

The Ancient Ones were the ancestors of the Pueblo Indians of today. The reconstruction of their way of life from the evidence they left behind when they migrated to the Rio Grande Valley is convincing. Dr. Baldwin is an experienced archaeologist and a successful writer of western fiction. The book is illustrated with forty-five photographs, has a bibliography, a glossary and an index.

T. D. Allen is the corporate name of a husband-and-wife writing team, Don and Terry Allen, authors of a modern Indian history—*Navahos Have Five Fingers* (University of Oklahoma Press, $4.95). For several years the Allens took brief vacations into Navaho land where they became friendly with Indians, teachers, missionaries and Indian Service employees. In 1955 and 1956 their opportunity to study the Navaho in his stern arid habitat arose when they were asked to serve as temporary caretakers of a remote station of the Ganado Mission in the heart of the Navaho Indian Reservation. They soon found themselves ill-prepared for their new duties for Christian service which included first aid, ambulance driving and Bible teaching. What they lacked in knowledge, they made up for with good will. The Allens have written sympathetically and realistically about the Navahos in the Rocket Age. There is a good bibliography and the clear illustrations are a credit to modern photographic art.

BUILD YOUR OWN!

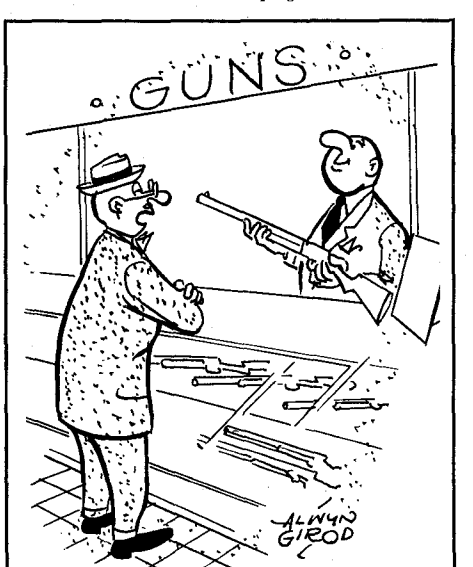
A Portfolio of 12 Authentic Western Houses (Denver Museum of Natural History, Publication Dept., City Park, Denver 6, Colorado, $2.95) is something new—a construction kit by Arminta Neal. Full instructions are included for coloring, cutting out and gluing the 12 houses—enough for a model of an early western town. The houses are scaled to model railroad "HO" gauge. Fun for the young—seven to seventy.

BISON BOOK REPRINTS

The University of Nebraska Press continues to add titles to its popular paperback reprint series, Bison Books. No. 132 is *Pinnacle Jake* ($1.60), the rollicking reminiscences of A. B. Snyder, Nebraska cowboy, as told to his daughter, Nellie Snyder Yost. It was first issued in 1951 and has long been OP. Mighty good reading.

No. 143 is Grace Jordan's *Home Below Hell's Canyon* ($1.60), the story of life on an Idaho sheep ranch. This is an account of modern-day pioneering during

(Continued on page 72)



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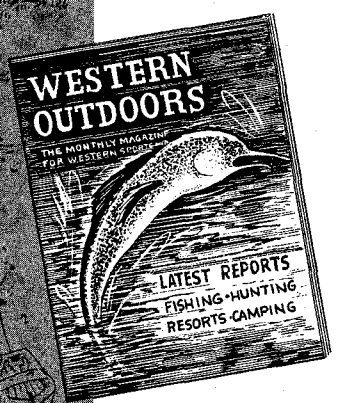

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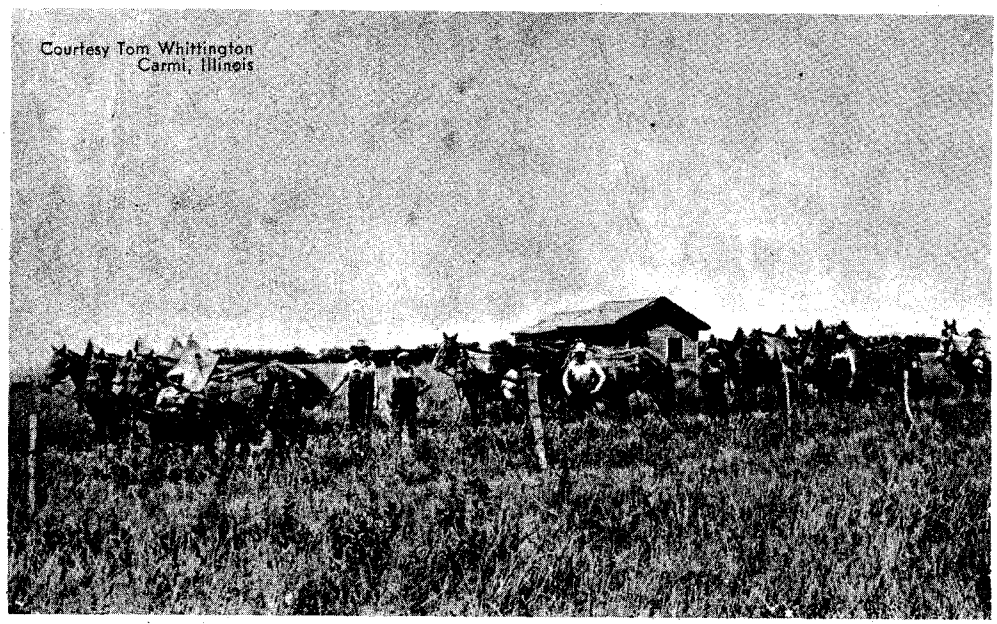

Courtesy Tom Whittington
Carmi, Illinois

Five 'Four-up" teams near Eldorado, Kansas, taken in the early boom days. At right, a picture of John Miller as he appears today.

Oil Field Boomer

(Continued from page 42)

pal was already dead broke—having been "rolled" while in a Lyman liquor joint. Since the highjackers didn't bother with him, it was a sure thing they knew all this before the holdup.

John and Bill had a good idea as to the identity of the gunmen, but John was ready to forget the whole thing. Not so with hot-headed Bill. He swore he was going to find the so-and-so that took his $160 and get his money back.

John tried to talk him out of it, but it was like talking to the wind. Bill contacted the Prohibition headquarters in Fairfax and some officers came to his assistance. Preparations were made to raid the Whiz Bang joint suspected of being the hangout of the highjackers. It was one of a string of booze joints with "bedroom" shacks built on at the rear. They were located on a street notorious for being one of the wickedest in the oil fields.

Miller got a friend of his to contact the two women who fronted this particular joint for the local lawman. He fed them a line that a lot of thirsty oil field workers would be in town at a certain time, and that a big supply of booze should be available for them. This was a ruse calculated to produce plenty of evidence when the Federal men made the raid.

The plan worked without a hitch. Bill went with the raiders and they gave him a double-barreled shotgun. During the questioning of the women operators, Bill slipped into a back room. When an officer entered the room seconds later, he found Bill standing belligerently in front of a badly scared man who was perched on the bedstead, staring into the barrels of the menacing weapon. His arms were spread high and wide like a buzzard ready to soar aloft.

"Hey! What you doing?" asked the officer.

"This is the s.o.b. who took my money! And if he so much as flops a wing," gritted Bill, "I'm a-gonna blow it plumb off!"

The officer snapped handcuffs on the frightened man. Further searching failed to produce the other highjackers, but plenty of bootleg evidence was found. The highjacker was taken to Pawhuska where he was jailed. He had $700 on his person when arrested.

After being in jail for a few days, he was brought before the U.S. Commissioner, but nobody could be found who would admit having purchased liquor from him. The Federal men were only interested in bootleg operations, and the highjacking had not been connected with bootlegging so the man was turned over to the county for prosecution. Even though he was positively identified as one of the highjackers, he was turned loose after a short while. Miller was never able to find out what happened to the $700 the man was carrying when arrested.

EARLY in its existence Whiz Bang became headquarters for dope traffic in the area. The franchise for this nefarious business was bought and sold by racketeers. Following a tip, a Government Agent went to Mexico, ferreted out the source of the operation and followed the dope-carrying car back to a dairy farm west of Whiz Bang. The driver was arrested; then four of the racketeers were picked up. They were tried and sent to the penitentiary.

Another hoodlum who later was arrested, appealed his case. A year later at the hearing, the defense had the Federal agent arrested on a trumped-up charge for a bank robbery that supposedly had been committed in Texas. He was taken away and Miller never has learned what happened to him. This officer was the same man who had killed the local Law's girl friend.

When the post office was established in the early '20s, Whiz Bang was listed as DeNoya, the name of a prominent Osage Indian family on whose land the town was built. But it was seldom called that until after the boom days.

Money was made in devious ways by the lawless element that ruled the town. Rooms at the rear of the liquor joints were supposed to be rented; however, the rent was based on the "take" from gambling, liquor and girls.

A prime example of later "pork barreling" in DeNoya was the construction of a very expensive school building—a

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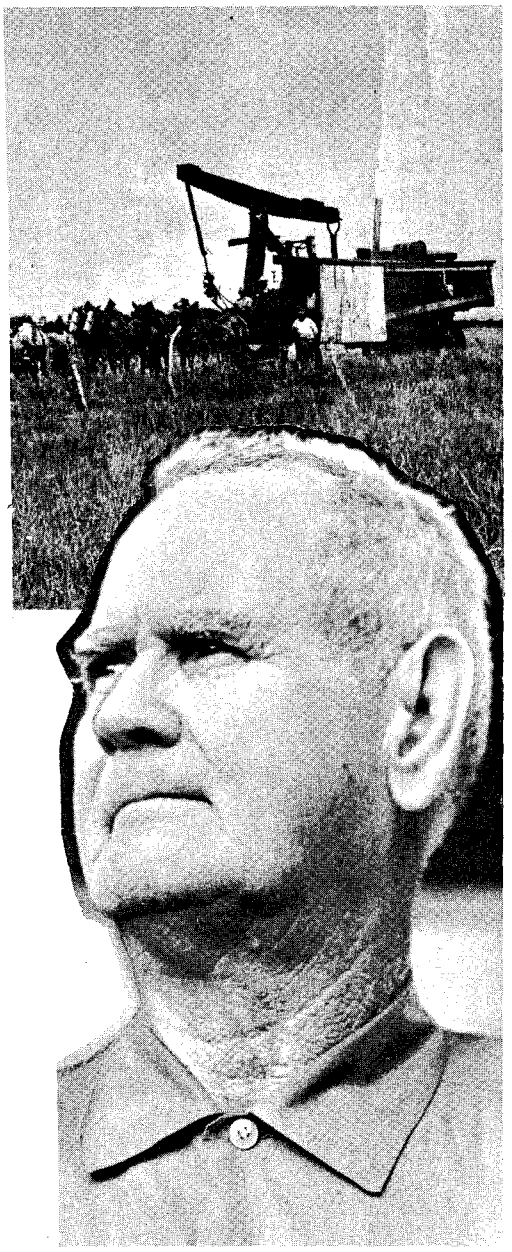

fine thing to be sure—but the building saw very little use. Whiz Bang was named for a magazine of the day; today it is not even a ghost town. Only in the memories of a few men, such as John Miller, do visions of this wildest town of the boom days appear.

They Hanged Him Too Soon

(Continued from page 49)

him down there hanging from the tripod by the neck, plumb dead."

"Accident, huh?"

"Yep."

"That's too bad," one of the lawmen said slowly.

"Maybe it was good riddance of bad rubbish. What's he wanted for in San Berdoo?"

"He killed two men down there. Stabbed them to death with a knife. But that ain't what I'm talking about. Would have been different if somebody'd killed him and we knew who the man was that killed him."

"Why do you say that?"

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BRAVE WARRIORS is a single volume of 351 pages, 38 photo illustrations, and a detailed 25-page index. It is a masterpiece of research and writing that belongs in the library of anyone interested in the American Indian—or just interested in excellent reading. *Published by The Caxton Printers, Ltd.*

Red Cloud, noted Sioux War Chief, in 1875.

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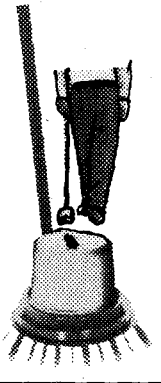

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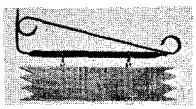

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Despite the shambles, business was "as usual" the next morning at the Skagway Bank.

The Headless Bank Robber of Skagway

(Continued from page 23)

of people were in line for a similar purpose but, having heard the conversation, began to slink away. Thus the staff escaped the ordeal of a "first half-hour's run" on the bank, which they had anticipated in a community accustomed to small-town banks in the United States.

The robber's remains were retained for a time by the local medical clinic for study of the effects of the explosion. Eventually the skeleton was placed in a gunnysack and thrown into the back of a woodshed, where some years later it was found and cremated in a wood heater by three men who knew the story, one of them Mr. W. T. White who kept the skull as a souvenir. The bank ceased to operate in 1910 and the departing manager, White, placed this skull on the desk of "Doc" L. S. Keller, a dentist friend, just before he boarded an ocean steamer for Vancouver, B.C. He had been a clerk in the Bank of Whitehorse in 1902.

Doc Keller has long since "found the Mother Lode." It is quite probable that he passed the grisly relic on to Martin Itjen's Museum, because Martin, in 1938, published a paper-back book entitled *The Story of the Tour of the Skagway, Alaska Street Car*, which is the name he gave to his homemade bus. In this book, in referring to the bank explosion, he stated, "He was blown to pieces. They never learned his name, but buried him just the same. That is, his body, for his head was blown off and it was kept in a museum here until 1926 when the museum went out of business. Rather than store the head, it was taken to the cemetery and buried, but not knowing where the body had been interred, they were forced to bury it in another place. Well, let us hope he will find his head in time for Judgment Day." Martin Itjen's book contained a photo of a headboard bearing this epitaph:

UNKNOWN
THE NOB OF A MAN
IS ALL THAT IS HERE
WILL LOOK FOR THE REST
WHEN WE GET OVER THERE
DIED AUGUST 27TH, 1900.
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Maybe someone gave Martin the wrong data, or maybe he just guessed at it.

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D. C. Barley Photo

Martin Itjen and his wife are buried beside a large gold-painted boulder, which he was wont to describe as "the largest nugget of its kind in the world."

John Marshall's Boom Town

(Continued from page 37)

side his cabin and accosted him each morning, demanding that he show them where to dig and cursing him when the ground failed to yield.

Marshall himself might have gained something from his earthshaking discovery if he had not early assumed a belief that California and the nation owed him a debt—in money. Instead of joining wholeheartedly in the gold quest, he spent much of his time complaining at his shabby treatment by an ungrateful commonwealth. Had his discovery been founded on some merit of his own, he might have had a case, but it was simply one of history's great accidents.

Old West

(Continued from page 39)

Answers

1. This man was Jack Slade; the victim, the former station master named Jules.
2. Rose Dunn was her real name. Rose lived along the Cimarron River in Oklahoma and earned her title for being an expert horsewoman and not, as legend claims, for helping the Doolin-Dalton band of outlaws at various times. Rose was never connected in any way with the outlaws.
3. President Theodore Roosevelt. Henry named his boy Roosevelt Starr.
4. Martha Canary.
5. The Reno brothers' band of outlaws. The lynching occurred December 12, 1868.
6. False. The Fords and the James boys were not related in any way, shape or form. Contemporary writers failed to check out the statement at the inquest that "the Fords were living with Mr. Howard in St. Joe and *posing* as his cousins."
7. The grave of Marshal Wyatt Earp. The stone was recovered a short time later. The secret of Earp's grave location was kept for thirty years.
8. Robert Newton Ford, born in Fauquier County, Virginia.
9. Marcellus Jerome Clarke.
10. Remotely. The Daltons' mother was half-sister to the Younger boys' father.

I WASN'T NO SHEEPHERDER

By NORMAN G. HESLEP

FIFTY YEARS AGO I had a whole passel of kinfolks living in the hill country of central Texas, and in January, 1910, I decided to make a little pasear up that way and do some visiting among them. The first place I landed was in San Saba where one of my cousins lived. As it turned out, it was some time before I got around to doing any further visiting.

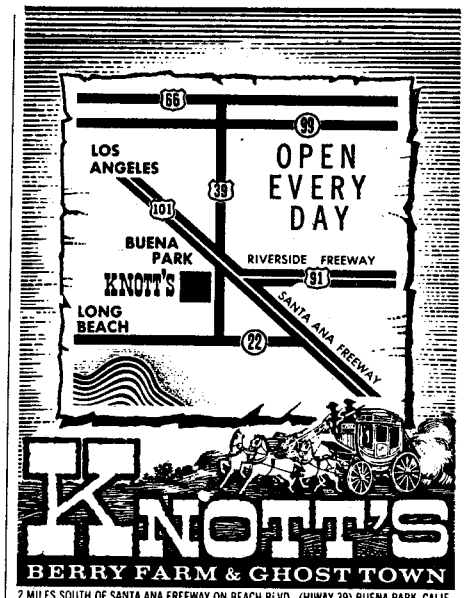
The day after I got to San Saba a man who had a ranch down in the south end of the county came by my cousin's house to look at a horse he wanted to buy, and during the general conversation that followed, he mentioned that he needed a man and would pay $25.00 a month and board. I upped and told him that I would take the job and when he left out later that evening, I went along with him.

He had five other men employed, four of whom were Mexicans. Three of them were sheepherders; the other, José, was an all-round man who bossed the herders and helped out with the cattle.

José lived in a tent not far from the ranch house, but unlike the other Mexicans, he had a wife. One evening when one of the herders came by with his flock headed toward the corral, and passed the place where José lived, he went into the tent where José's wife was.

I never did find out just what was said or done but after José came in that evening, he was in his tent only a few minutes when he came out with a rifle in his hand and started for the corral where the herder penned the sheep. The herder seemed to be watching for him and as José approached the corral, the herder took off through the brush. José got in a couple of long range shots, but if either one hit the herder we never learned anything about it.

That made us a sheepherder short and when the question came up that night at the supper table, I volunteered to



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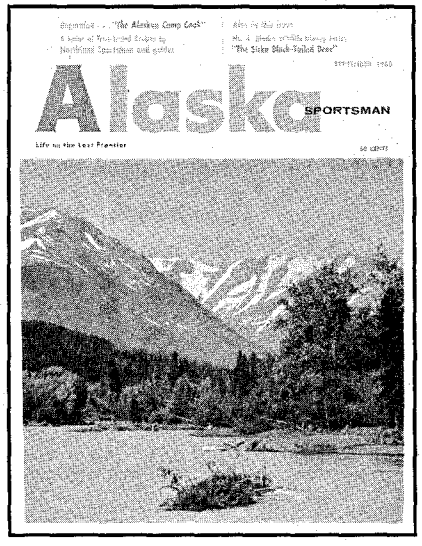

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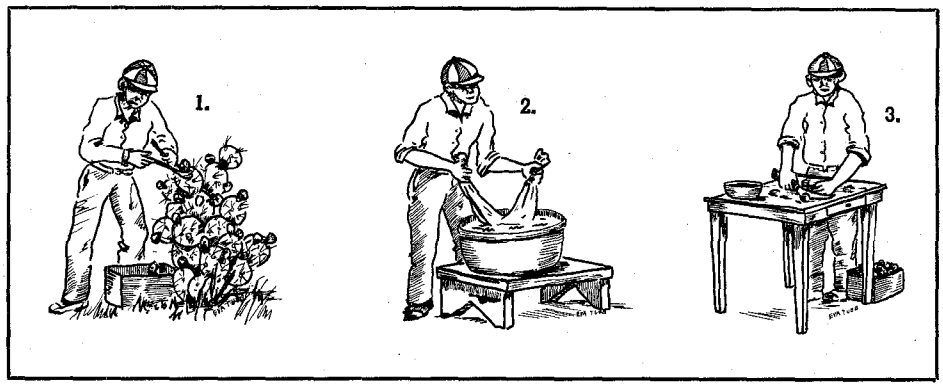

herd the bunch until another herder was found—provided I would be allowed to herd them horseback.

I thought that it would only be a matter of riding along and watching the sheep as they grazed or browsed on the live oak bushes over the hills. Right at the time I didn't think about how thick those live oak bushes grew in some places, or how the catclaw and other brush intermingled with them. And at the time it had not occurred to me that sheep are the damnedest simpletons of the whole animal kingdom.

IT WAS lambing time or José would have taken over the herd himself but as it was, he had about all he could attend to. The next morning early I saddled up and took out for the corral where the sheep were penned.

As I opened the corral gate I noticed a little mesquite limb about the size of my thumb and three or four feet long lying just inside the corral. Old Pancho, the bell sheep and the only sheep I have ever had anything to do with that even had a modicum of brains, was standing a few feet away. He had sense enough to know that I had come there to let them out of the corral, and had taken a stand just a few feet away from the gate.

Pancho was a sheep just the same, though, and when he came to the mesquite limb on his way out of the corral gate he jumped over it as if it might have been a log a foot thick. And damned if every one of that thousand head of sheep didn't jump that limb just because Pancho did. The limb wasn't near as long as the gate was wide, but the sheep that passed out to one side or the other of the limb jumped just as high as the ones that went over it.

I had watched the herders at times when they turned the sheep out of the corrals and noticed how they hollered out in a certain way when they wanted the bell sheep to go in a certain direction. When Pancho headed for some live oak brush that extended up the side of a hill, I let out what I thought was the proper yell to make him change his course. Pancho paid no more mind to me than if I had been four miles away.

Well, that started it. I whooped and yelled, hollered and cussed all day long. There were times when the sheep were so scattered through the brush that I couldn't see a hundred of them at a time, and if any of them had strayed completely away from the herd the chances are the wolves would have gotten them that night.

Around noon I managed to get them all down to the edge of a prairie where there was a water hole known as Tigett's Pond. It was named, so I understood, in memory of a horse thief who had been hanged from one of the limbs of a big live oak that shaded one side.

While the sheep were taking their time about drinking, I ate a lunch that I had brought along with me and then herded them farther out onto the prairie. But it wasn't long until some of them were headed into the brush again, and it was that way until time to go in. I barely managed to get Pancho headed toward the corral.

When Pancho went through the corral gate he didn't even notice that mesquite limb he had jumped over that morning, nor did a single one of the rest of them jump over it.

That day and the next two I did more cussin', whooping, yelling and hard riding than I had ever done before in the same length of time, and when I went in at the end of the third day and learned that a new herder had been hired, I was so hoarse from hollering and yelling that I couldn't talk above a whisper. I've often wondered who was the smartest, me or those durn sheep!

HOW TO GATHER AND PROCESS PRICKLY PEAR FRUIT

By Tony B. Wilburn

PRICKLY PEARS make delicious jelly, but picking and preparing them can be sticky business. The accompanying sketches by Mrs. Eva Tubb illustrate a "painless" method I have devised for harvesting and processing the fruit to extract the juice.

Sketch Number One. First acquire a pair of tongs that have no teeth. Ice cube tongs are excellent for this purpose. Grip the fruit firmly with the tongs and twist quickly to the right or left. The "apple" will easily snap off. Do not touch the fruit with bare hands. Heavy gloves should be worn. When there is a large quantity to gather, I attach a broom handle to a small stew pan by putting a bolt through both broom handle and pan handle. Holding the top rim of the pan snugly against the base of the cactus, push the fruit gently with another broom handle. The fruit will snap off into the pan. By this method you can load your pan to suit yourself. This is quite a time saver. I use a large container to receive the pickings.

Sketch Number Two. Singeing off stickers is too slow and laborious. I use a large laundry net or gunnysack for tumbling the Prickly Pear Tuna (commonly called Cactus Apples). Fill the bag with one or two gallons of fruit and fill a washtub to the brim with water. Hold the bag by opposite ends, pulling up with one hand and down with the other. Repeat this movement a few dozen times and all of the whiskers will be rubbed off and float away over the side of the tub. Keep the tub slightly overflowing at all times. Use fresh water the second

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Eva Whipple's house is now a public museum at Meade, Kansas.

time to be sure the fruit is clean of whiskers.

Sketch Number Three. Some people clip ends off apples, some do not, before boiling the fruit to extract the juice. I slice, dice or crush the apples for quick extraction of juice. While trimming or handling the fruit at any time, work in water to keep the tiny whiskers soft in case any have been missed.

Now you are ready to boil the fruit to extract the juice for jelly or candy making. The juice may be frozen and stored for later use.

Botanists call this cactus species *Optunia Englemanii.* It grows abundantly over the Southwest. The best I have seen is in the Fisher County, Texas, area and is called Giant Prickly Pear. (See the front cover of TRUE WEST December, 1961.)

THE MYSTERY OF EVA WHIPPLE'S HOME

By Loula Dickerson Arnold

WHEN H. G. Marshall bought a few acres of land on the outskirts of Meade, Kansas, back in 1892, he was in for one of the greatest surprises of his life. There was a modest frame house on the property, and a clapboard medium-sized red barn just a few hundred feet away. The house was located on a knoll, while the barn was built somewhat lower on the side of a small nearby canyon.

The Marshall family had their first big surprise, after buying the property and moving in, on discovering there was an underground tunnel leading directly from the house to the barn. This passage was well reinforced on both sides with native stone, and beams lay across the top. It obviously had been built with meticulous care over a great length of time.

Aside from being curious and a bit mystified about the tunnel, the Marshalls thought no more about it until one night some men on horseback rode into the barn, unsaddled their horses, and came up through the secret tunnel into the house.

The strangers were as surprised as the Marshall family. They asked for Eva or J. N. Whipple. When they were told the Whipples had moved to Oklahoma some time ago, the strangers retreated back through the tunnel to the barn, saddled their horses and left, galloping off down through the canyon. The same incident was repeated several times by other strange riders before the Marshall family decided to sell and move off the place.

This site is now known as "The Dalton Gang Hideout," and a free museum and park has been built around it by the city of Meade. When Eva Dalton married Whipple in 1887, her brother, Emmett, was best man at their wedding.

The rest of the Dalton Brothers Gang visited Eva and her husband a great deal at various times, but residents of Meade suddenly ceased seeing them around the town's saloons after the gang held up and robbed a train near Cimarron, about thirty miles north of Meade. It was then that a price was set on their heads and they started evading the law and hiding out.

It was also at that time, with great ingenuity, that the tunnel from the house to the barn was built, enabling the gang to ride up through the canyon in the darkness and hide their horses in the barn. Then they would use the passageway to Eva's house where they could eat and rest up between escapades.

Many times the U. S. marshal would become suspicious that Whipple was harboring the gang, but each time he would go prepared with a warrant to search the premises, no evidence could be found that the gang had ever been there.

If the marshal and his deputies surrounded the little white house, the Dalton Gang would merely hasten through the tunnel to the barn, saddle their horses and gallop off down the canyon and out of sight. Only Eva and her husband were ever at home, apparently living a quiet, domestic life like all other farmers.

The tunnel was never discovered until the Whipples moved to Oklahoma in 1891. They completely abandoned the property and eventually it had to be sold for taxes. H. G. Marshall bought it and it was then that the secret tunnel was discovered.

In 1892, the Dalton Gang was wiped out at Coffeyville, Kansas, when the gang became overly ambitious and attempted a robbery of two banks at the same time.

The Dalton Gang's secret escape tunnel today is no longer a secret. Every year, thousands of tourists travel Highway 54 and stop off at Meade, the halfway point between Dodge City and "No Man's Land of Oklahoma," long enough to visit the Dalton Gang's hideout. They walk through the famous escape tunnel from the house to the barn, which is a museum containing all sorts of relics and souvenirs that help to keep the atmosphere of the Old West alive just a little bit longer.

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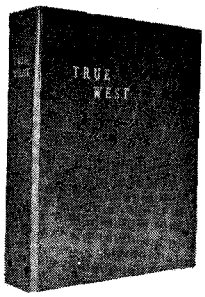

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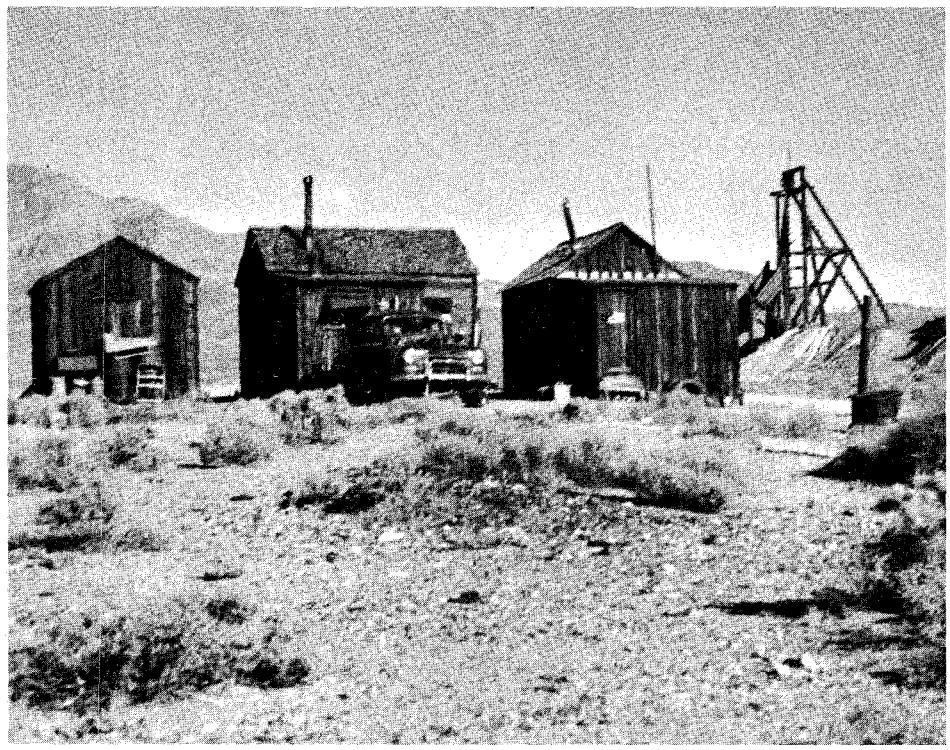

A few cottages are still in fair shape near the ore dump in Goldpoint.

Western Roundup

(Continued from page 63)

the depression days of the 1930s and Mrs. Jordan tells it well.

No. 161, *Febold Feboldson* ($1.30) was compiled by Paul R. Beath. It is a book of tall tales, including some whoppers. Febold was the Paul Bunyan of the Plains and many had a hand in creating this mighty Swedish folk-hero. Professor Louise Pound, Nebraska folklorist, contributes two articles essential to an understanding of the legend.

FUR TRADER

The father of the American fur trade has been an elusive figure in Western history, hence we heartily welcome the biography, *Manuel Lisa* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5) by Richard Edward Oglesby. The British hat trade created a solid market which sent mountain men hustling to western mountain streams for beaver pelts. It took an organization, finances, plans and marketing facilities to support the fur hunters who invaded hostile Indian territory and braved scores of daily dangers.

A merchant in New Orleans and Vincennes, Manuel Lisa also established a lucrative business in St. Louis as a result of trading monopolies with the thrifty Osage Indians.

Following on the heels of Lewis and Clark, Lisa guided a successful fur trading expedition up the Missouri, to the Big Horn River. This event led to the organization of the Missouri Fur Company in 1808 and a partnership with such strong men as the Chouteaus, Sylvestre Labadie and William Clark. The book is full of names and exploits of the big leaguers of the early fur trade. There are several Charles Bodmer illustrations, plus an excellent bibliography.

Vigil At Goldpoint

(Continued from page 21)

around, soak up the old town's history, its tall tales, and leave with a few memories tucked away. As I turned the yellowed register leaves, I found the names of Noah Berry, Jim Crowe, and Burro Bill of Death Valley, famed actors in Western movies; then Governor Rex Bell of Nevada, Governor Carvel, and Senator Russell of Georgia who Ora Mae said "just dropped out of the sky one day practically on my doorstep—in a helicopter.

"A desert rat never gets bored or lonely," she said, closing the old register. "I'm always expecting something to happen—something exciting. Between times, I have my hobbies. Time to relax and enjoy the world around me. Time to seep up this old desert's tranquillity."

Our planned one-day trip stretched into two. Ora Mae insisted we accept a cabin for free as long as we wished so we had more time to browse among the weather-browned, bleak buildings. On Main Street a few of the doors still retained their rusting, metal-lipped mail chutes, reminders of daily mail delivery service. Several buildings still had household furniture left as though its occupant had just stepped out and would soon return. The red-and-blue barber shop pole was fast fading in the desert sun. Weathered cabins stood sunbaked, empty, silent, except for the rustling of a mouse or loose boards creaking in the wind.

As we drove slowly back down the mountainside, I realized how fast the old-timers were passing, and wondered if a breed of women like Ora Mae Wiley would keep cropping up with the courage and resourcefulness of their pioneering ancestors to carry on the traditions of the Old West—women who would cling to the glory trails and ghost towns, until the trails and ghost towns, themselves, faded into oblivion.

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A wood crew from Ryan's Mill in 1888.

Pioneer Mill Camp

(Continued from page 31)

that hauled slabs to a dump. It gained momentum with young Chester Farmer dragging behind, and a large sliver from the ties entered his abdomen. Help was needed immediately. The one man left in camp gave all those boys a sound cursing for their foolishness, then jumped on a horse, brought a doctor from Sumner, and notified their folks at church. He was rough but a good Samaritan.

ONE SATURDAY night the camp decided on a neighborhood dance, so tables and benches were cleared back in the cook house, and Lew Deets, on the accordian, and Jim Entressell, on the violin, furnished the music. Everyone around came, young and old. Katie and I sat on a bench, chewing bitter spruce gum, and watched. What music! What fun! The Porter, McKay, Cone and McNutty girls, Alice Thomas, and other girls from camp and from Sumner were all in party dresses. The men, too, were in their best. Among those from the hill crew was Dave Van Clive, but if he regretted losing Alice to Champlain he never showed it, but danced with all the others first, to her chagrin. Finally he chose her for a quadrille. Dave took Marinda Cone to supper and danced the *Home Sweet Home* dance with Ruby Nutley of Deiringer. He came over and gave Katie and me a poke of candy. Katie shared Alice's room, and said Alice was unhappy all night about him, though she had danced with others that evening.

When the air got cold, wild geese started honking their way south, and Thanksgiving was approaching, we knew butchering time was near. Oh, for some homemade sausage with garden-grown sage! We could hardly wait. The community butchered together and divided the meat, but when we fried those delicious looking chops, one could hardly stay in the house because the strong odor of salmon was so evident.

We knew at once that those pigs had gorged themselves on the salmon that choked the mill creeks in spawning time, so the women made the fat into soap. Some of the lean meat was used as trap bait, and the rest buried. That Thanksgiving the men went into the hills and killed a five-point deer and we feasted after all.

One day Mr. Thomas was brought home from the woods with a badly injured knee, and one of the men assisting him was Alice's Dave Van Clive. Subsequently they began to renew their old relationship. Alice married Dave and later went to Wisconsin to live.

Some were beginning to buy land near Sumner, still to be cleared, and moving away, the Thomases among them. This was a sad day for me; no more would Katie and I listen to the hoot owl, or the pounding of a bear on a log looking for grubs, or the distant scream of the mountain lion at night.

The road to Sumner was becoming muddy and needed repairs, with all the new traffic and demands for lumber growing. The oxen were joined by horses and Mr. Ryan made a substantial road, using boards 16 feet long x 15 inches wide x 3 inches thick, side by side on 16-inch stringers the three miles to Sumner. Some lumber!

This historic mill was destroyed by fire in the early '90s. Having no fire protection, total loss was inevitable when fire started. The Ryan home, very old but sound, still stands as the pride of Sumner, serving as a library. It was donated by the Ryan heirs. Descendants of the mill crew—the Wrights, Porters, Parkers, Lotz, Farmers, and others—still live in and around Sumner, enjoying the same comradeship their parents and grandparents felt for each other so long ago.

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Barbed wire ended the open range and revolutionized the cattle business. Here are the Spurs, ignominiously caught in a wire gate.

Cattle Kings

(Continued from page 14)

pasture of 90,000 acres was placed on the market in 1925. At the end of the first year, eighty per cent of this tract had been sold for farming purposes. About 170,000 acres of the 272,000-acre ranch had been sold by 1937.

W. L. HYATT OF THE 22 OUTFIT

Eluding Comanches and Buffaloes on the Staked Plains

"WHAT would you do if you had your rope on an elephant and couldn't hold him?" This question was asked by W. L. Hyatt as we sat in the lobby of the Spur Hotel and talked of the day he roped a buffalo bull. The subject of the buffalo had come up when I asked the cowboy who rode the Staked Plains in Indian days if he had ever roped anything he couldn't hold.

"I guess I would turn him loose," I replied.

"That's just what I did," said Uncle Bill.

"You see I came to the Staked Plains in 1878 with a herd that belonged to the 22 outfit. That was two or three years after the big fights with the Comanches on Blanco Canyon and the Tule just above here, and there were still a few scattered bands roving the plains and the rough country along the Caprock. We followed the Mackenzie Trail right up to the Caprock and turned Hensley longhorns loose on what later became the Spur and Matador range.

"The Hensleys were called the 22 outfit because of their brand. Jim Hall came a little later and established the Spur ranch here, which is now one of the divisions of the SMS and owned by the Swensons.

"There was no one in the country except Indians and buffalo hunters when we came. The cottonwoods along the draws were full of wild turkeys, and we soon became tired of them. A cowman likes beef, you know. The Hensleys were rather stingy with their beef, however, and we ate buffalo calves. Some writers have left the impression that the buffalo went north and south like geese with the change of the season. This may have been true farther north, but they stayed along the sunny eastern slope of the Caprock all the year. We could get a young, tender, milk-fed buffalo calf nearly any time we wanted him. There were a half dozen parties hunting buffaloes for their hides in this part of the country. They worked much like a cow outfit. One or two dead shots did the shooting. Others did the skinning, a third part of the crew took care of the meat, and others did the hauling of the hides to Fort Griffin.

"Those who cured the meat dug long trenches and lined them with buffalo hides, the flesh part up. The meat was removed from the bones in large chunks and placed in the trenches to take the salt. Later it was thrown out on the clean prairie sod to dry.

"There were lots of bears here, too. One night I was standing guard to see that Indians did not take our scalps while we slept when I saw something that looked like a Comanche on his hands and knees. We always slept in a circle like the spokes of a wagon wheel with our heads to the center where they would not be convenient for a tomahawk, so I gave the wagon boss a kick on the foot to rouse him. When he was awake, we watched the thing coming up on all-fours. It would move forward a few yards, stop and listen. Then it would sneak up a little closer. I was about to shoot my first Indian when the boss said, 'Bill, that ain't no Indian. It's a bear. It's too black for a Comanche.'

"Sure enough, it was a black bear. We watched to see what he would do. He came up and ate the scraps where the boys had emptied what was left on their plates. Then he went over and smelled the feet of one of the sleeping punchers. I guess he didn't like the odor, for he hurried off!

"WE BUILT a dugout on the head of the Brazos at the edge of the Plains and laid in a supply of buffalo

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From "Life On The Texas Range" by Smith & Haley
University of Texas Press

meat for the winter. J. H. Hensley left five of us there to look after the cattle and went back to Jacksboro for the winter. He had not been gone long when Indians came and stole every horse we had. One bronco got away and came back, and we drew straws to see who should take the horse and go for help. It was a 200-mile trip through Comanche country, and it fell to me!

"I took a little dried buffalo meat for food and set out. The other men barricaded themselves in the dugout. I tried to slip away so if there were Indians watching they would not get me. The first day, I rode until dark, hid my horse in a ravine, went off a quarter of a mile and slept under a cliff. I approached my horse very cautiously the next morning, fearing that Indians might be watching for me to return.

"The grass was poor, and my horse began to give out in a few days. I knew I would fall an easy victim if the Comanches discovered me. Fortunately, I ran into some buffalo hunters and persuaded them to lend me a fresh horse. I finally reached the Hensley farm near Jacksboro safely. John and his wife were busy about the corral and when they saw me coming on a strange horse, their first words were, 'Are they all dead but you?'

"I told them the men were all right when I left but that I did not know how long they could hold out. We rounded up the horses on the ranch and started back with a fresh remuda. We found the men watching from a hilltop near the dugout. They had not been molested.

"A LITTLE LATER I saw the Indians capture a boy. W. C. Dockum, who came here in the '70s, had a store on Dockum Creek where he was trading with buffalo hunters and a few cowboys. I loped over there one day to get some tobacco and was there when Indians appeared on the scene. When I saw the Comanches coming, I started to get on my horse and *vamoose*. Dockum said, 'Hyatt, if you get on that horse, I'll kill you. You have got to stay here and help defend my wife.' I stayed.

"Another fellow outrode the Indians and came in a few jumps in the lead. The Parish boy had gone after the family milk cow. The Comanches turned aside to chase him. They captured the boy and carried him off. Knowing that a rescue party would soon be on their trail, they turned him loose eventually but kept his horse.

"A little later while on a roundup on McDonald Creek I ran onto a big band of Indians and came near losing my scalp. I laid down on my old bronc and pulled my freight for the herd. Some of the boys came to my assistance, and there was a hot little fight before we retreated to the wagon. We saw several Comanches fall, but we did not lose a man ourselves. My horse had an arrow sticking in him. We had to throw him down and cut it out. The Indians did not follow us to the wagon, though.

"It was in 1883 when I roped the buffalo. By this time the hunters had almost exterminated the animals for their hides. We were on a big roundup, and the boys were spread out on a drive for the cattle when a lone buffalo came out of a ravine. He went on with the stock for a while but kept threatening to bolt for freedom. As the drive narrowed near the meeting place, he started to go through our lines.

"WE DECIDED to rope and brand him just for the fun of it. When he made his dash for the hills, he came out by me. I got down my old rawhide and laid it on fair. The buffalo hit the end of the lariat going like an express train. He yanked my horse about ten feet and nearly unseated me. If you think a buffalo won't fight, just try tossing a twine on him. That old fellow got up with blood in his eye and came straight for me. He caught my bronc and ripped open his rump at the first charge. The nag left with the buffalo working his horns in his tail!

"A buffalo is lots faster than a cow,

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and he had us headed downhill. The boys began to laugh and yell, 'Stay with him, Hyatt! Stay with him,' but they made no effort to help. How could I stay with him and me in the lead? I got out my old Barlow and began to whittle on the riata. I surely was glad when I got that rope sawed in two and there was nothing to slow my bronc down. The buffalo went back to the hills. He was killed in a drive a few days later by another outfit. He was still dragging part of my riata.

"After leaving the Hensleys, I spent sixteen years with the Matador outfit. I made two trips up the trail to Montana. It took all summer. We just grazed the cattle through. The trail went out by way of Tascosa, Clayton, Pueblo, and Cheyenne. We usually left Texas in March and got back in July or August. We shipped back. Nothing but steers were taken to the North.

"I quit the Matadors in 1895 and went into the livery stable business at Dickens. When the automobile put driving horses out of business, I opened the hotel here. I guess I will just continue on here at Spur until it is time to go kicking down the trail."

JOHN T. McELROY AT THE FOOT OF THE PLAINS

Ranching Where "God Ain't No Cowman"

MARKETING OF CATTLE has always been one of the big problems of ranchers; those who solved it became wealthy—those who did not made slow progress or went broke.

In the days before the building of the railroads, John S. Chisum made a fortune by fighting his way through hostile Indian country and selling beef to the United States Army in the field. It was a risk that only a few cattlemen cared to take.

Captain Richard King solved the marketing problem of the early days by building up his ranch on the Gulf Coast of Texas where cattle could be shipped by water. At the time of his death he had 500,000 acres of land. His descendants increased the holdings until the King Ranch contained more than 1,000,000 acres.

John T. McElroy of the Odessa country at the foot of the Staked Plains in Texas solved the marketing problem by establishing a meat packing plant at El Paso, Texas, where he could sell his beef in both the United States and Mexico.

Born in Clinton County, Ohio, in 1849, the exciting year of the California gold rush, his career was as varied and thrilling as the year of his birth. John T. McElroy inherited the aggressive, pioneer spirit of his father who made the trip to California in a prairie schooner and returned by way of the Isthmus of Panama. John T. McElroy, too, went to California after the Civil War. He did not find a gold mine, but he did discover that a fortune could be made from rapidly multiplying herds if intelligently handled. He made his first cattle deal in Eugene, Oregon, where he bought a small herd from a man named William Miller.

An attack of cowboy fever succeeded that of the gold fever and McElroy went to Texas to become a trail driver. While other cowboys spent their wages in grand sprees at the towns at the end of the railway, McElroy saved his hard-earned cash for the day when he would start a ranch of his own somewhere on the broad prairies of the Southwest.

As his capital increased, he began to drive cattle for himself. On one of these

From "Cattle Kings of the Staked Plains" by Wallis

drives, he bought a herd in Sonora, Mexico, and drove them to Dodge City, Kansas, a journey of approximately 2,000 miles. The cattle were the long-legged, lank type introduced into Mexico from the dry, hot plateaus of the Iberian Peninsula. What they lacked in beef qualities they made up in ability to furnish their own transportation.

Traveling a few miles a day, the Chihuahuas toiled over the mountain and vast prairies of Mexico. Often the only vegetation was a fringe of stunted shrubs that grew along the arroyos and dry streams which descended from the mountains to lose themselves in the sand waste. For days there were no signs of habitation save perhaps a distant view of a *vaquero* or some peon's cart. There were vast flats of cacti and thorny shrubs that raked the tough hides of the Chihuahuas and plucked at the boots of the cowboys. Big game abounded in the mountains, but on the desert only a few prairie dogs and jackrabbits were to be seen. The sun rose and set across a cloudless sky.

The desert of northern Mexico, although hot through the day, became cool and beautiful at night, and there were many long, moonlight drives through this region of little water.

The first part of the journey lay through the Yaqui Indian country, a tribe the Spaniards and Mexicans had fought since the days of early exploration and who were still in some ways unsubdued. McElroy employed some of the young Yaquis as guides and cowboys and thus secured a friendly passage through their region.

The cattle were driven northeast to Nogales, Arizona, on the Mexican border. From there they went east to Fort Hancock on the Rio Grande and then to the Pecos near Horsehead Crossing. Here

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John T. McElroy solved his marketing problems by opening this packing company in El Paso in 1919. Ed R. Ardoin, Jr. was a partner.

they struck John Chisum's trail that led up the Pecos and across the Panhandle of Texas to Dodge City. It took two years to make the journey.

McELROY'S FIRST RANCH was on the green meadows of the Gulf Coast south of San Antonio, the original home of the Texas longhorn. There, under the warm, moist breezes of the Gulf, grass grew knee-high and was green a great part of the year. Mosquitoes and the fever tick, however, were a serious drawback, and after eight years in that locality, McElroy went to the Nueces River sixty miles below Uvalde. Later he went to the Trans-Pecos country and established one of the largest cow pastures in the state. After roundup, McElroy would drive his cattle to Kansas. Neighboring ranchers often turned their cattle over to him to sell on commission. These would be thrown with his own stock and driven to Dodge or other markets.

Rainfall in the Trans-Pecos country was light, and there were times when drought rode the range, leaving decimated herds and parched pastures in its wake. During such times starving, thin-flanked cattle gathered around dry waterholes and bawled in protest until death ended their misery. The only things that flourished were the buzzards and coyotes that grew fat on the great carrion feasts.

Sometimes McElroy drove his cattle up on the Staked Plains or crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico but only as a last resort, for cattle that are moved keep trying to go back to their old range and the loss by straying is considerable.

McElroy gradually built up a large ranch in the Odessa region. The blizzards that sometimes swept across the Staked Plains usually played out or decreased in severity by the time they reached the McElroy spread, and although the range there was often dry and parched, McElroy made money.

It is said that during one of the numerous droughts a cowboy rode in from the east pasture one evening with the information that the waterholes were drying up and that the grass was almost gone.

"Well, Ben," replied the rancher, "maybe the Lord will send us some rain after a while."

"I hope so, Boss. But if He don't send it soon, He ain't no cowman," was the reply.

In 1919 while operating his Odessa ranch, John T. McElroy conceived the idea of establishing a meat packing plant to dispose of his beef. He had just shipped some good steers to El Paso and had failed to sell them at a reasonable price. It was the same old problem that had kept so many cattlemen down.

With the help of Ed R. Ardoin, Jr., and two laborers, McElroy founded the El Paso Packing Company. Ardoin, an experienced stockyard man and butcher, became manager of the packing house.

Their first plant was an old rented cooler. In the beginning only cattle from the McElroy ranches were slaughtered, but as business increased, McElroy and Ardoin began to buy cattle, sheep and hogs on the El Paso market. When oil was discovered on McElroy's Odessa ranch near the south end of the Staked Plains in 1927, the financial worries of the cattleman were definitely over.

At the time of his death in 1936, McElroy had disposed of most of his property at the foot of the Staked Plains, but he still had four ranches in New Mexico and Texas. These were furnishing about seventy per cent of the cattle slaughtered in the $150,000 plant in El Paso.

Miscellaneous

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Moss Hays, one of the early Association members, told of his start on the Plains.

"I bought and worked and drove cattle, trailing to Dodge City, Kansas, until I decided to go into headquarters somewhere, and so I formed a partnership with Joe Morgan in what was afterward called the Triangle Ranch. It was located near where the town of Canadian, Texas, now stands and took its name from one of our brands. Our cattle wore either a triangle or Lazy T. The Quebedeauz Brothers of Gonzales and a cowboy named Johnson of Cuero worked with us. We trailed our beeves to the Dodge City market and ran our stock cattle for increase. We got along fine, but we needed a bunkhouse the worst way, and it wasn't long until we got it. Three of us started out on a cow hunt and took along what grub we thought we would need, but it seemed like it was to be a kind of continuous performance for us to get out of flour, so when I saw we had none, I started one of the boys to a buffalo supply camp on the head of Wolfe Creek to get some, and took the other one with me on the work.

"That night, just about dark, a cold, driving rain set in and got worse as the night grew. We were sleeping on the ground, covering with a wagon sheet and the norther played the finest game of tag with us and that sheet that I ever saw. It would blow it off at first corner, then the other; the rain came down in our faces and puddles of water were around our bodies, and it got colder and colder. After I had fully made up my mind that the wind had won the game I asked my roommate if he thought he could find a cabin we had passed in the afternoon and how far it was back to it. He said yes, he could find it, and it was only about four miles. 'Roll out,' I said. 'We're going there right now.'

"I was up and had my horse saddled quickly, but he said he would rather walk, he was so cold, so we set out. It was well up in the day when we found the log house, after wandering the rest of the night, and it had an old buffalo hunter, with a broken leg, his wife and son in it. I rode up and asked if we could get something to eat and warm. The woman said she reckoned so and we went in. She cooked some wild turkey, good hot biscuits and coffee and, talk about good eats, that meal had the world beat. After we had eaten I bantered the old hunter for a trade; offered him an old horse for the house, and he took me up. We moved in as soon as that spell of weather broke, and that house was our ranch headquarters for thirty-five years." *Reprinted from Volume 5, No. 6, March 1928 Frontier Times.*

Editor's Note: CATTLE KINGS! will be concluded in the June issue of TRUE WEST, on sale at your newsstand April 20. You won't want to miss the great story of the Matador Ranch and the men who made it famous.

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